



POEMS OF AMERICA.

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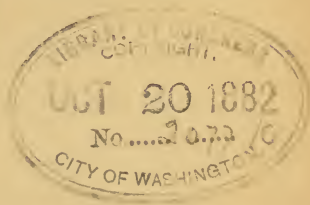
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EDITED BY ✓

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
“

SOUTHERN STATES.—BRITISH AMERICA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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"So, being finally beset"	16✓
"There, riding like sea-gulls, with wings at rest"	29✓
"And we have streams that run as clear"	41✓
"By gloomy woods"	54✓
"Of the hoarse billows from the deeps"	63✓
"Dim as those purple depths unseen"	88✓
A Mexican Farm-House	118✓
"The palpitating silver snow Glitters, then seems to blush and burn"	147✓
"Beneath the mountains' glittering heads A boundless ocean of gray vapor spreads"	187✓
"Through forests dense"	201✓
"In the West Indies"	237✓

SOUTHERN STATES.



INTRODUCTORY.

MARYLAND.

LAVED by vast depths that swell on either side
Where Chesapeake intrudes his midway tide,
Gay Maryland attracts the admiring eye,
A fertile region with a temperate sky.
In years elapsed, her heroes of renown
From British Anna named one favorite town :
But, lost her commerce, though she guards their laws,
Proud Baltimore that envied commerce draws.

Few are the years since there, at random placed,
Some wretched huts her quiet port disgraced ;
Safe from all winds, and covered from the bay,
There, at his ease, the thoughtless native lay.
Now, rich and great, no more a slave to sloth,
She claims importance from her towering growth, —
High in renown, her streets and domes arranged,
A group of cabins to a city changed.

Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,
For foreign trappings trade their wealth away.
Politest manners through their towns prevail,

And pleasure revels, though her funds should fail;
In each gay dome soft music charms its lord,
Where female beauty strikes the trembling chord;
On the fine air with nicest touches dwells,
While from the tongue the according ditty swells:
Proud to be seen, 't is theirs to place delight
In dances measured by the winter's night,
The evening feast, that wine and mirth prolong,
The lamp of splendor, and the midnight song.

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In those, whom choice or different fortunes place
In rural scenes, a different mind we trace;
There solitude, that still to dulness tends,
To rustic forms no sprightly action lends;
Heeds not the garb, mopes o'er the evening fire;
And bids the maiden from the man retire.
On winding floods the lofty mansion stands,
That casts a mournful view o'er neighboring lands;
There the sad master strays amidst his grounds,
Directs his negroes, or reviews his hounds;
Then home returning plies his pasteboard play,
Or dreams o'er wine, that hardly makes him gay:
If some chance guest arrive in weary plight,
He more than bids him welcome for the night;
Kind to profusion, spares no pains to please,
Gives him the product of his fields and trees;
On his rich board shines plenty from her source,
The meanest dish of all — his own discourse.

Philip Freneau.

MY MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!

My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,¹
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
Sic semper, 't is the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

¹ "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written during the war of 1812 by Francis Key of Maryland.

But lo ! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek, —
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland !

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland !

The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland !

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb :
Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum !
She breathes,— she burns ! she'll come ! she'll come !
Maryland ! My Maryland !

James R. Randall.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.

YOU brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.
Go and subdue.

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
 Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
 When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
 To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
 And the fruitful'st soil,
 Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,

The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
 No other cares attend,
 But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
 Above the seas that flows,
 The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
 O you the happiest men,
 Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven;

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
 As those from whom we came,
 And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north;

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,

Apollo's sacred tree,
 You it may see,
 A poet's brows
 To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
 Industrious Hackluit,
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
 And much commend
 To after-times thy wit.

Michael Drayton.

WASHINGTON.

VIRGINIA gave us this imperial man
 Cast in the massive mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
 She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
 What shall we give her back but love and praise
 As in the dear old unestrangèd days
 Before the inevitable wrong began?
 Mother of States and undiminished men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
 And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
 The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again
 Shines as before with no abatement dim.
 A great man's memory is the only thing
 With influence to outlast the present whim
 And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
 All of him that was subject to the hours

Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours :
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrown'd manhood forth
In welcome of our savior and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won ;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both don common black.
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

James Russell Lowell.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

OUTSIDE my exile's home I watch the sway
Of the bowed pine-tops in the gloaming gray,
Casting across the melancholy lea
A tint of browner blight ;
Outside my exile's home, borne to and fro,

I hear the inarticulate murmurs flow
Of the faint wind-tides breathing like a sea ;
When, in clear vision, softly dawns on me
(As if in contrast with yon slow decay)
The loveliest land that smiles beneath the sky,
The coast-land of our Western Italy :
I view the waters quivering ; quaff the breeze,
Whose briny raciness keeps an under taste
Of flavourous tropic sweets (perchance swept home
Across the flickering waste
Of summer waves, capped by the Ariel foam)
From Cuba's perfumed groves and garden spiceries !

Along the horizon-line a vapor swims,
Pale rose and amethyst, melting into gold ;
Up to our feet the fawning ripples rolled,
Glimmer an instant, tremble, lapse, and — die :
The whole rare scene, its every element
Etherealized, transmuted, subtly blent
By viewless alchemy,
Into the glory of a golden mood,
Brings potent exaltations, while I walk
(A joyful youth again)
The snow-white beaches by the Atlantic Main !

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

GEORGIA.

1.

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

THE morn is softly beautiful and still,
Its light fair clouds in pencilled gold and gray
Pause motionless above the pine-grown hill,
Where the pines, tranced as by a wizard's will,
Uprise, as mute and motionless as they!

Yea! mute and moveless; not one flickering spray
Flashed into sunlight, nor a gaunt bough stirred;
Yet, if wooed hence beneath those pines to stray,
We catch a faint, thin murmur far away,
A bodiless voice, by grosser ears unheard.

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
Which, though all wings of all the winds seem
furled,
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus forever its mysterious moan
From out the whispering pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah! can it be the antique tales are true?
Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting yon bright illimitable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange, unearthly music of despair?

Or can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,

Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
 Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
 Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
 Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
 All woodland sounds, — the pheasant's gusty drum,
 The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum, —
 Scarce heard for that strange, sorrowful voice for-
 lorn !

Beneath the drowséd sense, from deep to deep
 Of spiritual life its mournful minor flows,
 Stream-like, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
 Low-murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
 Yet looked for aye from sleep's divine repose.

II.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
 They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs
 Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
 As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
 Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
 Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams,
 But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
 Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,

And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes, — the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west when cloudless day declines, —
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, — gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when Twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

III.

FOREST PICTURES. — MORNING.

O GRACIOUS breath of sunrise! divine air!
That brood'st serenely o'er the purpling hills;
O blissful valleys! nestling, cool and fair,
In the fond arms of yonder murmurous rills,
Breathing their grateful measures to the sun;
O dew-besprinkled paths, that circling run
Through sylvan shades and solemn silences,
Once more ye bring my fevered spirit peace!

The fitful breezes, fraught with forest balm,
Faint, in rare wafts of perfume, on my brow;
The woven lights and shadows, rife with calm,
Creep slantwise 'twixt the foliage, bough on bough
Uplifted heavenward, like a verdant cloud
Whose rain is music, soft as love, or loud

With jubilant hope, — for there, entranced, apart,
The mock-bird sings, close, close to Nature's heart.

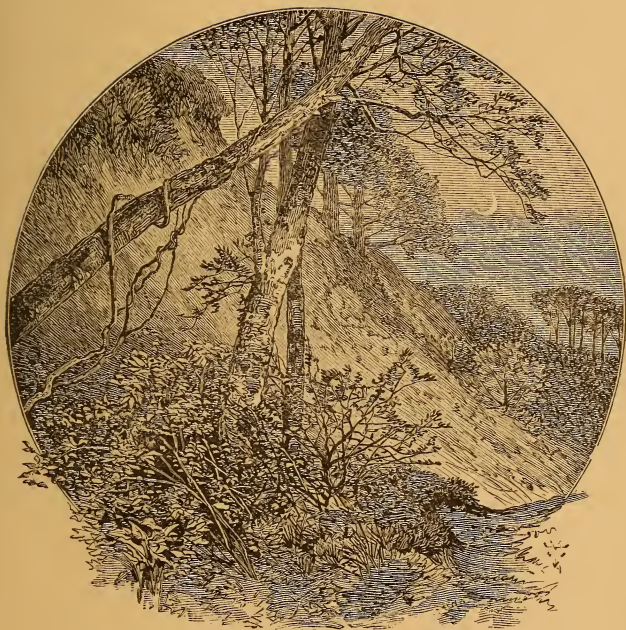
Shy forms about the greenery, out and in,
Flit 'neath the broadening glories of the morn;
The squirrel — that quaint sylvan harlequin —
Mounts the tall trunks; while swift as lightning,
born

Of summer mists, from tangled vine and tree
Dart the dove's pinions, pulsing vividly
Down the dense glades, till glimmering far and gray
The dusky vision softly melts away!

In transient, pleased bewilderment, I mark
The last dim shimmer of those lessening wings,
When from lone copse and shadowy covert, hark!
What mellow tongue through all the woodland rings!
The deer-hound's voice, sweet as the golden bell's,
Prolonged by flying echoes round the dells,
And up the loftiest summits wildly borne,
Blent with the blast of some keen huntsman's horn.

And now the checkered vale is left behind;
I climb the slope, and reach the hill-top bright;
Here, in bold freedom, swells a sovereign wind,
Whose gusty prowess sweeps the pine-clad height;
While the pines, — dreamy Titans roused from sleep, —
Answer with mighty voices, deep on deep
Of wakened foliage surging like a sea;
And o'er them smiles Heaven's calm infinity!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



“Tangled vine and tree.” See page 14.

FLORIDA.

WHERE Pablo to the broad St. John
His dark and briny tribute pays,
The wild deer leads her dappled fawn,
Of graceful limb and timid gaze;
Rich sunshine falls on wave and land,
The gull is screaming overhead,
And on a beach of whitened sand
Lie wreathy shells with lips of red.

The jessamine hangs golden flowers
On ancient oaks in moss arrayed,
And proudly the palmetto towers,
While mock-birds warble in the shade;
Mounds, built by mortal hand, are near,
Green from the summit to the base,
Where, buried with the bow and spear,
Rest tribes, forgetful of the chase.

Cassada, nigh the ocean shore,
Is now a ruin, wild and lone,
And on her battlements no more
Is banner waved or trumpet blown;
Those doughty cavaliers are gone
Who hurled defiance there to France,
While the bright waters of St. John
Reflected flash of sword and lance.

But when the light of dying day
Falls on the crumbling wrecks of time,

And the wan features of decay
 Wear softened beauty, like the clime,
 My fancy summons from the shroud
 The knights of old Castile again,
 And charging thousands shout aloud, —
 “St. Jago strikes to-day for Spain!”

When mystic voices, on the breeze
 That fans the rolling deep, sweep by,
 The spirits of the Yemassee,
 Who ruled the land of yore, seem nigh;
 For mournful marks, around where stood
 Their palm-roofed lodges, yet are seen,
 And in the shadows of the wood
 Their tall, funereal mounds are green.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

“I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.”

’NEATH skies that winter never knew
 The air was full of light and balm,
 And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew
 Through orange bloom and groves of palm.

A stranger from the frozen North,
 Who sought the fount of health in vain,
 Sank homeless on the alien earth,
 And breathed the languid air with pain.

God’s angel came! The tender shade
 Of pity made her blue eye dim;
 Against her woman’s breast she laid
 The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,
Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea air,
And watched beside his bed, for whom
His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and smoothed
Its lines of pain with tenderest touch.
With holy hymn and prayer she soothed
The trembling soul that feared so much.

Through her the peace that passeth sight
Came to him, as he lapsed away,
As one whose troubled dreams of night
Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers
Upon his lonely grave she laid :
The jasmine dropped its golden showers,
The orange lent its bloom and shade.

And something whispered in her thought,
More sweet than mortal voices be :
"The service thou for him hast wrought,
O daughter ! hath been done for me."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ALABAMA.

BRUISED and bleeding, pale and weary,
Onward to the South and West,
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
By relentless foemen pressed,
Came a tribe where evening, darkling,
Flushed a mighty river's breast ;

And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
 "Alabama! Here we rest!"

By the stern steam-demon hurried,
 Far from home and scenes so blest;
 By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
 Sleepless, houseless, and distressed,
 Days and nights beheld me hieing
 Like a bird without a nest,
 Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
 "Alabama! Here I rest!"

Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
 In the pale and darksome West,
 And my weary frame is sinking,
 With its cares and woes oppressed,
 May I, as I drop the burden
 From my sick and fainting breast,
 Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,
 "Alabama! Here I rest!"

Charles Timothy Brooks.

LOUISIANA.

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

"AN early traveller mentions people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and, being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers." — *PICART'S Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*

We saw thee, O stranger! and wept.
 We looked for the youth of the sunny glance
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance;

The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to flee.
But there came a voice from a distant shore, —
He was called, — he is found midst his tribe no more :
He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
But we look for him still, — he will yet return !
His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough :
We roused him, — we bade him no longer pine,
For we heard a step, — but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger ! and wept.
We looked for the maid of the mournful song, —
Mournful, though sweet, — she hath left us long :
We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him, — she passed alone.
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head :
He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
He hath none when we rest, — yet she comes not back !
We looked for her eye on the feast to shine,
For her breezy step, — but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger ! and wept.
We looked for the chief, who hath left the spear
And the bow of his battles forgotten here :
We looked for the hunter, whose bride's lament
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :
We looked for the first-born, whose mother's cry
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky ! —

Where are they? Thou 'rt seeking some distant coast:
O, ask of them, stranger!—send back the lost!
Tell them we mourn by the dark-blue streams,
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams!
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to watch for a step,—but the step was thine!

Felicia Hemans.

TEXAS.

THE VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

UP the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low, —
Like a night-storm rising slow, —
Like the tread of unseen foe, —

It is coming, — it is nigh!
Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires;
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachusett, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

Oh, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race, —
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party, — perish clan;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of time, —

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both:

“What though Issachar be strong!
Ye may load his back with wrong
Overmuch and over long;

“Patience with her cup o’errun,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

“Make our Union-bond a chain,
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain
Link by link shall snap in twain.

“Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope
Bind the starry cluster up,
Shattered over heaven's blue cope!

“Give us bright though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze,
Clouding o’er the full-orbed blaze.

“Take your land of sun and bloom;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough and forge and loom;

“Take your slavery-blackened vales;
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

“Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart;
Break the Union’s mighty heart;

“Work the ruin, if ye will;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

“With your bondman’s right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!

“Onward with your fell design;
Dig the gulf and draw the line:
Fire beneath your feet the mine:

“Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

“By the hearth, and in the bed
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

“And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

“Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow ; —

“And when vengeance clouds your skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the lost on Paradise !

“We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom’s true and brother band,
Freedom’s strong and honest hand, —

“Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim’s mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers’ God !”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SONG OF TEXAS.

MAKE room on our banner bright
That flaps in the lifting gale,
For the orb that lit the fight
In Jacinto’s storied vale.
Through clouds, all dark of hue,
It arose with radiant face ;
Oh, grant to a sister true,
Ye stars, in your train a place !

The blood of the Saxon flows
In the veins of men who cry, —
“Give ear, give ear unto those
Who pine for their native sky!
We call on our motherland
For a home in Freedom’s hall, —
While stretching forth the hand,
Oh, build no dividing wall!

“The Mexican vaunteth no more;
In strife we have tamed his pride;
The coward raps not at your door,
Speak out! shall it open wide?
Oh, the wish of our hearts is strong,
That the star of Jacinto’s fight
Have place in the flashing throng
That spangle your banner bright.”

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.



SOUTHERN STATES.



Alleghany Mountains, Ga.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS IN GEORGIA.

YE glorious Alleghanies ! from this height
I see your peaks on every side arise ;
Their summits roll beneath the giddy sight,
Like ocean billows heaved among the skies.
In wild magnificence upon them lies
The primal forest, kindling in the glow
Of this mild autumn sun with golden dyes,
While, in his slanting ray, their shadows grow
Broad o'er the paradise of vale and wood below.

How beautiful ! though, fresh from Nature's God,
They show no footstep of an elder race ;
No human hand has ever turned their sod,
Or heaved their massive granite from its place :
The green banks of their floods bear not a trace
Of pomp and power, which have come and gone,
And left their crumbling ruins to deface

The virgin earth. Here Nature rules alone;
The beauty of the hill and valley is her own.

Nor might the future generations know
Aught of the simple people, who have made
Their habitations by the streams that flow
So fresh and stainless from the forest shade;
Who built their council fires on hill and glade,
And in yon pleasant valleys, by the fall
Of crystal founts, perchance, their dead have laid, —
But for the names of mountain, river, cataract, — all
Significant of thought, and sweetly musical.

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Henry R. Jackson.

Arlington, Va.

ARLINGTON.

THE tents that whitened Arlington have vanished
from the fields,
And plenty where the cannon stood a golden harvest
yields;
The campfires gleam no more at night, and pleasant
mornings come,
Without the blare of bugles or the beating of the drum.
The rushes by the riverside thrill with the reed-birds'
song,
And bend to kiss the ripples as the waters flow along;

The robins stray beneath the oaks, the partridge calls
its brood,

And whistles down the valleys with a confidence re-
newed.

All through the widening rifle-pits the grass is growing
green,

And autumn wild-flowers blossom where the bivouacs
have been;

The days seem like a sunny dream, and night falls
gently down

In silence, broken only by the murmur from the town.

But though the camps have vanished and the tents are
laid away,

An army waits upon the knolls in undisturbed array,—

A legion without banners, that knows no music save
The wailing of the dead-march and a volley o'er the
grave.

Here comrades that together strove, with all of life
at stake,

Lie side by side, in slumber that no bugle-call can
break;

No shock can ever break their ranks, no blast their
columns thin,

Nor one deserter leave the corps their grim Chief
musters in.

Spring twines its garlands o'er their heads, but they
never cull its flowers,

And peaceful winter evenings bring to them no happy
hours.

Tears fall at home ; they heed them not, and care no
 more to earn
 The love that waited patiently to welcome their return.
 Alas ! what dreams of life and love have ended in these
 grounds !
 How many hopes are buried in these little grassy
 mounds !
 How many hearts have felt the pang the lips could
 never tell,
 And broken, striving to believe "He doeth all things
 well !"
 'Tis sweet to think the war is o'er ; that all its bitter
 pain
 Was measured for our chastening and not endured in
 vain ;
 And dearer still it is to know that in the coming years
 A nation's happiness will bless our offerings and our
 tears.

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S. M. Carpenter.



Ashley, the River, S. C.

MAGNOLIA GARDEN.

YES, found at last, — the earthly Paradise !
 Here by slow currents of the silvery stream
 It smiles, a shining wonder, a fair dream,
 A matchless miracle to mortal eyes :

What whorls of dazzling color flash and rise
From rich azalean flowers, whose petals teem
With such harmonious tints as brightly gleam
In sunset rainbows arched o'er perfect skies !
But see ! beyond those blended blooms of fire,
Vast tier on tier, the lordly foliage tower
Which crowns the centuried oaks' broad-crested calm :
Thus on bold Beauty falls the shade of Power ;
Yet Beauty, still unquelled, fulfils desire,
Unfolds her blossoms, and outbreathes her balm !

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Atchafalaya, the Lakes, La.

ATCHAFALAYA.

BEFORE them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,
the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan
islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar. Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob, On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands, Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water, Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and
a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-
mettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers,
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-
ing maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on
the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in
the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Feli-
cian !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit ?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

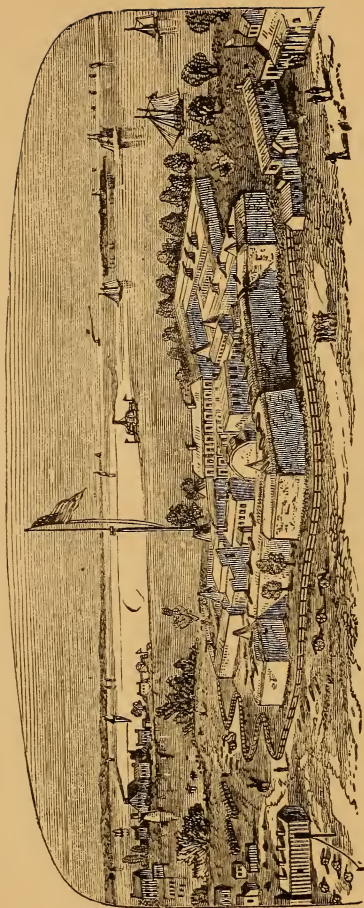
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



FORT McHENRY. See page 33.

Baltimore, Md.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

WRITTEN while the author was a prisoner on board the British fleet, on the morning after the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort McHenry.

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming ;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming ?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there ;

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam ;

Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;

'T is the star-spangled banner, oh ! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,

Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they 'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us
a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
Francis Scott Key.



Bayou Plaquemine, La.

BAYOU PLAQUEMINE.

ONWARD o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on
its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept
with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-
bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of
their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of peli-
cans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the
river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and
dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns per-
petual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange
and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-
ward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.

* * *

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one
of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.
Wide through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches ;
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the dark-
ness ;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through
the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the
grim alligator.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Beaufort, S. C.

THE FISHERMAN OF BEAUFORT.

THE tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And still the fisherman's boat,
At early dawn and at evening shade,
Is ever and ever afloat:
His net goes down, and his net comes up,
And we hear his song of glee;
"De fishes dey hates de ole slave nets,
But comes to de nets ob de free."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the oysterman below
Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
In the sands "ob de long ago."

But now if an empty hand he bears,
He shudders no more with fear;
There 's no stretching-board for the aching bones,
And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And ever I hear a song,
As the moaning winds through the moss-hung oaks
Sweep surging ever along.

“O massa white man! help de slave,
And de wife and chillen too;
Eber dey 'll work, wid de hard worn hand,
Ef ell gib 'em de work to do.”

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
But it bides no tyrant's word,
As it chants unceasing the anthem grand
Of its Freedom to the Lord.

The fisherman floating on its breast
Has caught up the keynote true:
“De sea works, massa, for 't sef and God,
And so must de brack man too.

“Den gib him de work, and gib him de pay,
For de chillen an' wife him love,
And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
And him nebber, nebber rove;
For him love de ole Carlina State,
And de ole magnolia tree;
Oh, nebber him trouble de icy Norf,
Ef de brack folks am go free.”

Frances D. Gage.

Bethel, Va.

BETHEL.

WE mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be
stormed;

But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command, but our Colonel's low
word, —

“Column! Forward!”

And out, through the mist and the murk of the morn,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the
oar,

Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore, —

“Column! Forward!”

With hearts bounding bravely, and eyes all alight,
As ye dance to soft music, so trod we that night;
Through the aisles of the greenwood, with vines over-
arched,

Tossing dew-drops, like gems, from our feet, as we
marched, —

“Column! Forward!”

As ye dance with the damsels, to viol and flute,
So we skipped from the shadows, and mocked their
pursuit;

But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the
morn,
As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving
corn, —

“Column! Forward!”

For the leaves were all laden with fragrance of June,
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in
tune;
And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our own heart-beats, like taps of a
drum, —

“Column! Forward!”

Till the lull of the lowlands was stirred by a breeze,
And the buskins of Morn brushed the tops of the
trees,
And the glintings of glory that slid from her track
By the sheen of our rifles were gayly flung back, —

“Column! Forward!”

And the woodlands grew purple with sunshiny mist,
And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose-light were
kissed,
And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in per-
fumes,
Till we marched as through gardens, and trampled on
blooms, —

“Column! Forward!”

Ay! trampled on blossoms, and seared the sweet breath
Of the greenwood with low-brooding vapors of death;

O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a
blast,

And away to the fore-front of battle we passed, —

“Column! Forward!”

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the
glades,

And the sun was like lightning on banners and blades,
When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,
From the green of the woodlands rolled, crimson as
blood, —

“Column! Forward!”

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the
seas,

With the “Star-Spangled Banner” swelled over the
leas;

And the sword of Duryea, like a torch, led the way,
Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel that day, —

“Column! Forward!”

Through green-tasselled cornfields our columns were
thrown,

And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were
mown;

While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the
plain,

That our blood might be planted for Liberty's grain, —

“Column! Forward!”

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Augustine Joseph Hickey Duganne.

Blue Ridge, Va.

A GROUP OF SONNETS.

I.

HERE let me pause by the lone eagle's nest,
And breathe the golden sunlight and sweet air,
Which gird and gladden all this region fair
With a perpetual benison of rest;
Like a grand purpose that some god hath blest,
The immemorial mountain seems to rise,
Yearning to overtop diviner skies,
Though monarch of the pomps of East and West;
And pondering here, the Genius of the height
Quickens my soul as if an angel spake,
And I can feel old chains of custom break,
And old ambitions start to win the light;
A calm resolve born with them, in whose might
I thank thee, Heaven! that noble thoughts awake.

II.

THE rainbows of the heaven are not more rare,
More various and more beautiful to view,
Than these rich forest rainbows, dipped in dew
Of morn and evening, glimmering everywhere
From wooded dell to dark blue mountain mere;
O Autumn! marvellous painter! every hue
Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through

With essence of divinity; how bare
Beside thy coloring the poor shows of Art,
Though Art were thrice inspired; in dreams alone
(The loftiest dreams wherein the soul takes part)
Of jasper pavements, and the sapphire throne
Of Heaven, hath such unearthly brightness shone
To flush, and thrill the visionary heart!

III.

HERE, friend! upon this lofty ledge sit down,
And view the beauteous prospect spread below,
Around, above us; in the noonday glow
How calm the landscape rests! — yon distant town,
Enwreathed with clouds of foliage like a crown
Of rustic honor; the soft, silvery flow
Of the clear stream beyond it, and the show
Of endless wooded heights, circling the brown
Autumnal fields, alive with billowy grain; —
Say, hast thou ever gazed on aught more fair
In Europe, or the Orient? — what domain
(From India to the sunny slopes of Spain)
Hath beauty, wed to grandeur in the air,
Blessed with an ampler charm, a more benignant
reign?

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A BIT OF AUTUMN COLOR.

CENTRED upon a sloping crest, I gazed
 As one enchanted. The horizon's ring
 Of billowy mountains flushed with sunseting,
 Islanded me about, and held me mazed,
 With beauty saturate. Never color blazed
 On any mortal palette that could fling
 Such golden glamour over everything,
 As flashed from Autumn's prism, till all was hazed
 With opal, amber, emerald, amethyst,
 That shimmered, mingled, dusk'd to steely blue.
 Raptured, I mused: "Salvator never drew
 A brush so loaded: Turner's genius missed
 Such culmination: yet we count them true
 Masters. Behold what God's one touch can do!"

Margaret Junkin Preston.

*Brandon, Va.*

THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON.

UPON the window-panes at Brandon, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond, of many of those who have composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

AS within the old mansion the holiday throng re-
 assembles in beauty and grace,
 And some eye looking out of the window, by chance,
 these memorial records may trace, —

How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
in an instant, surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved, all
distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away, we
but look, and a vision behold, —
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with its
colors of crimson and gold, —
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
from beneath the gay mistletoe bough,
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely as
any that beam on us now.

While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along
o'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim, and
the play of affection is warm:
Look once more, — as the garlanded Spring reappears,
in her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
that has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs
on the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down on the
guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse, and
though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below, in
a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes with
the tracery-work of the rime,
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
from some far-away tropical clime, —
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
Some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the
stone, where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child, in its
innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane, and thus
cancel the story it bears:
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain, — unto
trustier tablets consigned, —
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired! —
let the moral be read as we pass, —
Recollect the illusory tablets of fame have been ever as
brittle as glass:
Oh, then, be not content with the name there inscribed, —
for as well may you trace it in dust, —
But resolve to record it where long it shall stand, in
the hearts of the good and the just!

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John R. Thompson.

Catawba, the River, N. C.

THE CATAWBA RIVER.

CROWNING the distance pure, the mountains lie,
Now full of glory in the rising morn :
In these cool summits basking in the sky
Like shining clouds, O river ! thou art born ;
And frost is busy in the dell
From which thy feeble waters well.

But let me roll away this winter dress,
And hush the madness of the driving air,
And show thee in thy summer loveliness,
When happy breezes rove about thee there ;
For Fancy shivers — now to seek
Thy birthplace in the snow-clad peak.

A rocky palace in eternal shade,
All wildly roofed with tufts of brightest green,
With sweetest moss, and gleaming flowers inlaid, —
Its grim and native terror all unseen, —
Rises, within the forest, high ;
A veil of leaves its only sky.

And at its foot still tenderer is the moss :
The flowers creep down in huddling ranks around,
And fairy odors all about they toss ;
Cradling in beauty thus that faintest sound
Thy gurgling voice all softly makes,
When first the darkness it forsakes.

Oh, in that nest woven with gentle hues
Thy trembling life all feebly is begun; —
Child of the sunny showers and nightly dews!
From such a home thy devious race thou'lt run:
Like all things else upon the earth,
The purest at thy place of birth.

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And soon thou art a lovely brook, revealing
Within thy broader depths a leafy bower;
With over thee the matchless odors stealing
From damask and the gold azalea's flower;
While white and purple lilies seem
Over their images to dream.

The silent deer about thee come to drink,
Where'er the mossy sward slopes from the hills:
And through the steeper banks thy waters sink,
To embrace in gloom the tributary rills
That die for joy to reach the home
Whither they've spent their life to come.

In thy rich fringe that casts unbroken shade
The breeze is lost, and cannot come to play
On thy pure bosom whither it had strayed;
And mid the rustling reeds it sighs away:
But thou, beneath that sadder voice,
Makest thine own the more rejoice.

From this thy darkest, calmest home of all,
At length thou leapest to the open sight,
Still where the shadows of the mountains fall:
Athwart whose sombre sides, like fluttering light,

The crimson birds, and birds of blue,
Do glance the solemn verdure through.

'Tis there thou seest first the azure sky, —
A greater grandeur than aught yet to thee :
There first thou lookest to the mountains high, —
The gorgeous land of thy sweet infancy :
Yet nothing loath to move along ;
In thy new freedom proud and strong.

And, curving round the brown and rocky steeps,
Thou hurriest to the sweetly opening dale ;
There first above thee, too, the willow weeps,
And there thy wavelets rise to greet the gale,
And thither, to some grassy cove,
The sturdy water-birds will rove.

Through fruitful valleys next thou wilt resound ;
There all about thee fair plantations sleep,
Pent in by sober forests all around,
Alive with feeding herds and snowy sheep ;
And living voices cheerly ring
To thee a human welcoming.

Such art thou here, — now quiet in the woods,
And now in rapids roaring to the fields ;
Now curling round the rocks in hissing floods,
And now the lowland smoother passage yields :
A river proud and turbulent,
In many a curve and angle bent.

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And on for many a mile, such art thou still ;
Only with sister rivers greater grown :

Urging thy passage with unerring skill,
To make the home of waters, too, thine own;
And ever with a rapture tost,
To be in its deep bosom lost.

Thy course is calmer far in yonder land —
Where dismal woods and dark morasses be;
Where not a pebble rolls upon thy strand,
And earth is level as the waveless sea;
Where hangs the graceful jessamine
In wreaths of gold, the woods within.

There, in the gloomy swamps the black pools lie,
Studded with ranks of feathery cypress-trees;
Which thither wading from the cheerful sky,
And from the uneasy presence of the breeze,
Seem pillars to the halls of Death;
Where never stirs a living breath.

And in the shining pond each cone-like base
Seems resting on its image from below; —
The slim trunks shooting toward heaven's brighter face,
Whose other selves down into darkness go:
And all is, like a picture, still; —
Fixed thus, beneath the Master's will.

There, too, the forest roof is hung in gray,
The dusky emblem of a mourning land;
With long moss trailing down from every spray; —
Like funeral weeds sent from the Maker's hand
To mark the terror of the place,
And warn our all too venturous race.

Through such a land, O river! dost thou roll,
 The ocean's sandy shores at length to lave:
 Thy arrowy force, beneath the vast control
 Put back subdued, subsides into its grave.
 There wilt thou take unquiet rest,
 Diffused throughout thy mother's breast.

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John Steinfort Kidney.



Chancellorsville, Va.

THE WOOD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE ripe red berries of the wintergreen
 Lure me to pause awhile
 In this deep, tangled wood. I stop and lean
 Down where these wild-flowers smile,
 And rest me in this shade; for many a mile,
 Through lane and dusty street,
 I've walked with weary, weary feet,
 And now I tarry mid this woodland scene,
 'Mong ferns and mosses sweet.

Here all around me blows
 The pale primrose.
 I wonder if the gentle blossom knows
 The feeling at my heart, — the solemn grief,
 So whelming and so deep
 That it disdains relief,
 And will not let me weep.

I wonder that the woodbine thrives and grows,
And is indifferent to the nation's woes.
For while these mornings shine, these blossoms bloom,
Impious rebellion wraps the land in gloom.

Nature, thou art unkind,
Unsympathizing, blind !
Yon lichen, clinging to the o'erhanging rock,
Is happy, and each blade of grass
O'er which unconsciously I pass
Smiles in my face, and seems to mock
Me with its joy. Alas ! I cannot find
One charm in bounteous Nature, while the wind
That blows upon my cheek bears on each gust
The groans of my poor country, bleeding in the dust.

The air is musical with notes
That gush from wingéd warblers' throats,
And in the leafy trees
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.
Prone from the blinding sky
Dance rainbow-tinted sunbeams, thick with motes ;
Daisies are shining, and the butterfly
Wavers from flower to flower ;—yet in this wood
The ruthless foeman stood,
And every turf is drenched with human blood !

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Delia R. German.

Charleston, S. C.

CHARLESTON.

CALM as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts, stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep,—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scaur
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war,
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood,—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,

Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom :
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

Henry Timrod.

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves, —
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause !
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone !

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold ! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned !

Henry Timrod.

Charlestown, Va.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his dying
day :

“I will not have, to shrive my soul, a priest in Slavery’s
pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven
to free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a
prayer for me !”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die ;
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed
nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh
face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the
negro’s child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart ;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the
loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good
intent,

And round the grisly fighter’s hair the martyr’s aureole
bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human
blood !

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which
underlies;

Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's
sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle
hear,

Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's
spear.

But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes
scale,

To teach that right is more than might, and justice
more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;

In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow
with clay.

She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not
harm the dove;

And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to
Love!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Chickamauga, the River, Tenn.

BY CHICKAMAUGA RIVER.

AGAIN the wandering breezes bring
The music of the sheaves;
Again the crickets chirp and sing
Among the golden leaves.

Twelve times the springs have oped the rills,
Twelve amber autumns sighed,
Since hung the war-cloud o'er the hills,
The year that Charlie died.

The springs return; the roses blow,
And croon the bird and bee,
And flutes the ring-dove's love-call low,
Along the Tennessee;
But one dear voice, one cherished tone,
Returns to me — ah, never!
For Charlie fills a grave unknown,
By Chickamauga River.

Kind Nature sets her blossoms there,
And fall the vernal rains;
But we may lay no garlands fair
Above his loved remains.
A white stone marks an empty grave
Our household graves beside,
And his dear name to it we gave
The year that Charlie died.

The winds of fall were breathing low,
The swallow left the eaves;
We heard the hollow bugles blow,
When fell the harvest sheaves.
And swift the mustering squadrons passed,
We thought of Charlie ever, —
And swift the blue brigades were massed
By Chickamauga River.

Along the mountain spurs we saw
The wreaths of smoke ascend;
And, all the Sabbath day, in awe,
We watched the war cloud blend
With fall's cerulean sky, and dim
The wooded mountain side, —
Oh, how our hearts then beat for him,
The year that Charlie died !

How Thomas thundered past when broke
The wavering echelon !
How down the sky in flame and smoke
Low sunk the copper sun ;
The still night came, and who were saved
And who were called to sever,
We could not tell ; our banner waved
By Chickamauga River.

And some returned with happy feet,
But never at our door
The fair-haired boy we used to meet
Came back to greet us more.
But memory seems to hear the fall
Of steps at eventide,
And all the changing years recall
The year that Charlie died.

Yet such a gift of God as he
'Tis blessed to have cherished ;
And they shall ever stainless be
Who 've nobly fought and perished.

He nobly died, and he can know
No dark dishonor ever,
But green the grass for him shall grow
By Chickamauga River.

Again I see the mountains blaze
In autumn's amber light;
Again I see in shimmering haze
The valleys long and bright.
Old Lookout Mountain towers afar
As when, in lordly pride,
It plumed its head with flags of war
The year that Charlie died.

On wooded Mission Ridge increase
The fruited fields of fall,
And Chattanooga sleeps in peace
Beneath her mountain wall.
O Country, free from sea to sea,
With union blest forever,
Not vainly heroes died for thee
By Chickamauga River!

Hezekiah Butterworth.



“ By the flow of the inland river.” See page 61.

Columbus, Miss.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"THE women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers." — *New York Tribune.*

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —

Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ; —
Brodered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain ; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ; —
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won ; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ; —
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;

They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch.



Coosa, the River, Ga.

THE RIVER COOSA.

HERE Coosa's quiet waters lave
Bright fields that blush when Summer smiles;
The sunlight dances on the wave
By white shell beds and marshy isles;
With brimming banks, a kindred stream,
Comb'hee from swamp and forest pours;
They meet, combined, the broader gleam
Of ocean's surge, on Otter's shores;
Light clouds in pointed masses lie
On ether floating far and wide,
Like mountains lifted to the sky,
Of snowy top and dusky side;
Sweeping the river's utmost bound,
Blue sky and emerald marsh between,
Dark lines of forest circle round,
A setting for the pictured scene;
Serenely beautiful it lies,
Breathing an air of Paradise;

So soft, so still, as though a care
Or wrong had never sheltered there;
As though no eye had ever shed
Its tears of anguish for the dead,
Nor heart with sorrow beat or bled.

Fair fields, calm river smooth and bright,
Sweet-breathing flowers and rustling trees,
The honeyed haunts of early bees,
Where birds with morning songs unite
To hail the newly risen light,
What isles of earth are blessed like these?
No age, no blight ye ever know,
O beauteous land and glorious sea!
Still shall your breezes softly blow,
Your rippling waters ever flow,
Blending their ceaseless harmony,
When smiling earth and glowing sky
No longer fill the gazer's eye,
Hushed his last pulse of hope and fear;
When passing ages shall efface
All memory of his name and race,
Without a toil, without a care,
Nature in her undying grace,
Each form and show as fair and true,
The sea as bright, the sky as blue,
Shall glow with smiles and blushes here.

Still shall be heard the loon's lone cry
Upon the stream, and to their rest
Long trains of curlews seaward fly,
At sunset, to their sandy nest;

Still joyous from the sparkling tide
 With silver sides shall mullets leap;
 The eagle soar in wonted pride;
 And by their eyrie strong and wide,
 On the dry oak beside the deep,
 Their watch shall busy ospreys keep;
 Still shall the otter win his prize,
 Stealthy and dextrous as before;
 And marsh-hens fill with startled cries
 Or noisy challenges the shore;
 And, when from the redundant main
 The spring-tide with a bolder sweep
 Spreads over all the marshy plain,
 Cunning and still shall sit the while
 On drifted sedge, a floating isle,
 And patiently their vigils keep
 Till the short deluge sinks again.

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William J. Grayson.

Dismal Swamp, Va.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THEY tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

“THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true:
 And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,

Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

“And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I ’ll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of Death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
“Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played, —
“Welcome,” he said, “my dear-one’s light!”
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;

Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Thomas Moore.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
In bulrush and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;

On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels-darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'T IS a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares
To penetrate the covert. Cypressess
Crowd on the dank, wet earth; and, stretched at length,
The cayman—a fit dweller in such home—
Slumbers, half buried in the sedgy grass.
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,



“Tis a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look.” See page 68.

Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,
And startled at our rapid, near approach,
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,
In silence, to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself awhile,
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down, so suddenly that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vexed, the plumed citizen
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flowers: but seeks in vain, —
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres, — fetid shrubs,
That taint the gloomy atmosphere, — dusk shades,
That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge, —
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lackered wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet,
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

William Gilmore Simms.

Eutaw, S. C.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FELL AT
EUTAW.

AT Eutaw Springs the valiant died ;
A Their limbs with dust are covered o'er, —
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide ;
How many heroes are no more !

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
Oh, smite your gentle breast, and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here !

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign ;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest !

Stranger, their humble graves adorn ;
You too may fall, and ask a tear :
'T is not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe ;
The flaming town, the wasted field ;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe ;
They took the spear, — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly :

None distant viewed the fatal plain;
None grieved, in such a cause to die.

But like the Parthians, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw;
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

Philip Freneau.

Frederick City, Md.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Fredericksburg, Va.

FREDERICKSBURG.

THE increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road, I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow.
'T was such a night two weary summers fled ;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen ! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg : far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration : on yon height,
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath :
A signal-rocket pierces the dense night,
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath :
Hark ! — the artillery massing on the right,
Hark ! — the black squadrons wheeling down to Death !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
A gravestone stands to-day,
Marking the place where a grave has been,
Though many and many a year has it seen
Since its tenant mouldered away.
And that quaintly carved old stone
Tells its simple tale to all : —
“Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.”

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
I wandered all alone,
Thinking sadly on empty fame,
How the great dead are but a name, —
To few are they really known.
Then upon this battered stone
My listless eye did fall,
Where lay the bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
It seemed as though the air
Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
Flitting along before my eye,
So sad, so sweet, so fair;
Hovering about this stone,
By some strange spirit's call,
Where lay a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 Juliet seemed to love,
 Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
 Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
 Gleamed through the skies above,
 As here, beneath this stone,
 Lay in his narrow hall
 He who before had borne the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg ;
 Still did the tall grass wave,
 With a strange and beautiful grace,
 Over the sad and lonely place,
 Where hidden lay the grave ;
 And still did the quaint old stone
 Tell its wonderful tale to all : —
 “ Here lies a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.”

Frederick W. Loring.

BAY BILLY.

'T WAS the last fight at Fredericksburg, —
 Perhaps the day you reck,
 Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,
 Kept Early's men in check.
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
 The fight went neck and neck.

All day the weaker wing we held,
And held it with a will.
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our column still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a General's Aid.
"That battery must silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim.
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, midst the storm of shell,

Our leader, with his sword upraised,
 Beneath our bayonets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
 Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
 And when the bugle said
“Up, charge, again!” no man was there
 But hung his dogged head.
“We ’ve no one left to lead us now,”
 The sullen soldiers said.

Just then before the laggard line
 The Colonel’s horse we spied,
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
 His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
 The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
 That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say,
 Above the battle’s brunt,
“How can the Twenty-Second charge
 If I am not in front?”

Like statues rooted there we stood,
 And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
 The dear familiar face,

But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done.

Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run.

Up! up! the hill we followed Bill,
And we captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went,
The ghastly rows between, —
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies

As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake, and rise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners gay,
Stretched out the long Brigade.
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread,
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes ! there the 'old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms !

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer ;
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, " Here ! "

Frank H. Gassaway.



Goshen Pass, Va.

THROUGH THE GOSHEN PASS.

MATTHEW F. MAURY'S LAST WISH.

" HOME, — bear me home at last," he said,
" And lay me where my dead are lying,
But not while skies are overspread,
And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

" Wait till the royal march of Spring
Carpets your mountain fastness over, —
Till chattering birds are on the wing,
And buzzing bees are in the clover.

“Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichened rocks, and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady places.

“Then, when the sky, the air, the grass,
Sweet Nature all, is glad and tender,
Then bear me through the Goshen Pass,
Amid its flush of May-day splendor.”

So will we bear him! Human heart
To the warm Earth's drew never nearer,
And never stooped she to impart
Lessons to one who held them dearer.

* * *

His noble living for the ends
God set him (duty underlying
Each thought, word, action) naught transcends
In lustre, save his nobler dying.

Do homage, sky, and air, and grass,
All things he cherished, sweet and tender,
As through our gorgeous mountain-pass
We bear him in the May-day splendor!

Anonymous.

Margaret J. Preston

Hampton, Va.

THREE SUMMER STUDIES.

MORNING.

THE cock hath crowed. I hear the doors unbarred;
Down to the grass-grown porch my way I take,
And hear, beside the well within the yard,
Full many an ancient quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen, — all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass,
The porch rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from the enclosure pass,
Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture-road.

A humid polish is on all the leaves, —
The birds flit in and out with varied notes,
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves,
A partridge whistle through the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

Up comes the sun! Through the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music dies; the day grows hot,
And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees:

The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 't is shadowed by the solemn pines.

NOON.

Over the farm is brooding silence now, —
No reaper's song, no raven's clangor harsh,
No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cow,
No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh,
No bragging cock from littered farmyard crows, —
The scene is steeped in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields, —
The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land ;
So hushed is all beneath the Summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

The leaves are motionless, the song-birds mute ;
The very air seems somnolent and sick :
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull thud within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud,
Like a dark island in a sea of light ;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows ploughed
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows luminous beneath the sun's fierce blaze.



“The spreading branches with o’er ripened fruit.” See page 84.

EVENING.

That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,

While distant thunder rumbles in the air, —
A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide, —

The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come, in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

Darker and wider spreading o'er the west

Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirrored turrets on the river's breast,

Tell in advance the coming of a storm, —
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash,
And louder, nearer sounds the thunder's crash.

The air of evening is intensely hot,

The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows, —
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot,

Strike in the grass, or rattle mid the boughs.
A sultry lull, and then a gust again, —
And now I see the thick advancing rain!

It fairly hisses as it drives along,

And where it strikes breaks up in silvery spray
As if 't were dancing to the fitful song

Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind, that rises fast
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,

The clouds lie piled up in the splendid West,
In massive shadow tipped with purplish red,

Crimson, or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

James Barron Hope.



Hampton Roads, Va.

THE ATTACK.

IN Hampton Roads the airs of March were bland,
Peace on the deck, and in the fortress sleeping,
Till, in the lookout of the Cumberland,
The sailor, with his well-poised glass in hand,
Descried the iron island downward creeping.

A sudden wonder seized on land and bay,
And Tumult, with her train, was there to follow;
For still the stranger kept its seaward way,
Looking a great leviathan blowing spray,
Seeking with steady course his ocean wallow.

And still it came, and largened on the sight;
A floating monster, ugly and gigantic;
In shape, a wave, with long and shelving height,
As if a mighty billow, heaved at night,
Should turn to iron in the mid-Atlantic.

Then ship and fortress gazed with anxious stare,
Until the Cumberland's cannon, silence breaking,
Thundered its guardian challenge, "Who comes there?"

But, like a rock-flung echo in the air,
The shot rebounded, no impression making.

Then roared a broadside ; though directed well,
On, like a nightmare, moved the shape defiant ;
The tempest of our pounding shot and shell,
Crumbled to harmless nothing, thickly fell
From off the sounding armor of the giant !

Unchecked, still onward through the storm it broke,
With beak directed at the vessel's centre ;
Then through the constant cloud of sulphurous smoke
Drove, till it struck the warrior's wall of oak,
Making a gateway for the waves to enter.

Struck, and to note the mischief done, withdrew,
And then, with all a murderer's impatience,
Rushed on again, crushing her ribs anew,
Cleaving the noble hull wellnigh in two,
And on it sped its fiery imprecations.

Swift through the vessel swept the drowning swell,
With splash, and rush, and guilty rise appalling ;
While sinking cannon rung their own loud knell.
Then cried the traitor, from his sulphurous cell,
"Do you surrender?" Oh, those words were galling!

How spake our captain to his comrades then ?
It was a shout from out a soul of splendor,
Echoed from lofty maintop, and again
Between-decks, from the lips of dying men,
"Sink ! sink, boys, sink ! but never say surrender !"

Down went the ship! Down, down; but never down
Her sacred flag to insolent dictator.
Weep for the patriot heroes, doomed to drown;
Pledge to the sunken Cumberland's renown.
She sank, thank God! unsoiled by foot of traitor!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE CUMBERLAND.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!

As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Harper's Ferry, Va.

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast
Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of
might.

There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-
strife grew warmer,

Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in
the night;

And Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Came homeward in the morning—to find his house
burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for
freedom;

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading
band;

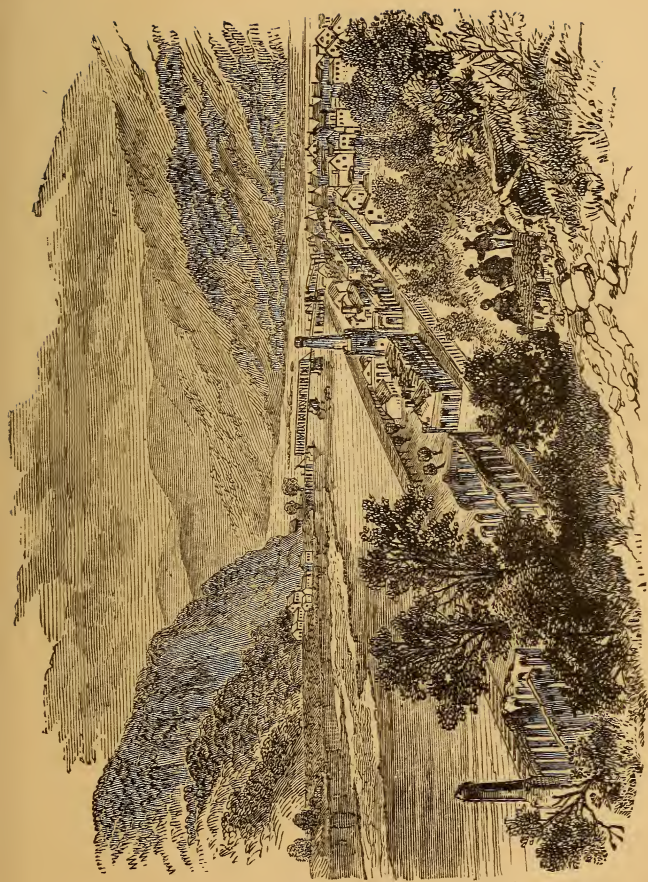
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven
help and speed 'em!—

They would save those grand old prairies from the
curse that blights the land;

And Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Said, “Boys, the Lord will aid us!” and he shoved
his ramrod down.



HARPER'S FERRY, VA. See page 90.

And the Lord did aid these men, and they labored day
and even,

Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives
seemed charmed,

Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of
Heaven, —

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed
all unarmed;

Then Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a
terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy, — not amid the
heat of battle,

But in peace, behind his ploughshare, — and they
loaded him with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad
their cattle,

Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew
out his brains;

Then Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's
vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the
Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed
and torn him so;

He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day
and night; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for
blow,
That Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in
town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild
blue eye grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing
battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas
strife waxed milder,
Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border
War,
And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare
and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes
behind him,
Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are
born,
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew
where to find him,
Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and
shorn;
For Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's
gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,
and such trifles ;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved
Sharp's rifles ;

And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there
again.

Says Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

"Boys, we 've got an army large enough to march and
take the town !

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes
and then arm them ;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent
South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims
rise to harm them —

These Virginians ! who believed not, nor would heed
the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not
John Brown."

'T was the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a
Sunday :

"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be
on a holy night !"

It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of
Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen pri-
vates — black and white,
 Captain Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the
sentry down ;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and
the cannon ;
 Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one
 by one ;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran
on,
 And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed
 was done.
 Mad Old Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took
the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder
made he ;
 It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's
 coup d'état.
“Cut the wires ! Stop the rail-cars ! Hold the streets
and bridges !” said he,
 Then declared the new Republic, with himself for
 guiding star, —
 This Old Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown ;
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left
the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here
and thither ;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charles-
town Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand
grenadiers.

General Brown !

Ossawattomie Brown !!

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring
down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the mar-
vellous assurance —

Only nineteen — thus to seize the place and drive
them straight about ;

And Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around
the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned,
was too risky ;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government
Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls
with Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their
ladders and machines ;
And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave
old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily
away ;
And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too
late for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in
his clay ;
And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them
laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they
hastened on the trial;
How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the
Charlestown court-house floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all
denial;
What the brave old madman told them,—these are
known the country o'er.
“Hang Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,”
Said the judge, “and all such rebels!” with his most
judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the
flagon,

Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first
poured by Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the
red gore of the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your
slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you 've nailed
his coffin down!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



Hatteras, the Cape, N. C.

HATTERAS.

IN fathoms five the anchor gone;
While here we furl the sail,
No longer vainly laboring on
Against the western gale:
While here thy bare and barren cliffs,
O Hatteras, I survey,
And shallow grounds and broken reefs, —
What shall console my stay!

The dangerous shoal, that breaks the wave
In columns to the sky;
The tempests black, that hourly rave,

Portend all danger nigh :
Sad are my dreams on ocean's verge !
The Atlantic round me flows,
Upon whose ancient angry surge
No traveller finds repose !

The pilot comes ! — from yonder sands
He shoves his bark, so frail,
And hurrying on, with busy hands,
Employs both oar and sail.
Beneath this rude unsettled sky
Condemned to pass his years,
No other shores delight his eye,
No foe alarms his fears.

In depths of woods his hut he builds,
Devoted to repose,
And, blooming, in the barren wilds
His little garden grows :
His wedded nymph, of sallow hue,
No mingled colors grace, —
For her he toils, to her is true,
The captive of her face.

Kind Nature here, to make him blest,
No quiet harbor planned ;
And poverty — his constant guest —
Restrains the pirate band :
His hopes are all in yonder flock,
Or some few hives of bees,
Except, when bound for Ocracock,
Some gliding bark he sees.

His Catharine then he quits with grief,
And spreads his tottering sails,
While, waving high her handkerchief,
Her commodore she hails :
She grieves, and fears to see no more
The sail that now forsakes,
From Hatteras' sands to banks of Core
Such tedious journeys takes !

Fond nymph ! your sighs are heaved in vain ;
Restrain those idle fears :
Can you, that should relieve his pain,
Thus kill him with your tears !
Can absence thus beget regard,
Or does it only seem ?
He comes to meet a wandering bard
That steers for Ashley's stream.

Though disappointed in his views,
Not joyless will we part ;
Nor shall the God of mirth refuse
The balsam of the heart :
No niggard key shall lock up joy, —
I'll give him half my store,
Will he but half his skill employ
To guard us from your shore.

Should eastern gales once more awake,
No safety will be here :
Alack ! I see the billows break,
Wild tempests hovering near :
Before the bellowing seas begin

Their conflict with the land,
Go, pilot, go, — your Catharine join,
That waits on yonder sand.

Philip Freneau.

CAPE HATTERAS.

THE Wind King from the North came down,
Nor stopped by river, mount, or town;
But, like a boisterous god at play,
Resistless bounding on his way,
He shook the lake and tore the wood,
And flapped his wings in merry mood,
Nor furled them, till he spied afar
The white caps flash on Hatteras bar,
Where fierce Atlantic landward bowls
O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, then wreathed his horn of cloud,
And blew defiance long and loud:
"Come up! come up, thou torrid god,
That rul'st the Southern sea!
Ho! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
Come wrestle here with me!
As tossest thou the tangled cane,
I'll hurl thee o'er the boiling main!

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"Come up! come up, thou torrid god,
Thou lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
And wrestle here with me!"

'T was heard and answered: "Lo! I come
From azure Carribee,

To drive thee cowering to thy home,
And melt its walls of frozen foam.”
From every isle and mountain dell,
From plains of pathless chaparral,
From tide-built bars, where sea-birds dwell,
He drew his lurid legions forth,
And sprang to meet the white-plumed North.

Can mortal tongue in song convey
The fury of that fearful fray?
How ships were splintered at a blow,
Sails shivered into shreds of snow,
And seamen hurled to death below!
Two gods commingling, bolt and blast,
The huge waves on each other cast,
And bellowed o’er the raging waste;
Then sped, like harnessed steeds, afar,
That drag a shattered battle-car
Amid the midnight din of war!

False Hatteras! when the cyclone came,
Thy waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim
And ran and wrecked yon argosy!
Fore’er nine sank! that lone hulk stands
Embedded in thy yellow sands,—
An hundred hearts in death there stilled,
And yet its ribs, with corpses filled,
Are now caressed by thee!

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Yon lipless skull shall speak for me,
“This is the Golgotha of the sea!

And its keen hunger is the same
In winter's frost or summer's flame !
When life was young, adventure sweet,
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main !
Though lonely once, strange folk have come,
Till peopled is my barren home.
Enough are here. Oh, heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by !
The bark that lingers on this wave
Will find its smiling but a grave !
Then, tardy mariner, turn and flee,
A myriad wrecks are on thy lea !
With swelling sail and sloping mast,
Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast !
O ship, sail on ! O ship, sail fast,
Till, Golgotha's quicksands being past,
Thou gain'st the open sea at last !"

Josiah W. Holden.

THE WRECK.

THEY were off Cape Hatteras
On a dark night of September, —
Long, ah ! long shall we remember !
On the ship were souls six hundred
Ere the God of Tempests thundered.
Long we'll mourn the night — alas ! —
They were off Cape Hatteras.

O'er the billows came the storm;
On the sea were demons prowling;
O'er the wave came Horror howling;
Looking on the dread commotion
Lay dark spirits of the ocean;
In its terrors multiform
O'er the billows came the storm.

Comes the sound of boding doom. —
Hark! the spars and boom a-creaking!
Hark! the dole of victims shrieking!
Louder comes the tempest's thunder,
Bursting rope and bar asunder!
From the bellow and the gloom
Comes the sound of boding doom.

With the blare of bellowing storm
Comes the shout of seamen daring:
"Courage, brothers! God us sparing,
We shall conquer, though the thunder
Crushes our good ship asunder!"
Lightning showed each sailor form
Battling with the bellowing storm.

Hark, on high! 'tis God who speaks!
Thunders ruinous are booming;
Storm-cloud in the lightning looming;
Fiercer, louder, wilder, higher,
Howls the darkling blast and nigher. . . .
From the heaven the thunder breaks —
Hark, on high! 'tis God who speaks!

Now there comes a spirit prone
O'er the deck from prow to rudder,
Making e'en the seamen shudder! . . .
Now the gallant Herndon's speaking
With his trumpet o'er the shrieking:
"Now to God and Him alone!"
Then there came that spirit prone.

Wild the answer: groan and prayer!
Wild the answer: tempest thundered!
Wild the answer of six hundred!
O'er the deck came billows breaking —
Vessel sinking — hope forsaking!
"Look to God — for death prepare!" —
Wild the answer: groan and prayer!

Down in caverns wild and dark
Are the daring victims lying —
Loud the land with wail and sighing.
With the God of Tempests leave them —
Jesus, Saviour, now receive them.
The good ship lies grim and stark
Down in caverns wild and dark;

It is off Cape Hatteras —
Sunk that dark night of September —
Long, ah! long shall we remember.
There were on the ship six hundred
Ere the God of Tempests thundered!
Long we'll mourn the night — alas! —
They were off Cape Hatteras!

T. H. M'Naughton.

Isle of Founts, Ga.

ISLE OF FOUNTS: AN INDIAN TRADITION.

"THE river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Ockmulgee rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game; but that in their endeavors to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing." — BERTRAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina, etc.*

SON of the stranger! wouldst thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake

Along whose banks the west-winds play?
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile, —
Oh, seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent king
Midst the gray rocks, his old domain;
Ward but the cougar's deadly spring, —
Thy step that lake's green shore may gain;
And the bright Isle, when all is passed,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
The Isle of Founts, the isle of dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden light;

And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee !

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple sky ;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth ?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave birth ?
Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves ! — they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore ;
But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede !

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades ;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play !

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray showers to the lake !

Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake,
Forever pouring through his dreams
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright, in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parched with the fever's agony!
From the blue mountains to the main
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest; —
Had they not seen the untrodden shore?
And could they midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills
With visions in their darkened eye;
Their joy was not amidst the hills
Where elk and deer before us fly:
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,
They armed not with the warrior band,
The moons waned o'er them dim and slow, —
They left us for the spirits' land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger ! if at eve
 Silence be midst us in thy place,
 Yet go not where the mighty leave
 The strength of battle and of chase !
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile —
 Oh, seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

Felicia Hemans.



Jamestown, Va.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

OLD cradle of an infant world,
 In which a nestling empire lay,
 Struggling awhile, ere she unfurled
 Her gallant wing and soared away ;
 All hail ! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
 Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruined nest !

What solemn recollections throng,
 What touching visions rise,
 As, wandering these old stones among,
 I backward turn mine eyes,
 And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
 Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonders of an age combined
 In one short moment memory supplies ;
 They throng upon my wakened mind,
 As time's dark curtains rise.

The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little bark
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drownéd earth 't was hurled,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare;
And, where the red man chased the bounding deer,
The smiling labors of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hair-brained rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
The red men are no more;

The pale-faced strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore;
And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdained,
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reigned.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's axe;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labor yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering crowds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
Each happy, great, and free;
One empire still another breeds,
A giant progeny.
Destined their daring race to run,
Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung,
I glance towards this lonely place,
And find it, these rude stones among.
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word, remains;
They cannot live in deathless song,
Nor breathe in pious strains.
Yet this sublime obscurity to me
More touching is than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe;
They live in millions yet unborn,
And pious gratitude shall wreath
As bright a crown as ere was worn,
And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks;
No one that loves his native land;
No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
Can mid these lonely ruins stand,
Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round,—
Of him whose strange, yet bright career
Is written on this sacred ground
In letters that no time shall sere;
Who in the Old World smote the turbaned crew,
And founded Christian empires in the New.

And she! the glorious Indian maid,
The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,

Who joined man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeemed the scourges of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide,
Dear goddess of the sylvan grove,
Flower of the forest, nature's pride,
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee!

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed rock
To me shall ever sacred be, —
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand
Without a thrill for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl her earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or in New England claim his birth,
From the old pilgrims there,
He is a bastard, if he dare to mock
Old Jamestown's shrine or Plymouth's famous rock.

James Kirke Paulding.

JOHN SMITH'S APPROACH TO JAMESTOWN.

I PAUSE not now to speak of Raleigh's dreams,
Though they might give a loftier bard fit themes:
I pause not now to tell of Ocracock,
Where Saxon spray broke on the red-brown rock;

Nor of my native river which glides down
Through scenes where rose a happy Indian town;
But, leaving these and Chesapeake's broad bay,
Resume my story in the month of May,
Where England's cross — St. George's ensign — flowed
Where ne'er before emblazoned banner glowed;
Where English breasts throbbed fast as English eyes
Looked o'er the waters with a glad surprise, —
Looked gladly out upon the varied scene
Where stretched the woods in all their pomp of green;
Flinging great shadows, beautiful and vast
As e'er upon Arcadian lake were cast.
Turn where they would, in what direction rove,
They found some bay, or wild, romantic cove,
On which they coasted through those forests dim,
Wherein they heard the never-ceasing hymn
That swelled from all the tall, majestic pines, —
Fit choristers of Nature's sylvan shrines.

For though no priest their solitudes had trod,
The trees were vocal in their praise of God.
And then, when, capes and jutting headlands past,
The sails were furled against each idle mast,
They saw the sunset in its pomp descend,
And sky and water gloriously contend
For gorgeousness of colors, red and gold,
And tints of amethyst together rolled,
Making a scene of splendor and of rest
As vanquished day lit camp-fires in the West.
And when the light grew faint on wave and strand,
New beauties woke in this enchanted land,

For through heaven's lattice-work of crimson bars
Like angels looked the bright eternal stars,
And then, when gathered tints of purplish brown,
A golden sickle, reaping darkness down,
The new moon shone above the lofty trees,
Which made low music in the evening breeze, —
The breeze which floating blandly from the shore
The perfumed breath of flowering jasmine bore;
For smiling Spring had kissed its clustering vines,
And breathed her fragrance on the lofty pines.

James Barron Hope.



Kekoughton, the River, Va.

SUNSET ON THE KEKOUGHTON RIVER.

SEE the scattered clouds of evening, —
S Lattice bars across the blue, —
Where the moon in pallid beauty
Like an angel gazes through!

Over all the winding river,
By the fading sunset kissed,
Slowly rises up the vapor
In a cloud of ghostly mist.

While the eve is slowly turning
Its last grains of golden sand,
What a holy quiet hovers
Over all the drowsy land!

There is now the spell of silence,
Of a silence calm and deep,
Over all the placid waters
Where the pale mist seems asleep.

And the vessels, slowly gliding
Down the river to the bay,
Show on spreading sheets of canvas
Tints that change from red to gray.

All is quiet, save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar:
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star!

And 't is thus that human creatures,
Bowed with age, or fresh in youth,
Give back brokenly the image
Of each grand, celestial truth.

Now the brooding silence deepens,
And the scene is one of rest,
As the wrecked day drifts down grandly
To be stranded in the West,

On yon rugged coast of Cloudland
High above the village spire,
On its mighty, purple headlands
And its crags all tipped with fire.

James Barron Hope.

Kitty Hawk, N. C.

THE WRECK OF THE HURON.

ROCKS and shoals of the sea,
Tide of the under-waves,
Surf of the moaning lee,
Where the hurricane raves, —
Green steeps that are storm-rent and sterile,
Wild-sown with the spoils of the shore, —
The night has passed on and the peril,
And the mariners struggle no more.

Sing for the brave ship lost:
Chant for the lives that lie
In unknown haven tossed,
Under a sobbing sky.
Sing requiem, praise to the valor
Unshaken though Fate held the scourge;
But dawnlight unveils the stern pallor
Of faces swept cold by the surge.

Wreck on the sullen bar,
Never in battle a-sea,
Iron-girted for war,
Challenge shall echo from thee:
Storm, darkness, and depths are thy foemen,
And each hero stood to his post;
But master and sailor and yeomen,
Their names shall give fame to the coast.

Gulfs and caves of the deep,
Aged seas without pulse,
Let them sleep well who sleep
Lapped in sea-weed and dulse;
They miss not the legend engraven,
The delicate springing of flowers,
They miss, who, by inland and haven,
Sit still through the sorrowful hours!

Edith M. Thomas.



Malvern Hill, Va.

A MESSAGE.

WAS there ever message sweeter
Than that one from Malvern Hill,
From a grim old fellow, — you remember?
Dying in the dark at Malvern Hill.
With his rough face turned a little,
On a heap of scarlet sand,
They found him, just within the thicket,
With a picture in his hand, —

With a stained and crumpled picture
Of a woman's aged face;
Yet there seemed to leap a wild entreaty,
Young and living — tender — from the face
When they flashed the lantern on it,
Gilding all the purple shade,

And stooped to raise him softly, —

“That’s my mother, sir,” he said.

“Tell her” — but he wandered, slipping

Into tangled words and cries, —

Something about Mac and Hooker,

Something dropping through the cries

About the kitten by the fire,

And mother’s cranberry-pies ; and there

The words fell, and an utter

Silence brooded in the air.

Just as he was drifting from them,

Out into the dark, alone,

(Poor old mother, waiting for your message,

Waiting with the kitten, all alone !)

Through the hush his voice broke, — “Tell her —

Thank you, Doctor — when you can,

Tell her that I kissed her picture,

And wished I’d been a better man.”

Ah, I wonder if the red feet

Of departed battle-hours

May not leave for us their searching

Message from those distant hours.

Sisters, daughters, mothers, think you,

Would your heroes now or then,

Dying, kiss your pictured faces,

Wishing they’d been better men?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Manassas, Va.

MAY-DAY AT MANASSAS.

1860.

'T WAS far in May, a heavenly day, —
 The skies were bright, the fields were gay
 With blossoms, butterflies, and bees,
 And singing birds in the cherry-trees;
 And the air from gardens, woods, and bowers
 Was sweet with the breath of vernal flowers;
 And the waving wheat-fields seemed to me
 The gleaming waves of a summer sea,
That May-day at Manassas.

And flocks and herds, in pastures green,
 Enlivened far and wide the scene;
 And here and there, on hill and plain,
 Stood clustering stacks of hay and grain;
 And near the old-time mansion played
 Its pickaninnies in the shade,
 While the "field-hand" slave forgot his wrongs
 Of bondage, in his cheerful songs,
That May-day at Manassas.

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1862.

YET once again I passed that way,
 In the morning of another May;
 But what an awful change was there,

Affecting even the light and air!
 Are these realities? They seem
 The horrors of a hideous dream.
 I looked appalled and in surprise
 On the blackened earth and smoky skies,
 That May-day at Manassas.

No fields of wheat the picture graced, —
 Their very landmarks were effaced;
 No flocks or herds or stacks of grain
 Were visible on hill or plain;
 But pits, redoubts, and many a mound,
 Where the bones of men in the shallow ground
 Lay buried from the battle's toil,
 Or partly whitening on the soil,
 That May-day at Manassas.

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George B. Wallace.



Mexico, the Gulf.

SEA-WEEDS.

FRRIEND of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart,
 Beneath the citron-tree —
 Deep calling to my soul's profounder deep, —
 I hear the Mexique Sea.

White, through the night, the spectral surf rides in,
 Along the spectral sands,
 And all the air vibrates, as if from harps
 Touched by phantasmal hands.

Bright in the moon the red pomegranate-flowers
 Lean to the yucca's bells,
While with her chrism of dew sad Midnight fills
 The milk-white asphodels.

Watching all night — as I have done before —
 I count the stars that set,
Each writing on my soul some memory deep
 Of pleasure or regret;

Till, wild with heart-break, toward the east I turn,
 Waiting for dawn of day;
And chanting sea, and asphodel, and star
 Are faded, all, away.

Only within my trembling, trembling hands —
 Brought unto me by thee —
I clasp these beautiful and fragile things,
 Bright sea-weeds from the sea.

Fair bloom the flowers beneath these northern skies,
 Pure shine the stars by night,
And grandly sing the grand Atlantic waves
 In thunder-throated might:

Yet, as the sea-shell in her chambers keeps
 The murmur of the sea,
So the deep echoing memories of my home
 Will not depart from me.

Prone on the page they lie, these gentle things,
 As I have seen them cast

Like a drowned woman's hair along the sands
When storms were overpast ;

Prone, like mine own affections, cast ashore
In battle's storm and blight.

Would they could die, like sea-weed ! Bear with me,
But I must weep to-night.

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Annie Chambers-Ketchum.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

BLUE gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead,—
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead !

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form ;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from
We know, — and there's nothing more !
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
" 'Tis my watch," he would mutter,
" I must go upon deck !"

Ay, on deck, — by the foremast! —
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft!
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft, —
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare, —
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service
(A little spray on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks, —
“We therefore commit his body
To the deep,” — and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather-railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin, —
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft!
Loose to'gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead, —
Every man to his duty!
We have buried our dead.

Henry Howard Brownell.



Mobile, the Bay, Ala.

THE BAY-FIGHT.

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,
The steady Trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
In blue Bahamas' turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet, coastwise as we cruised or lay,
The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,
By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
Sweet odors from the enemy's shore,

Fresh from the forest solitudes,
Unchallenged of his sentry lines, —
The bursting of his cypress buds,
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
Nor bolder flag a foe to dare.
Had left a wake on ocean blue
Since Lion-Heart sailed Trenc-le-mer!

But little gain by that dark ground
Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath
For friend or brother strangely found,
'Scaped from the drear domain of death.

And little venture for the bold,
Or laurel for our valiant chief,
Save some blockaded British thief,
Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood;
Or dull bombardment, day by day,
With fort and earthwork, far away,
Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time, — but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame!

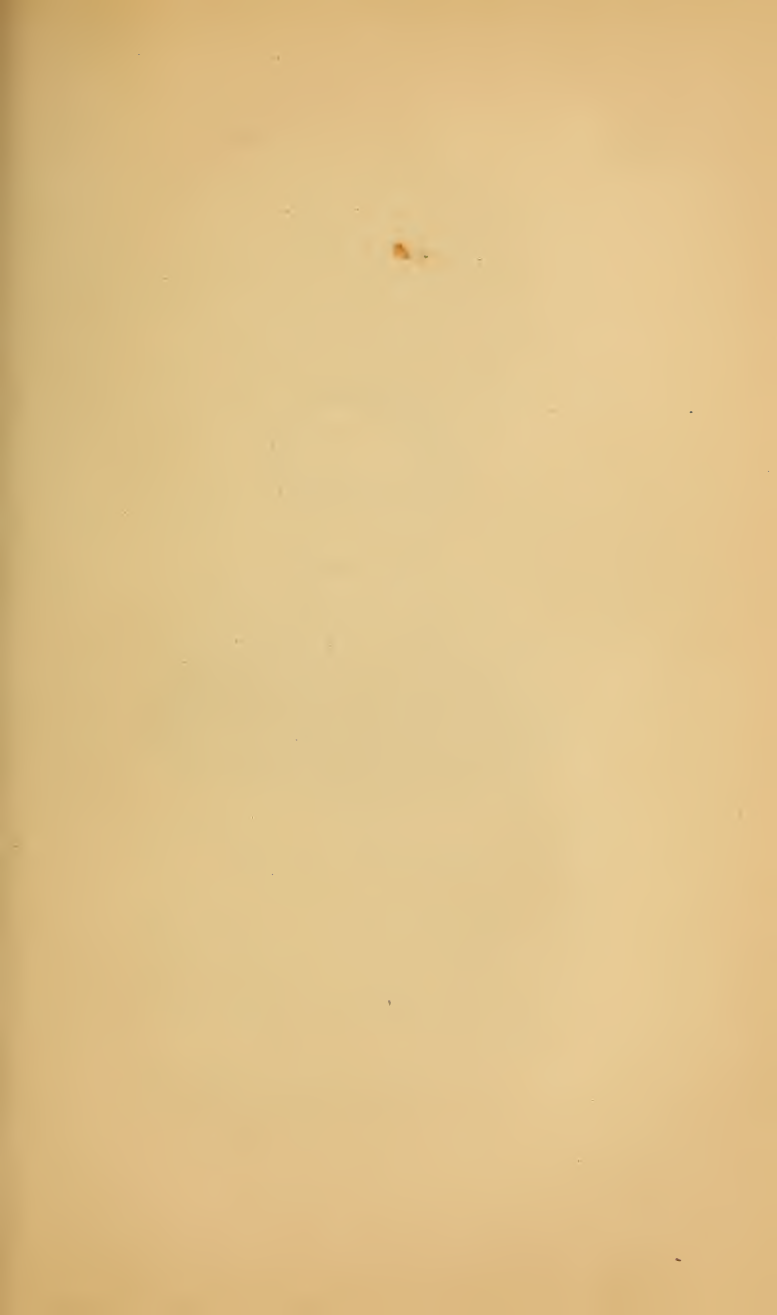
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“Man your starboard battery!”

Kimberly shouted;
The ship, with her hearts of oak,
Was going, mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!
None of us doubted —
No, not our dying —
Farragut’s flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right —
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha, old ship! do they thrill,
The brave two hundred scars





FARRAGUT. See page 127.

You got in the River-Wars?
That were leeches with clamorous skill
 (Surgery savage and hard),
Splintered with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarfing and seam,
 Rudely linned and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch,
And sutured with splice and hitch,
 At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard!

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown
(Wont of old renown), —
But every ship was dressed
In her bravest and her best,
 As if for a July day;
Sixty flags and three,
 As we floated up the bay, —
Every peak and masthead flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue, —
 We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
The weaker lashed to port,
 On we sailed, two by two, —
That if either a bolt should feel
Crash through caldron or wheel,
Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,
 Her mate might bear her through.

Steadily nearing the head,
The great flag-ship led, —

Grandest of sights !
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our leader's dauntless blue,
That had waved o'er twenty fights.
So we went, with the first of the tide,
Slowly, mid the roar
Of the rebel guns ashore,
And the thunder of each full broadside.

Ah, how poor the prate
Of statute and of state,
We once held with these fellows :
Here, on the flood's pale-green,
Hark how he bellows, —
Each bluff old sea-lawyer !
Talk to them, Dahlgren,
Parrott, and Sawyer !

On in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the line of death
That our devilish foe had laid ;
Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villanous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell !

And there, O sight forlorn !
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered, —
(Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn !)

Caught by the under-death,
In the drawing of a breath,
Down went dauntless Craven,
He and his hundred !

A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her,
Like the crest of a breaking wave ;
In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument
(Seen afar in the offing),
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations :
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations
(Christening the generations),
When valor were all too late,
If a moment's doubt be harbored ;
From the maintop, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old Chief, —
“ Go on ! ” — 't was all he said ;
Our helm was put to the starboard,
And the Hartford passed ahead.

Ahead lay the Tennessee, —
On our starboard bow he lay,

With his mail-clad consorts three
 (The rest had run up the Bay), —
There he was, belching flame from his bow,
And the steam from his throat's abyss
Was a Dragon's maddened hiss, —
 In sooth a most cursèd craft! —
In a sullen ring, at bay,
By the Middle Ground they lay,
 Raking us, fore and aft.

Trust me, our berth was hot,
 Ah, wickedly well they shot;
How their death-bolts howled and stung!
 And the water-batteries played
 With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung;
So the battle raged and roared —
Ah, had you been aboard
 To have seen the fight we made!
How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
 From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
 Shook the great ship!

And how the enemy's shell
 Came crashing, heavy and oft,
 Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers:
 But ah, the pluck of the crew!
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
 You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
 Boldly they worked and well, —
Steadily came the powder,
 Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
 Quickly they cleared the wreck;
And the dead were laid to port,
 All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,
 Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor :
 There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
 And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,
 There were black orbs from palmy Niger, —
But there alongside the cannon,
 Each man fought like a tiger!

A little, once, it looked ill,
 Our consort began to burn;
They quenched the flames with a will,
 But our men were falling still,
And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort
 In an awful shroud they lay,
 Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port, —
 Scene of glory and dread!

A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red ;
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead !

So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the foe,
Moving grimly and slow,
They loomed in that deadly wreath,
Where the darkest batteries frowned, —
Death in the air all round,
And the black torpedoes beneath !

And now, as we looked ahead,
All for'ard, the long white deck
Was growing a strange dull red ;
But soon, as once and agen

Fore and aft we sped
(The firing to guide or check),
You could hardly choose but tread
On the ghastly human wreck,
(Dreadful gobbet and shred
That a minute ago were men !)

Red, from mainmast to bitts !
Red, on bulwark and wale !
Red, by combing and hatch !
Red, o'er netting and rail !

And ever, with steady con,
The ship forged slowly by;
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,
Right in front of our dead
Fighting square abreast—
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red, —
Chrism of fire and blood !

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
Worth all the weary time ;
Worth the woe and the peril,
To stand in that strait sublime !

Fear? A forgotten form !
Death? A dream of the eyes !
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,
One only dread we knew :
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the Darker Powers?
Would the fleet get through?
And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell,
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew :
Would the fleet win through?

They are men that never will fail,
 (How aforetime they 've fought !)
But Murder may yet prevail, —
 They may sink as Craven sank.
 Therewith one hard fierce thought,
Burning on heart and lip,
Ran like fire through the ship :
 Fight her, to the last plank !

A dimmer Renown might strike
 If Death lay square alongside ;
But the Old Flag has no like,
 She must fight, whatever betide :
When the war is a tale of old,
And this day's story is told,
 They shall hear how the Hartford died !

But as we ranged ahead,
 And the leading ships worked in,
 Losing their hope to win,
The enemy turned and fled :
And one seeks a shallow reach,
 And another, winged in her flight,
 Our mate, brave Jouett, brings in ;
 And one, all torn in the fight,
Runs for a wreck on the beach,
 Where her flames soon fire the night.

And the Ram, — when well up the Bay,
 And we looked that our stems should meet
(He had us fair for a prey),
Shifting his helm midway,
 Sheered off, and ran for the fleet ;

There, without skulking or sham,
He fought them, gun for gun,
And ever he sought to ram,
But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower
Till we sent our parting shell,
'T was just one savage hour
Of the roar and the rage of hell.
With the lessening smoke and thunder,
Our glasses around we aim, —
What is that burning yonder?
Our Philippi — aground and in flame!

Below, 't was still all a-roar,
As the ships went by the shore,
But the fire of the fort had slack'd
(So fierce their volleys had been);
And now, with a mighty din,
The whole fleet came grandly in,
Though sorely battered and wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,
The Flag to port and ahead,
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.
A league from the fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag;
When lo! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the Rebel Rag:
The Ram is again under way,
And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,
Boldly his course he lay,
Though the fleet all answered his fire,
And, as he still drew nigher,
Ever on bow and beam
Our Monitors pounded away, —
How the Chickasaw hammered away !

Quickly breasting the wave,
Eager the prize to win,
First of us all the brave
Monongahela went in,
Under full head of steam ;
Twice she struck him abeam,
Till her stem was a sorry work ;
(She might have run on a crag !)
The Lackawanna hit fair ;
He flung her aside like cork, —
And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen-shroud
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm),
Our Admiral's voice rang loud :
" Hard-a-starboard your helm !
Starboard ! and run him down ! "
Starboard it was ; and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death

In battle and stormy weather;
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
Drayton, courtly and wise,
Kindly cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now, —
The flame of fight in his eyes!)
His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,
A little he seemed to shun us;
Out peered a form grim and lanky,
And a voice yelled: "Hard-a-port!
Hard-a-port!—here's the damned Yankee
Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul;
With a gnarring shudder and growl,
He gave us a deadly gun;
But, as he passed in his pride,
(Rasping right alongside!)
The Old Flag, in thunder-tones,
Poured in her port broadside,
Rattling his iron hide,
And cracking his timber bones!

Just then, at speed on the Foe, —
With her bow all weathered and brown,
The great Lackawanna came down

Full tilt for another blow :
We were forging ahead,
 She reversed ; but, for all our pains,
Rammed the old Hartford instead,
 Just for'ard the mizzen-chains !

Ah ! how the masts did buckle and bend,
 And the stout hull ring and reel,
As she took us right on end !
 (Vain were engine and wheel, —
 She was under full steam), —
With the roar of a thunder-stroke
Her two thousand tons of oak
 Brought up on us, right abeam !

A wreck, as it looked, we lay ;
(Rib and plankshear gave way
 To the stroke of that giant wedge !)
Here, after all, we go ;
The old ship is gone ! — ah, no,
 But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then ; at him again !
 His flurry now can't last long ;
He'll never again see land ;
Try that on him, Marchand !
 On him again, brave Strong !

Heading square at the hulk,
 Full on his beam we bore ;
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
Lay on the tide like a log, —
 He vomited flame no more.

By this he had found it hot :
Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
Closed round the hideous thing,
Hammering with solid shot,
And bearing down, bow on bow —
He has but a minute to choose ;
Life or renown ? — which now
Will the Rebel Admiral lose ?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,
He ever was strong and bold, —
Shall he shrink from a wooden stem ?
He will think of that brave band
He sank in the Cumberland :
Ay, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight
Boldly his last sea-fight !
Can he strike ? By Heaven, 't is true !
Down comes the traitor Blue,
And up goes the captive White !

Up went the White ! Ah, then,
The hurrahs that, once and agen,
Rang from three thousand men,
All flushed and savage with fight !
Our dead lay cold and stark,
But our dying, down in the dark,
Answered as best they might, —
Lifting their poor lost arms,
And cheering for God and Right !

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Henry Howard Brownell.

Mount Mitchell, N. C.

THE MOUNTAIN BURIAL.

THE Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in a scientific exploration of the Black Mountain, the highest land east of the Mississippi. When discovered in a stream, where, during the mists of evening, and the darkness of a sudden thunder-storm, he had fallen over a precipice of forty feet, he held in his hand a broken branch of laurel. He was interred on Mount Mitchell, June 16, 1858.

WHERE is he, Mountain-Spirit?
Dread Mountain-Spirit, say!
That honored Son of Science
Who dared thy shrouded way?
O giant Firs! whose branches
In gloomy grandeur meet,
Did ye his steps imprison
Within your dark retreat?

Ye Mists, and muffled Thunders
That robe yourselves in black,
Have you his steps deluded
To wander from the track?
Make answer! — Have ye seen him?
For hearts with fear are bowed,
And torches like the wandering stars
Gleam out above the cloud.

Sound, hunter's horn! — Haste, Mountaineers!
Lo, on the yielding fern,

Are these his footprints o'er the ledge?

Will he no more return?

He cometh! — How? — Like marble,

Forth from its quarried bed, —

With dripping locks, and rigid brow,

The sculpture of the dead.

O'er that deep, watery mirror,

With sweetly pensive grace

The graceful Rhododendron leaned

To look upon his face,

While, mid the slippery gorges

Those blushing laurels stand,

Which, faithless, like the broken reed,

Betrayed his grasping hand.

No crystal in its hermit-bed,

No strata of the dales,

No stranger-plant, or noteless vine,

In Carolinian vales,

No shell upon her shore,

No ivy on her wall,

No wingèd bird, or reptile form,

But he could name them all.

So Nature hath rewarded him

Who loved her sacred lore,

With such a pillow of repose

As man ne'er had before,

A monument that biddeth

Old Egypt's glory hide,

With all her kingly pyramids,
In all their mole-hill pride.

Up!—up!—courageous mountaineers, —
Each nerve and sinew strain, —
For what ye do from love this day
Ye ne'er shall do again ;
From beetling crag to summit,
So ominous and steep,
They force their venturous way, where scarce
The chamois dares to leap.

There, many thousand feet above
Atlantic's surging height,
Prelate and priest, with lifted hands
Invoked the God of Might,
And then that cloud-encircled cliff
Unlocked its granite breast,
And with a strong and close embrace
The manly form comprest :

So, in thy sepulchre of rock,
Follower of Jesus, rest,
Serene, approachless, and sublime, —
Until the mountain crest
Shall redden with the fires of doom,
And Earth restore her dead !
Then joyful leave thy Pisgah tomb,
The promised land to tread.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Mount Tryon, N. C.

THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

I SATE upon the lofty Tryon's brow,
While yet the sun was struggling up the east;
Broad was the realm around, fragrant below
The plains, with summer fruits and flowers increased.
The soul and eye were at perpetual feast
On beauty; and the exquisite repose
Of nature, from the striving world released,
Taught me forgetfulness of mortal throes,
Life's toils, and all the cares that wait on mortal woes.

Never was day more cloudless in the sky,
Never the earth more beautiful in view:
Rose-hued, the mountain-summits gathered high,
And the green forests shared the purple hue;
Midway the little pyramids, all blue,
Stood robed for ceremonial, as the sun
Rose gradual in his grandeur, till he grew
Their God, and sovereign devotion won,
Lighting the loftiest towers as at a service done.

Nor was the service silent; for the choir
Of mountain winds took up the solemn sense
Of that great advent of the central fire,
And poured rejoicing as in recompense:
One hardly knew their place of birth, or whence
Their coming; but through gorges of the hills,
Swift stealing, yet scarce breathing, they went thence

To gather on the plain, which straightway thrills
With mightiest strain that soon the whole wide empire fills.

From gloomy caverns of the Cherokee;
From gorges of Saluda; from the groves
Of laurel, stretching far as eye may see,
In valleys of Iselica; from great coves
Of Tensas, where the untamed panther roves,
The joyous and exulting winds troop forth,
Singing the mountain strain that freedom loves, —
A wild but generous song of eagle birth,
That summons, far and near, the choral strains of earth.

They come from height and plain, from mount and sea, —
They gather in their strength, and, from below,
Sweep upwards to the heights, — an empire free,
Marching with pomp and music, — a great show
Triumphal, — like an ocean in its flow,
Glorious in roar and billow, as it breaks
O'er earth's base barriers: first, ascending slow,
The mighty march its stately progress takes,
But, rushing with its rise, its roar the mountain shakes.

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Anonymous.

Mount Vernon, Va.

MOUNT VERNON.

WRITTEN AT MOUNT VERNON, AUGUST, 1786.

BY broad Potomac's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallowed wish invades,
Retired from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or quenched its spreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which waved the blade of high command,
And hewed the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
A nation saved, and conquest's charms:
Posterity shall hear,
'T was mine, returned from Europe's courts,
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
And soothe his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong:
Thy happy seat inspires my song,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whose bowery wilderness of sweets
The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
Here latest on the leafless sprays
 The plummy people sing ;
The vernal shower, the ripening year,
The autumnal store, the winter drear,
 For thee new pleasures bring.

Here, lapped in philosophic ease,
Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
 Amidst thine ample farms,
No vulgar converse heroes hold,
But past or future scenes unfold,
 Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wondrous era have we seen,
Placed on this isthmus, half between
 A rude and polished state !
We saw the war tempestuous rise,
In arms a world, in blood the skies,
 In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calmed, serenest the heaven,
And mildly o'er the climes of even
 Expands the imperial day :
" O God, the source of light supreme,
Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 To guide our doubtful way !

" Restrain, dread Power, our land from crimes !
What seeks, though blest beyond all times,
 So querulous an age ?
What means to freedom such disgust ;

Of change, of anarchy the lust,
The fickleness and rage? ”

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise
The legacy he gave, —
And half he feared his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind;
Yet, still on providence reclined,
The patriot fond believ'd,
That power benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's task begun,
Imperfectly achieved.

Thus buoyed with hope, with virtue blest,
Of every human bliss possessed,
He meets the happier hours:
His skies assume a lovelier blue,
His prospects brighter rise to view,
And fairer bloom his flowers.

David Humphreys.

MOUNT VERNON.

O TIME ! whose wing untiring sweeps the world !
Still sounding onward in that stayless flight, —
Unseen, yet mightily, as when first unfurled
In the young morning of creation's light, —
How hast thou shaken from thy pinion here,

Over the work of man thy storm of change!
Where a whole people bends in prayer and tear,
O'er memories beyond words, — so deep! — so
strange!

Where, as around some hallowed altar-place,
We gather, to call back the glory of our days!

Years, ye are reckless, as in pomp ye pass,
With your dim company of Death and Woe, —
Bowing a generation as the grass,
Whose ranks scarce blossom ere they meet the blow
That levels them to earth! — How stern ye tread
On your long pilgrimage to that far land,
Where ye, in turn, bow with the shadowy dead, —
Of things that joy us not the voiceless band!
Yet as ye pass, how marked your footsteps fall
On all that circles us, — from cradle to the pall!

The hovel and the palace, — the loud hall,
Where wealth holds holiday, in feast and song;
And the gray cloister, with its echoes, — all
Sound to thy pinions, as they swoop along,
Insatiate Time! — Alike on mount and vale,
On the low cottage, and the cloudy tower,
Is written still the melancholy tale
Of thy unfaltering progress and thy power! —
That power that owns not mercy or appeal,
Stamping mortality with its eraseless seal.

And here, where, hadst thou felt one thought of earth,
Thy footsteps had fallen lightly, and thy hand

Had lain with holier touch than marks the mirth
With which it scars the pride of every land, —
Here, where — as round arches of some fane
Virtue has made immortal — dull decay
Has struggled yet with memory in vain,
While lesser things of earth have passed away, —
Here, as o'er temples of some heathen sky,
Hast thou cast wide the shadow of thy revelry !

Ruin is written on these sacred walls !
It sounds with every footfall, and its tone,
Like melancholy music, through these halls
Echoes to every whisper, low, and lone !
The voice of other years uplifts around,
And to our pilgrim spirit, as we tread,
It comes like some remembered dream of sound
From the unfathomed mansions of the dead !
Ruin ! — no other accent meets the ear !
Time ! frown no more on earth, — thy empire is here !

But thou rememberest while a world forgets, —
Thy seal is stamped upon the hallowed place,
Where, though a light is round that never sets,
And memory lingers, measured by no days,
With Freedom's children, — hearts that cannot die ! —
Yet does a people from its capitol
Look with unstartled pulse on that decay !
Hear the unheeded fragments as they fall,
Nor ask what glory there may be to save
The shrine to which it bows, from darkness and the
grave !

Great Father of thy country! — if 't is given,
Over its picture with an angel's eye
To gaze from the broad watch-towers of thy heaven, —
How shall these blackening lines of apathy
Strike on thy vision! Shall ingratitude
To one whose life a people did redeem,
First strike thy spirit? While o'er wrongs they
 brood,
Like hoarding misers o'er some golden dream,
Sparing that noble justice, which no shame
Can summon to obey, — and give the land to Fame?

O look not, — look not from thy throne of stars
Upon thy purchased world! — so bravely won!
There is a shadow that its radiance mars,
Deeper than the eclipse that drowns the sun!
Look not upon thy country! — she has bowed
From that great pinnacle of glory down,
Where thou didst place her, and a voice aloud
Proclaims her loftier pride and beauty flown, —
Look not upon thy country! until she
Recalls, with kindling thought, her destiny and thee!

I stood upon the threshold of that home
Where he was gathered to his dreamless sleep!
Above me rose no tower or sculptured dome,
But a strange quietness that makes you weep
Was round me like an atmosphere. I heard
That mocking of my footsteps through the hall,
And faint returnings of each whispered word,
Which on the listener like a trump will fall,

Though humble be the home and hearth he tread,
O'er which the desolating wings of Time have sped!

I stood upon that threshold. The far voice
Of the low, chanting winds was in my ear,
And my heart leaped within me, as with joys,
When I bethought me of past glories here,
And seemed to read its story in that sound,
As syllabled by beings of the air,
Who swept unseen on silent wings around,
And held their ceaseless court of memory there!
Spirits that sentinelled that quiet mount,
And lingered as about some lone and magic fount.

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Grenville Mellen.



New Orleans, La.

THE RIVER FIGHT.

DO you know of the dreary land,
If land such region may seem,
Where 't is neither sea nor strand,
Ocean nor good dry land,
But the nightmare marsh of a dream?
Where the Mighty River his death-road takes,
Mid pools and windings that coil like snakes,
A hundred leagues of bayous and lakes,
To die in the great Gulf Stream?

No coast-line clear and true,
Granite and deep-sea blue,
On that dismal shore you pass,
Surf-worn boulder or sandy beach, —
But ooze-flats as far as the eye can reach,
With shallows of water-grass ;
Reedy savannas, vast and dun,
Lying dead in the dim March sun ;
Huge rotting trunks and roots that lie
Like the blackened bones of shapes gone by,
And miles of sunken morass.

No lovely, delicate thing
Of life o'er the waste is seen ;
But the cayman, couched by his weedy spring,
And the pelican, bird unclean,
Or the buzzard, flapping with heavy wing,
Like an evil ghost o'er the desolate scene.

Ah ! many a weary day
With our leader there we lay,
In the sultry haze and smoke,
Tugging our ships o'er the bar,
Till the spring was wasted far,
Till his brave heart almost broke.
For the sullen river seemed
As if our intent he dreamed, —
All his sallow mouths did spew and choke.

But ere April fully passed,
All ground was over at last,
And we knew the die was cast, —

Knew the day drew nigh
To dare to the end one stormy deed,
Might save the land at her sorest need,
Or on the old deck to die!

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Would you hear of the River Fight?
It was two of a soft spring night;
God's stars looked down on all;
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog's clinging breath:
Up the River of Death
Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
And round him ranged the men
Who have made their birthright good
Of manhood once and again, —
Lords of helm and of sail,
Tried in tempest and gale,
Bronzed in battle and wreck.
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his line of the Blue and Red;
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail;
Thornton fought the deck.

And I mind me of more than they,
Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
That have shown them worthy sons
Of the seamen passed away.
Tyson conned our helm that day;
Watson stood by his guns.

What thought our Admiral then,
Looking down on his men?
Since the terrible day, —
 (Day of renown and tears !)
When at anchor the Essex lay,
Holding her foes at bay, —
When a boy by Porter's side he stood,
Till deck and plank-shear were dyed with blood :
 'T is half a hundred years, —
Half a hundred years to a day !

Who could fail with him?
Who reckon of life or limb?
Not a pulse but beat the higher !
There had you seen, by the starlight dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim :
The Flag is going under fire !
Right up by the fort, with her helm hard aport,
The Hartford is going under fire !

The way to our work was plain.
Caldwell had broken the chain,
(Two hulks swung down amain
 Soon as 't was sundered).
Under the night's dark blue,
Steering steady and true,
Ship after ship went through,
Till, as we hove in view,
 "Jackson" out-thundered.

Back echoed "Philip !" Ah ! then
Could you have seen our men,

How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
To their work of toil and of clamor!
How the boarders, with sponge and rammer,
And their captains, with cord and hammer,
Kept every muzzle ablaze.
How the guns, as with cheer and shout
Our tackle-men hurled them out,
Brought up on the water-ways!

First, as we fired at their flash,
'T was lightning and black eclipse,
With a bellowing roll and crash.
But soon, upon either bow,
What with forts, and fire-rafts, and ships
(The whole fleet was hard at it, now),
All pounding away! — and Porter
Still thundering with shell and mortar, —
'T was the mighty sound and form!

(Such you see in the far South,
After long heat and drought,
As day draws nigh to even,
Arching from north to south,
Blinding the tropic sun,
The great black bow comes on,
Till the thunder-veil is riven, —
When all is crash and levin,
And the cannonade of heaven
Rolls down the Amazon!)

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,

Down came a pyramid of fire, —

It was one of your long coal barges.

(We had often had the like before.)

'T was coming down on us to larboard,

Well in with the eastern shore;

And our pilot, to let it pass round

(You may guess we never stopped to sound),

Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,

Ran the Flag hard and fast aground!

'T was nigh abreast of the Upper Fort,

And straightway a rascal Ram

(She was shaped like the Devil's dam)

Puffed away for us, with a snort,

And shoved it, with spiteful strength,

Right alongside of us to port.

It was all of our ship's length, —

A huge crackling Cradle of the Pit!

Pitch-pine knots to the brim,

Belching flame red and grim, —

What a roar came up from it!

Well, for a little it looked bad:

But these things are, somehow, shorter

In the acting than in the telling;

There was no singing out or yelling,

Or any fussing and fretting,

No stampede, in short;

But there we were, my lad,

All afire on our port quarter,

Hammocks ablaze in the netting,

Flame spouting in at every port,

Our Fourth Cutter burning at the davit
(No chance to lower away and save it).

In a twinkling the flames had risen
Half-way to maintop and mizzen,
 Darting up the shrouds like snakes !
 Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
 And the deep steaming-pumps throbbed under,
 Sending a ceaseless flow.

Our top-men, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud :
 There, ('t was a wonder !)
The burning ratlines and strands
They quenched with their bare, hard hands ;
 But the great guns below
 Never silenced their thunder !

At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
 And under headway once more,
The whole rebel fleet came rounding
 The point. If we had it hot before,
 'T was now, from shore to shore,
 One long, loud thundering roar, —
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
 And smashing as you never heard before !

But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
 And to save the land we loved so well,
You might have deemed our long gun-deck
 Two hundred feet of hell !

For above all was battle,
Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone;
(But, down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan.)
And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
Drearly blinking
O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke,
That ever such morning dulls, —
There were thirteen traitor hulls
On fire and sinking!

Now, up the river! — though mad Chalmette
Sputters a vain resistance yet.
Small helm we gave her, our course to steer, —
'T was nicer work than you well would dream,
With cant and sheer to keep her clear
Of the burning wrecks that cumbered the stream.

The Louisiana, hurled on high,
Mounts in thunder to meet the sky!
Then down to the depths of the turbid flood, —
Fifty fathom of rebel mud!
The Mississippi comes floating down,
A mighty bonfire, from off the town;
And along the river, on stocks and ways,
A half-hatched devil's brood is ablaze, —
The great Anglo-Norman is all in flames,
(Hark to the roar of her tumbling frames!)

And the smaller fry that Treason would spawn
Are lighting Algiers-like an angry dawn!

From stem to stern, how the pirates burn,
Fired by the furious hands that built!
So to ashes forever turn
The suicide wrecks of wrong and guilt!

But as we neared the city,
By field and vast plantation,
(Ah, millstone of our Nation!)
With wonder and with pity,
What crowds we there espied
Of dark and wistful faces,
Mute in their toiling places,
Strangely and sadly eyed.
Haply, mid doubt and fear,
Deeming deliverance near.
(One gave the ghost of a cheer.)

And on that dolorous strand,
To greet the victor brave
One flag did welcome wave,—
Raised, ah me! by a wretched hand,
All outworn on our cruel land,—
The withered hand of a slave!

But all along the Levee,
In a dark and drenching rain
(By this, 't was pouring heavy),
Stood a fierce and sullen train.

A strange and frenzied time!
 There were scowling rage and pain,
 Curses howls, and hisses,
 Out of hate's black abysses, —
 Their courage and their crime
 All in vain, — all in vain!

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Henry Howard Brownell.



Newport News, Va.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

“**A** SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,”
 Is the inscription on an unknown grave
 At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
 Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
 Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
 Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
 Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
 And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
 Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
 In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
 I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
 When I remember thou hast given for me
 All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
 And I can give thee nothing in return.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Oconee, the River, Ga.

OCONEE.

O CONEE! in my tranquil slumbers,
 At the silent dead of night,
 Oft I see thy golden waters
 Flashing in the rosy light;
 And flashing brightly, gushing river,
 On the spirit of my dream,
 As in moments fled forever,
 When I wandered by thy stream, —

A forest lad, a careless rover,
 Rising at the dawn of day,
 With my dog and gun, — a hunter,
 Shouting o'er the hills away, —
 And ever would my shoeless footprints
 Trace the shortest path to thee;
 There the plumpest squirrel ever
 Chuckled on the chestnut-tree.

And when, at noon, the sun of summer
 Glowed too fiercely from the sky,
 On thy banks were bowers grateful
 To a rover such as I,
 Among the forest branches woven
 By the richly scented vine,
 Yellow jasmine, honeysuckle,
 And by creeping muscadine.

And there I lay in pleasant slumber,
And the rushing of thy stream
Ever made a gentle music,
Blending softly with my dream, —
My dream of her who near thy waters
Grew beneath my loving eye,
Fairest maid of Georgia's daughters, —
Sweetest flower beneath her sky !

With snowy brow, and golden ringlets,
Eyes that beggared heaven's blue,
Voice as soft as summer streamlets,
Lips as fresh as morning dew ! —
Although she played me oft the coquette,
Dealing frowns and glances shy,
These but made her smiles the dearer
To a rover such as I.

What if the earth by fairer river
Nursed more beauteous maid than she, —
He had found a slow believer
Who had told that tale to me ;
And sure I am, no knighted lover
Truer faith to ladie bore,
Than the little barefoot rover,
Dreaming on thy pleasant shore.

The happiest hours of life are vanished ;
She has vanished with them, too !
Other bright-eyed Georgia damsels
Blossom where my lily grew ; —

And yet the proudest, and the sweetest
To my heart can never seem
Lovely as the little Peri
Mouldering by thy murmurous stream !

Henry R. Jackson.



Peaks of Otter, Va.

TO THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

FAIR are the sunset hues, thy dark brow blessing,
O mountain, with their gift of golden rays ;
And the few floating clouds, thy crest caressing,
Seem guardian angels to my raptured gaze :
I have looked on thee through the saddest tears
That ever human sorrow taught to flow,
And thou wilt come, in life's recalling years,
Linked with the memory of my deepest woe.

Yet well I love thee, in thy silent mystery,
Thy purple shadows and thy glowing light, —
Thou art to me a most poetic history
Of stillest beauty and of stormiest might :
I owe thee, O sublime and solemn mountain,
For many hours of vision and of thought,
For pleasant draughts from fancy's gushing fountain,
For bright illusions by thy presence brought.

And more I thank thee, for the deeper learning
That soothes my spirit as I look on thee,

For thou hast laid upon my soul's wild yearning
The holy spell of thy tranquillity :
I shall recall thee with a long regretting,
And often pine to see thy brow, in vain,
While Thought, returning, fond and unforgetting,
Will trace thy form in glory-tints again.

And thou, in thine experience, all material,
Wilt never know how worshipped thou hast been ;
No glimpses of the life that is ethereal
Shadow thy face, eternally serene !
Thou hast not felt the impulse of resistance, —
Thy lot has linked thee with the earth alone :
Thou art no traveller to a new existence,
Thou hast no future to be lost or won.

The past for thee contains no bitter fountain, —
Thou hast no onward mission to fulfil ;
And I would learn from thee, O silent mountain,
All things enduring, to be tranquil still !
And now, with that fond reverence of feeling
We owe whatever wakes our loftiest thought,
I can but offer thee, in faint revealing,
These idle thanks for all that thou hast brought.

Jane Tayloe Worthington.

Port Royal, S. C.

AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea ;
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing ;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song :
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please ;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast ;

From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles :
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, PRAISE an' tanks ! De Lord he come
To set de people free ;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'trong as den ;
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;
He leaf de land behind :
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold ;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free ;
De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea ;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream ;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de Word ;
So like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord :
An' now he open ebery door,
An' trow away de key ;

He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He 'll gib de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom, —
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!

John Greenleaf Whittier.





THE PICKET GUARD. See page 169.

Potomac, the River, Va.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

THE authorship of this poem has been attributed to different writers. The New York Evening Post says: "We have before us a note from Mr. H. M. Alden, the editor of Harper's Weekly, informing us that it was written by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, and originally contributed to Harper's Weekly."

ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, — for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep, —
For their mother, — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, — when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree, —
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, —
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, —
The picket's off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

A POTOMAC PICTURE.

A LITTLE shallop floating slow along
The fair Potomac's tide,
The oarsman pausing for a simple song,
Sung softly at his side ; —

A quaint, old-fashioned love-song, such as stirs
All tender souls, and thrills
To sudden youth the hearts of grandmothers,
Among New England's hills.

Great boughs of laurel garlanding the boat,
Won from the bloomy store
Of forests, lying purple and remote
Along the eastern shore.

Far off, the city and the growing dome
Of the fair Capitol, —
White and ethereal as the feathery foam
Fringing the oar-blade's fall.

A fort looks down in silence from the hill,
Holding its fiery breath,
As loath to mar the peace so sweet and still
By any thought of death.

The blossomed fruit-trees drape the frowning walls,
Disputing all their gloom,
And on the pyramids of cannon-balls
Drops the white chestnut-bloom.

The mounted guns, all threatening and grim,
 Speak not their thunderous words, —
 And in and out among their muzzles skim,
 Unscared, the meadow birds.

In the horizon waits one patient star,
 A sphere of silver white,
 While the full moon, above the hill-tops far,
 Slow reddens into sight.

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Elizabeth Akers Allen.

BY THE POTOMAC.

THE soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
 By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
 Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;
 The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
 Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
 Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower!—
 The Southern nightingale that, hour by hour,
 In its melodious summer madness raves.
 Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
 With what sweet voices, Nature seeks to screen
 The awful Crime of this distracted land,—
 Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green
 Mantle of velvet where the Murdered lie,
 As if to hide the horror from God's eye.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

NIGHT SCENE.

'T IS midnight! — through the dusky pines
The night-wind faintly sighs, — the dew
Just twinkles on the leaf, as shines
The starlight from its home of blue:
Around how calm! above how clear!
No murmur wakes an echo here.

The broad deep river noiseless flows,
The ripple on the shore expires
Without a sound, — its bosom glows,
Another sky with all its fires,
And glasses purely, deeply down
Night's raven brow and starry crown.

Far down the winding silent bay
Where wave and sky uniting sweep
In darker lines, a trembling ray
Comes gleaming o'er the mirrored deep;
Bright, bright amid the horizon's gloom
It glows like hope above the tomb!

Through many a wild and stormy night,
Amid the tempest's gathering war
And hissing wrath, that Cresset's light
Above the surge has beamed, — a star
To cheer the seaman's eye, when dark
And dashing billows smote his bark.

But thus, when heaven and earth are still,
And e'en yon snowy wild swan's cry

Is hushed, — no echo from the hill,
And winds are sleeping in the sky, —
How pure that midnight beacon glows,
The brooding spirit of repose!

But see! — yon eastern blood-red streaks
Deepening along night's starry band!
Slow rising o'er the wood-crowned peaks,
Whose shadows sweep the distant strand,
Peers forth the queen of night, — but now
The crown is fading on her brow.

Her glance is on the deep, — so dim
And joyless o'er the blue wave bending,
You scarce may mark on ocean's brim
Yon white sail with the sea-mist blending;
Away! — how pale its light wing flies,
Like some pure spirit of the skies!

Lone lovely night! in hours like this,
To heaven first rose my raptured eye;
And pictured forms in dreams of bliss
Came floating through the shadowy sky;
Gay dreams of youth! — they could not stay,
But fled like yon lone sail away!

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Asa Moore Bolles.

Rappahannock, the River, Va.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Run deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted,

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender:
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,

Had just struck up with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles:
Loud shrieked the swarming "boys in blue"
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot.
No shout upon the evening rang:
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Of blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him,
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together;

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

John R. Thompson.

Reedy River, S. C.

THE FALLS.

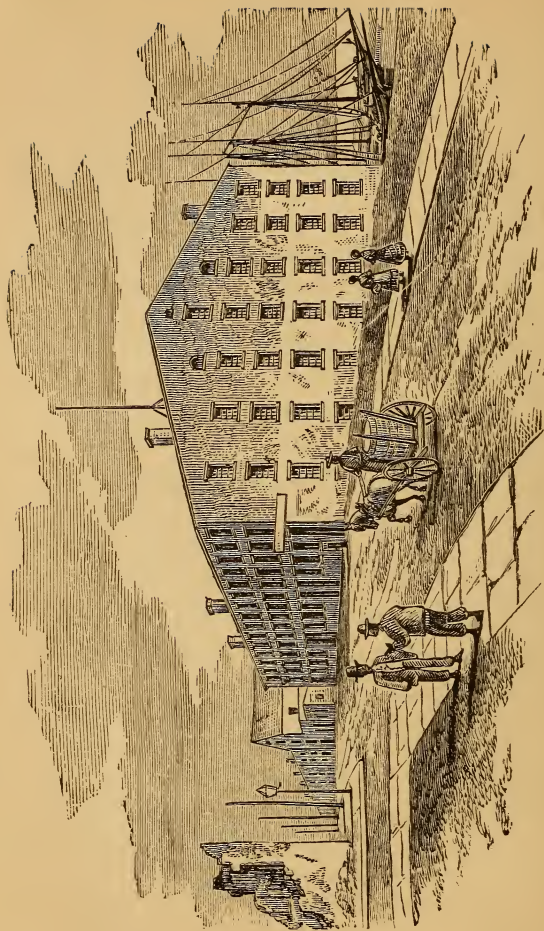
THE sun looked o'er the eastern steep,
Where mountain breezes freely sweep,
To greet the hurrying flood,
That breaks in many a foamy line,
Breaks, but to laughingly combine
In sweet, coquettish mood.

We stood upon the shelving shore,
With scenes of beauty spread before,
Touched by the master's hand, —
The glancing light, the sparkling dew,
The living green, the upper blue,
The mountains old and grand.

The dancing waters at our feet
Stayed not, our eager souls to greet,
But ever hastened on.
They sparkled in the morning light
One moment, then were lost to sight,
Gone! ah, forever gone!

This life is but a restless stream,
And fitful lights may sometimes gleam
Where shadows soon must be;
Stern rocks will break the silent flow,
And fret the waters as they go
To that eternal sea.

Anonymous.



LIBBY PRISON See page 179.

Richmond, Va.

IN LIBBY PRISON, NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1863-64.

'T IS twelve o'clock! Within my prison dreary,
 T My head upon my hand, sitting so weary,
 Scanning the future, musing on the past,
 Pondering the fate that here my lot has cast,
 The hoarse cry of the sentry on his beat
 Wakens the echoes of the silent street, —
 "All's well!"

Ah! is it so? My fellow-captive sleeping
 Where the barred window strictest watch is keeping,
 Dreaming of home and wife and prattling child,
 Of the sequestered vale, the mountain wild, —
 Tell me, when cruel morn shall break again,
 Wilt thou repeat the sentinel's refrain,
 "All's well!"

And thou, my country! Wounded, pale, and bleeding,
 Thy children deaf to a fond mother's pleading,
 Stabbing with cruel hate the nurturing breast
 To which their infancy in love was prest, —
 Recount thy wrongs, thy many sorrows name,
 Then to the nations, if thou canst, proclaim,
 "All's well!"

But through the clouds the sun is slowly breaking;
 Hope from her long deep sleep is re-awaking:
 Speed the time, Father! when the bow of peace,

Spanning the gulf, shall bid the tempest cease,
When foemen, clasping each other by the hand,
Shall shout once more, in a united land,

“All’s well!”

F. A. Bartleson.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

TAKE that banner down, ’t is weary;
T Round its staff ’t is drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, let it rest;
For there ’s not a man to wave it,
For there ’s not a sword to save it,
In the blood that heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, ’t is tattered,—
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, ’t is hard for us to fold it!
Hard to think there ’s none to hold it;
Hard, for those who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly;
Once six millions hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman’s sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever;

And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it, —
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it;
Weep for those who fell before it;
Pardon those who trail and tore it:
Oh, how wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so !

Furl that banner ! True, 't is gory;
But 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages:
Furl its folds, for now we must.

Furl that banner softly, slowly;
Furl it gently, — it is holy, —
For it droops above the dead:
Touch it not, — unfurl it never, —
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.

Anonymous.

Roanoke, Va.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps, — still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune! — in himself
All moods of mind contrasting, —
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn-like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
From lips of life-long sadness ;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness ;
And over all Romance and Song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn
Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.

While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion.

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For Scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother-man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "Remorse!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,

Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee, —wolves for men,
And briers for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh, more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Rodman's Point, N. C.

READY.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire,
From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
 No slavish soul had he :
 "Somebody's got to die, boys,
 And it might as well be me !"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
 Stepped out into the tide ;
 He pushed the vessel safely off,
 Then fell across her side :

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
 As the boat swung clear and free ; —
 But there was n't a man of them that day
 Who was fitter to die than he !

Phæbe Carey.



St. Augustine, Fla.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., was founded by the Spaniards in the year 1565. During the past three centuries it has been the scene of many sieges, and has been many times ravaged by the French, Indians, and Spanish. But little of the old city now remains ; time and war have done their work. But its picturesque appearance and historic associations, added to its being the oldest town in North America, still invest it with great interest.

IN the realm of flowers, a perfumed land,
 Girt by the sea, by soft winds fanned,
 Ravaged by war in years grown old,
 Its former glory a tale long told,
 Stands the quaint old Spanish city.

The scene of many a hard-fought fight,
 Of many a siege, when Spanish might

Was o'er the land : in its decay
 It hath a beauty to live alway,
 That quaint old Spanish city.

There's a charm in the ancient narrow street,
 Where lovely dames erst walked to meet
 Cavaliers in the days gone by,
 When strife of valor and love ran high
 In the quaint old Spanish city.

* * *

There's a charm in the convent's crumbling wall ;
 In old cathedral with turret tall,
 With moss-grown roof and merry chime,
 Man outliving, defying time,
 In the quaint old Spanish city.

* * *

Anonymous.

DOLORES.

HER old boat loaded with oranges,
 Her baby tied on her breast,
 Minorcan Dolores bends to her oars,
 Noting each reed on the slow-moving shores ;
 But the way is long, and the inlet wide, —
 Can two small hands overcome the tide
 Sweeping up into the west ?

Four little walls of coquina-stone,
 Rude thatch of palmetto leaves ;
 There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
 From winter and labor and hunger free ;
 Taking from earth their small need, but no more,

No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
No gathering patient sheaves.

Alone in their Southern island-home,
Through the year of summer days,
The two love on; and the bountiful beach
Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
The two love on, and the tropical land
Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
With dreamy, passionate eyes, —
Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
A simple folk came from the Spanish sea-isles,
Now, tinged with the blood of the Creole quadroon,
Their children live idly along the lagoon,
Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
Ah, their blossoming life of love! —
But fever falls with its withering blight:
Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor prayers, —
Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
Where the blue-eyed soldiers come marching down
From the far cold North; they are men who know —

Thus Dolores thinks — how to cure all woe;
Nay, their very touch is blest.

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But the northern soldiers move steadily on,
They hear not nor understand;
The last blue rank has passed down the street,
She sees but the dust of their marching feet;
They have crossed a whole country by night and by day,
And marked, with their blood, every step of the way,
To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair! she turns to the church,
Half fainting, her fruit wet with tears;
“Perhaps the old saint, who is always there,
May wake up and take them to pay for a prayer;
They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
If he would but wake up, and listen to me:
But he sleeps so, he never hears.”

She enters; the church is filled with men,
The pallid men of the North!
Each dingy old pew is a sick man's bed,
Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
The altar-candles are swept away
For vials and knives in shining array,
And a new saint is stepping forth!

He must be a saint, for he comes from the shrine,
A saint of a Northern creed, —
Clad in a uniform, — army blue,
But surely the saints may wear any hue

Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands
And hears all her story, and understands
The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man,
To freshen the fevered mouth,
Then forth they go down the old sea-wall,
And they hear in the dusk the picket's call;
The row-boat is moored on the shadowy shore,
The Northern saint can manage an oar,
And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch and a holy drink,
A bright little heavenly knife,
And this strange Northern saint, who prays no prayers,
Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged stairs,
And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

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Constance Fenimore Woolson.

St. Catherine's, the Island, Ga.

ST. CATHERINE'S.

HE that would wish to rove awhile
In forests green and gay,
From Charleston Bar to Catharine's Isle
Might sigh to find the way!

What scenes on every side appear,
What pleasure strikes the mind,
From Folly's train, thus wandering far,
To leave the world behind.

The music of these savage groves
In simple accents swells,
And freely here their sylvan loves
The feathered nation tells;
The panting deer through mingled shades
Of oaks forever green
The vegetable world invades,
That skirts the watery scene.

Thou sailor, now exploring far
The broad Atlantic wave,
Crowd all your canvas, gallant tar,
Since Neptune never gave
On barren seas so fine a view
As here allures the eye,
Gay, verdant scenes that Nature drew
In colors from the sky.

Ye western winds! awhile delay
To swell the expecting sail,—
Who would not here, a hermit, stay
In yonder fragrant vale,
Could he engage what few can find,
That coy, unwilling guest
(All avarice banished from the mind),
Contentment, in the breast!

Philip Freneau.

St. Simon's Island, Ga.

THE BEES OF ST. SIMON'S.

THERE lies, far in the bosom of the seas,
An island fair :
All summer long the patient little bees
Are busy there.
The honey which they gather in their round,
Buzzing from flower to flower,
They hoard in a quaint beehive they have found
In the old church tower.

* * *
Like Jonathan, when fainting he did roam
The hungry waste,
How was he quickened when a honeycomb
He did but taste !
So to those weary laborers on lone shores,
This humble hive supplies
The luscious droppings of its annual stores
To light their eyes.

* * *

Anonymous.



San Antonio, Tex.

MISION SAN ANTONIO.

AMID these ruins, gloomy, ghostly, strange,
The weird memorials of an elder time,
The sacred relics of dead centuries,

I stand in utter loneliness ; and thoughts
As solemn as the mysteries of the deep
Come o'er me, like the shadow of a cloud
O'er the still waters of a lonely lake,
Or like the mournful twilight of eclipse
O'er the dim face of Nature.

Ye were reared,
O ruins old, by stern and holy men, —
God's messengers unto a new-found world, —
Whose voices, like the trumpets of the blast,
Resounded through the forests, and shook down,
As by an earthquake's dread iconoclasm,
The idols that men worshipped. Their great lives
Were given to awful duty, and their words
Swelled, breathed, and burned and throbbed upon the air
In solemn majesty. They did not shrink
Or falter in the path of thorn and rock
Their souls marked out. Their mouldered relics lie
Beneath yon humble mounds ; but ah, their names,
There rudely sculptured upon blocks of stone,
Are breathed on earth with reverential awe,
And written by God's finger on His scroll
Of saints and martyrs.

Age has followed age
To the abysses of Eternity ;
And many generations of our race
Have sprung and faded like the forest leaves ;
The mightiest temples reared by human pride
Have long been scattered by a thousand storms, —
But ye remain. Ah yes, ye still remain,
And many pilgrims yearly turn aside

From their far journeyings, to come and pause
Amid your shattered wrecks, as lone and wild
As those of Tadmor of the desert. Wolves
Howl nightly in your ghostly corridors,
And here the deadly serpent makes his home.
Yet round your broken walls, your fallen roofs,
Your many crumbling, shattered images,
Your sunken floors, your shrines with grass o'ergrown,
And the unnumbered strange, mysterious flowers,
That stand, pale nuns, upon your topmost heights,
Wild chants and soul-like dirges seem to rise,
And the low tones of eloquence and prayer
Seem sounding on the hollow winds; and here
I kneel as lowly as I could have knelt,
If I had listened to the living words
Your grand old founders uttered in the name
Of God, who sent them to proclaim his will.

George Denison Prentice.

Santee, the River, S. C.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.'

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;

We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads, —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains ;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp, —
A moment, — and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santée,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

William Cullen Bryant.

SALLIE ST. CLAIRE.

IN the ranks of Marion's band,
Through morass and wooded land,
Over beach of yellow sand,
Mountain, plain, and valley,
A Southern maid, in all her pride,
Marched gayly at her lover's side,
In such disguise
That e'en his eyes
Did not discover Sallie!

When returned from midnight tramp,
Through the forest dark and damp,
On his straw-couch in the camp,
In his dreams he'd dally
With that devoted, gentle fair,
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair
So near him seem,
That in his dream
He breathes his love for Sallie!

Oh, what joy that maiden knew,
When she found her lover true!
Suddenly the trumpet blew,
Marion's men to rally!
To ward the death-spear from his side!—
In battle by Santee she died!—
Where sings the surge
A ceaseless dirge
Near the lone grave of Sallie.

George P. Morris.

Savannah, Ga.

SAVANNAH.

THOU hast not drooped thy stately head,
Thy woes a wondrous beauty shed!
Not like a lamb to slaughter led,
But with the lion's monarch tread,
Thou comest to thy battle bed,
Savannah! O Savannah!

Thine arm of flesh is girded strong;
The blue veins swell beneath thy wrong;
To thee the triple cords belong,
Of woe and death and shameless wrong,
And spirit vaunted long, too long!
Savannah! O Savannah!

No blood-stains spot thy forehead fair;
Only the martyrs' blood is there;
It gleams upon thy bosom bier,
It moves thy deep, deep soul to prayer,
And tunes a dirge for thy sad ear,
Savannah! O Savannah!

Thy clean white hand is opened wide
For weal or woe, thou Freedom Bride;
The sword-sheath sparkles at thy side,
Thy plighted troth, whate'er betide,
Thou hast but Freedom for thy guide,
Savannah! O Savannah!

What though the heavy storm-cloud lowers
Still at thy feet the old oak towers ;
Still fragrant are thy jessamine bowers,
And things of beauty, love, and flowers
Are smiling o'er this land of ours,

My sunny home, Savannah !

There is no film before thy sight, —
Thou seest woe and death and night —
And blood upon thy banner bright ;
But in thy full wrath's kindled might,
What carest thou for woe or night ?

My rebel home, Savannah !

Come — for the crown is on thy head !
Thy woes a wondrous beauty shed,
Not like a lamb to slaughter led,
But with the lion's monarch tread,
Oh ! come unto thy battle bed,

Savannah ! O Savannah !

Alethea S. Burroughs.

THE DEATH OF JASPER.

'T WAS amidst a scene of blood,
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune like a flood
Swept our fairest hopes away ;
'T was on Savannah's plain,
On the spot we love so well,
Amid heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring Jasper fell !

He had borne him in the fight,
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight,
Of the glorious olden time ;
And unharmed by sabre-blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe,
Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on freedom's ground
Had her children shed their gore ;
So he slowly turned away,
With the remnant of the band,
Who, amid the bloody fray,
Had escaped the foeman's hand.

But his banner caught his eye,
As it trailed upon the dust,
And he saw his comrade die,
Ere he yielded up his trust.
"To the rescue !" loud he cried,
"To the rescue, gallant men !"
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose,
O'er its field of broidered gold,
And the blood of friends and foes
Stained alike its silken fold ;

But, unheeding wound and blow,
He has snatched it midst the strife,
He has borne that flag away,
But its ransom is his life !

“To my father take my sword,”
Thus the dying hero said,
“Tell him that my latest word
Was a blessing on his head ;
And when Death had seized my frame,
And uplifted was his dart,
That I ne’er forgot the name
Which was dearest to my heart.

“And tell her whose favor gave
This fair banner to our band,
That I died its folds to save,
From the foe’s polluting hand ;
And let all my comrades hear,
When my form lies cold in death,
That their friend remained sincere
To his last expiring breath.”

It was thus that Jasper fell,
’Neath that bright autumnal sky ;
Has a stone been reared to tell
Where he laid him down to die ?
To the rescue, spirits bold !
To the rescue, gallant men !
Let the marble page unfold
All his daring deeds again !

Robert M. Charlton.

Shenandoah, the Valley, Va.

BY THE SHENANDOAH.

MY home is drear and still to-night,
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south-wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Roll back, O weary years! and bring
Again the gay and cloudless morn
When every bird was on the wing,
And my blithe summer boys were born!
My Courtney fair, my Philip bold,
With his laughing eyes and his locks of gold, —
No nested bird in the valley wide
Sang as my heart, that eventide.

Our laurels blush when May-winds call;
Our pines shoot high through mellow showers;
So rosy-flushed, so slender-tall,
My boys grew up from childhood's hours.
Glad in the breeze, the sun, the rain,
They climbed the heights or they roamed the plain;
And found where the fox lay hid at noon,
And the shy fawn drank by the rising moon.

Fleet Storm, look up! you ne'er may hear,
When all the dewy glades are still,
In silver windings, fine and clear,
Their whistle stealing o'er the hill!
And fly to the shade where the wild deer rest,
Ere morn has reddened the mountain's crest;
Nor sit at their feet, when the chase is o'er,
And the antlers hang by the sunset-door.

What drew our hunters from the hills?
They heard the hostile trumpets blow,
And leapt adown like April rills
When Shenandoah roars below.
One, to the field where the old flag shines,
And one, alas! to the traitor lines!
My tears, — their fond arms round me thrown, —
And the house was hushed on the hillside lone.

But oh! to feel my boys were foes
Was sharper than their sabres' steel!
In every shifting cloud that rose
I saw their deadly squadrons wheel;
And heard in the waves, as they hurried by,
Their hasty tread when the fight was nigh,
And, deep in the wail which the night-winds bore,
Their dying moan when the fight was o'er.

So time went on. — The skies were blue;
Our wheat-fields yellow in the sun;
When down the vale a rider flew:
"Ho! neighbors, Gettysburg is won!
Horse and foot, at the cannon's mouth

We hurled them back to the hungry South;
The North is safe; and the vile marauder
Curses the hour he crossed the border."

My boys were there! I nearer prest, —

"And Philip, Courtney, what of them?"

His voice dropped low: "Oh, madam, rest

Falls sweet when battle's tide we stem.

Your Philip was first of the brave that day

With his colors grasped as in death he lay;

And Courtney — well, I only knew

Not a man was left of his rebel crew."

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My home is drear and still to-night

Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;

The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,

And balmily the south-wind blows;

But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,

Black as the pines, the shadows fall;

And the only friend within my door

Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Yet still in dreams my boys I own;

They chase the deer o'er dewy hills,

Their hair by mountain winds is blown,

Their shout the echoing valley fills.

Wafts from the woodland, spring sunshine,

Come as they open this door of mine,

And I hear them sing by the evening blaze

The songs they sang in the vanished days.

I cannot part their lives and say,
 " This was the traitor, this the true ";
God only knows why one should stray,
 And one go pure death's portals through.
They have passed from their mother's clasp and care ;
But my heart ascends in the yearning prayer
That His larger love will the two enfold, —
My Courtney fair and my Philip bold !

Edna Dean Proctor.

A NOVEMBER NOCTURNE.

THE autumn air sweeps faint and chill
 Across yon maple-crested hill ;
 And on my ear
 Falls, tingling clear,
A strange, mysterious, woodland thrill

From outmost twig, from scarlet crown,
Untouched with yet a tinct of brown,
 Reluctant, slow,
 As loath to go,
The loosened leaves come wavering down.

And not a hectic trembler there,
In its decadence doomed to share
 The fate of all,
 But in its fall
Flings something sob-like on the air.

No drift or dream of passing bell,
Dying afar in twilight dell,

Hath any heard
Whose echoes stirred
A tenderer pathos of farewell.

A silent shiver, as of pain,
Goes quivering through each sapless vein;
And there are moans
Whose undertones
Are sad as autumn-midnight rain.

If then, without a dirge-like sigh,
No lightest-clinging leaf can die, —
Let him who saith
Decay and death
Need bring no heart-break, tell me why.

Each graveyard gives the answer: there
I read "Resurgam" everywhere;
So easy said
Above the dead, —
So weak to anodyne despair!

Margaret Junkin Preston.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

COME, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,

To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now, — the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That 's Banks, — he 's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we 'll give him ——"; well,
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue-Light 's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it 's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" That 's "Stonewall's way."

He 's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill 's at the ford, cut off; we 'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick-step! we 're with him before morn!"
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and by George!

Here 's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before;
"Bay'nets and grape!" near Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

Anonymous.



Sullivan's Island, S. C.

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
Sad as the evening's tender gray,
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist, —
There cometh a dream of the past to me,
On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,

And there rises a wind from the chill northwest,
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

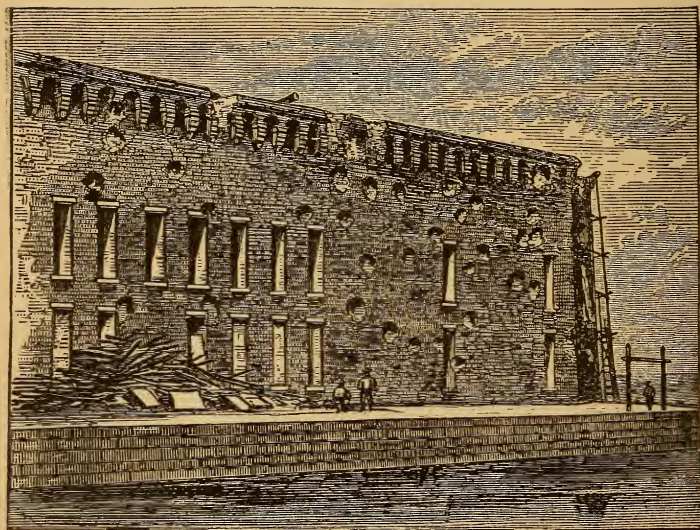
A single ship through the gloaming glides
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;
And above the gleam of her topmost spar
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream
Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;
The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,
With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

O sky-enshadowed and yearning main,
Your gloom but deepens this human pain;
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,
And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.





FORT SUMTER. See page 211.

Sumter, the Fort, S. C.

TWILIGHT ON SUMTER.

AUGUST 24, 1863.

STILL and dark along the sea
Sumter lay :

A light was overhead,
As from burning cities shed,
And the clouds were battle-red,
Far away.

Not a solitary gun
Left to tell the fort had won,
Or lost the day !

Nothing but the tattered rag
Of the drooping Rebel flag,

And the sea-birds screaming round it in their play.

How it woke one April morn,
Fame shall tell ;

As from Moultrie, close at hand,
And the batteries on the land,
Round its faint but fearless band
Shot and shell

Raining hid the doubtful light ;
But they fought the hopeless fight
Long and well,

(Theirs the glory, ours the shame !)

Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
Then their flag was proudly struck, and Sumter fell !

Now — oh, look at Sumter now,
In the gloom !
Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
(Hark ! the ruined rampart falls !)
There 's a justice that appalls
In its doom ;
For this blasted spot of earth
Where Rebellion had its birth
Is its tomb !
And when Sumter sinks at last
From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
Hell shall rise in grim derision and make room !
Richard Henry Stoddard.

Suwanee, the River, Fla.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere 's whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dere 's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry whar I roam,
Oh, darkeys ! how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I,
 Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die.
 All de world, etc.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming,
 All round de comb ?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home ?
 All de world, etc.

Stephen C. Foster.

Tallulah (Terrora), the River, Ga.

THE RIVER TALLULAH.

BEYOND Tallulah's giant den,
 A mountain rent by Nature's throes,
 Where, roaring down the rocky glen,
 The stormy torrent falls or flows ;

Its waters now a quiet stream,
Now plunging from the giddy steep,
Down rapids now they foam and gleam,
In gloomy pools unfathomed sleep;
From the rent rock you gaze below,
The heart with awe and terror stirred,
You hardly see the torrent flow,
Its fearful voice is faintly heard;
Half down, the hovering crow appears
A moving speck; from rifted beams
Of granite grown, the pine, that rears
Its towering trunk, a sapling seems.

Turn from the din; a calmer scene,
More soft and still, invites your sight;
Beneath your feet, a sea of green
Fills the charmed heart with new delight;
Down from the mountain top you gaze;
Far, deep below, the verdant maze
Of forest still unbroken lies;
And farther yet, a line of blue
Catches at last the gazer's view,
The ocean seems to meet his eyes;
With ecstasy beyond control
He sees, while Fancy's magic power
With witching influence rules the hour,
The surges break, the billows roll.

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William J. Grayson.

TALLULAH.

RECOLLECT thou, in thunder
How Tallulah spoke to thee,
When thy little face with wonder
Lifted upwards, rocks asunder
Riven, shattered,
Black and battered,
Thou aloft didst see?

Downward stalking through Tempesta,
Did a giant shape appear.
All the waters leaping after
Hound-like, with their thunder-laughter
Shook the valley
Teocalli,
Hill-top bleak and bare.

Vast and ponderous, of granite,
Cloud-enwapt his features were.
In his great calm eyes emotion
Glimmered none; and like an ocean
Billowy, tangled,
Foam bespangled,
Backward streamed his hair.

On his brow like dandelions
Nodded pines: the solid floor
Rocked and reeled beneath his treading,
Black on high a tempest spreading,
Pregnant, passive,

As with massive
Portal, closed the corridor.

Frighted, sobbing, clinging to me
In an agony of dread,
Sawest thou this form tremendous
Striding down the steep stupendous
With the torrent:
Night abhorrent
Closing overhead.

Then my heart dissembling courage,
That thine own so loudly beat,
Comfort thee, I said, poor trembler:
Providence is no dissembler.
Higher power
Guards each flower
Blooming at thy feet.

Flushed and tearful from my bosom
Thereat thou didst lift thy face.
Blue and wide thy eyes resplendent
Turned upon the phantom pendent,
Whose huge shadow
Overshadowed
All the gloomy place.

Back revolving into granite,
Foam and fall and nodding pine,
Sank the phantom. Slantwise driven
Through the storm-cloud rent and riven,
Sunshine glittered,

And there twittered —
Birds in every vine.

Then sonorous from the chasm
Pealed a voice distinct and loud :
“Innocence and God-reliance
Set all evil at defiance.
Maiden, by these
(As by snow, trees)
Evil heads are bowed.”

J. M. Legaré.

TALLULAH.

ALONE with Nature, when her passionate mood
Deepens and deepens, till from shadowy wood
And sombre shore the blended voices sound
Of five infuriate torrents, wanly crowned
With such pale-misted foam as that which starts
To whitening lips from frenzied human hearts !

Echo repeats the thunderous roll and boom
Of these vexed waters through the foliaged gloom
So wildly, in their grand, reverberant swell,
Borne from dim hillside to rock-bounded dell,
That oft the tumult seems
The vast, fantastic dissonance of dreams, —
A roar of adverse elements torn and riven
In gaunt recesses of some billowy hell, —
But sending ever through the tremulous air
Defiance, laden with august despair,
Up to the calm and pitiful face of heaven !

From ledge to ledge the impetuous current sweeps
Forever tortured, tameless, unsubdued,
Amid the darkly humid solitude;
Through waste and turbulent deeps
It cleaves a terrible pathway, overrun
Only by doubtful flickerings of the sun,
To meet with swift cross-eddies, whirlpools set
On verges of some measureless abyss;
Above the stir and fret,
The hollow lion's roar, or serpent-hiss
Of whose unceasing conflict waged below
The gorges of the giant precipice,
Shines the mild splendor of a heavenly bow!

But blinded to the rainbow's tender light,
Soft as the eyes of Mercy bent on Might,
Still with dark vapors all around it furled,
The demon-spirit of this watery world,
Through many a maddened curve and stormy throe,
Speeds to its last tumultuous overflow, —
When downward hurled from wildering shock to shock,
Its wild heart breaks upon the outmost rock
That guards the empire of this rule of wrath:

Henceforth, beyond the shattered cataract's path,
The tempered spirit of a gentler guide
Enters, methinks, the unperturbed tide, —
Its current sparkling in the blest release
From wasting passion, glides through shores of peace;
O'er brightened spaces and clear confluent calms
Float the hale breathings of near meadow balms;
And still by silent cove and silvery reach

The murmurous wavelets pass,
 Lip the coy tendrils of the delicate grass,
 And tranquil hour by hour
 Uplift a crystal glass,
 Wherein each lithe narcissus flower
 May mark its slender frame and beauteous face
 Mirrored in softly visionary grace,
 And still, by fairy bight and shelving beach
 The fair waves whisper, low as leaves in June—
 (Small gossips lisp in their woodland bower),
 And still, the ever-lessening tide
 Lapses, as glides some once imperious life
 From haughty summits of demoniac pride,
 Hatred, and vengeful strife
 Down through Time's twilight-valleys purified,
 Yearning alone to keep
 A long predestined tryst with Night and Sleep,
 Beneath the dew-soft kisses of the moon!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



Toccoa, the Falls, Ga.

TOCCOA.

CAN I forget that happiest day,
 That happiest day of all the year,
 When on the sloping rock I lay,
 Toccoa dripping near?
 The lifted wonder of thy eyes
 The marvel of thy soul expressed.

Aloft I saw serenest skies,
Below, thy heaving breast.
On wings of mist, in robes of spray
Long trailed, and flowing wide and white,
Adown the mountain steep and gray
We saw Toccoa glide.
Her garments sweeping through the vale
Began the whispering leaves to wake,
And wafted like a tiny sail
A leaf across the lake.

The murmur of the falling shower,
Which did the solitude increase,
We heard; the cool and happy hour
Filled our young hearts with peace.
Thou sattest with a maiden grace,
Thou sawest the rugged rocks and hoary,
As with a half-uplifted face
Thou listenedst to my story.

How many of the banished race,
Those old red warriors of the bow,
Have slumbered in this shadowy place,
Have watched Toccoa flow.
Perchance, where now we sit, they laid
Their arms, and raised a boastful chant,
While through the gorgeous Autumn shade
The sunshine shot aslant.

One night, a hideous howling night,
The black boughs swaying overhead,—
Three painted braves across the height

A false Pe-ro-kah¹ led.
Bright were her glances, bright her smiles,
Wondrous her waving length of hair,
(Ye who descend through slippery wiles,
A maiden's eyes beware !)

What saw these swarthy Cherokees
In the deep darkness on the brink ?
They saw a red fire through the trees,
Through the tossed branches wave and wink ;
They saw pale faces white and dreaming,
Clutched their keen knives, and held their breath,
— All this was but a cheating seeming,
For them, not for the phantom's death.
Spoke then the temptress (maid or devil),—
“ Let the pale sleepers sleep no more ! ”
Whoop ! — three good bounds on solid rock,
Then empty blackness for a floor.
Yelled the fierce braves with rage and fright,
With fright their bristling war-plumes rose :
On these down fluttering, did the night
Her jaws sepulchral close.

These rocks tall-lifted, rent apart,
This Indian legend old
To thee, enchantress as thou art,
A warning truth unfold.
Who love, mid midnight dangers stand,
To them false fires wink :
Accursèd be the evil hand
That beckons to the brink.

J. M. Legaré.

¹ Evil-Child.

Vicksburg, Miss.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

FOR sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not!
“If the noble city perish,”
Our grand young leader said,
“Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!”

For sixty days and upwards
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And even throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends of air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
Mid the silent thrill of hearts:
But the Lord, our shield, was with us;
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled, —
 Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
 As the huge bombs whirled and blazed !
Then turned with silvery laughter
 To the sports which children love,
Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,
 That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
 From scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us denser, darker,
 Grew the conflict's wild eclipse ;
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
 Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
 Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
 These death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
 Ruled o'er the battle-tide ;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
 And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode with the step of hope
 To the music in their hearts.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Wachulla Spring, Fla.

THE WACHULLA SPRING.

THE Wachulla Spring described in the following poem is situated about ten miles from Tallahassee, Florida. It is an immense limestone basin, as yet unfathomed in the centre, with waters as transparent as crystal.

FOUNTAIN of beauty ! on my vision breaking,
How springs my heart thy varied charms to greet,
While thoughts of loveliness within me waking
Fill all my being with their influence sweet.
Gazing on thee, my spirit's wild commotion
Is hushed beneath some mighty magic spell, —
Till, thrilling with each new and strange emotion,
No feelings but of high and pure devotion
Within me dwell.

Wachulla, beauteous spring ! thy crystal waters
Reflect the loveliness of Southern skies ;
And oft methinks the dark-haired Indian daughters
Bent o'er thy silver depths with wondering eyes.
From forest glade the swarthy chief emerging,
Delighted, paused thy matchless charms to view ;
Then to thy flower-gemmed border slowly verging
I see him o'er thy placid bosom urging
His light canoe !

Break not the spell that wraps this beauteous vision
In the enchantment of some fairy dream ;

Methinks I wander in those realms elysian,
Which on poetic fancies sometimes gleam.
Round me the dim-arched forest proudly towers,
Seeming those light and floating clouds to kiss;
Oh, let me linger for a few brief hours
By this enchanted fount, — these wildwood bowers,
To dream of bliss.

With the bright crimson of the maple twining,
The fragrant bay its peerless chaplet weaves;
And where magnolias in their pride are shining,
The broad palmetto spreads its fan-like leaves.
Far down the forest aisles, where sunbeams quiver,
The fairest flowers their rainbow hues combine;
And pendent o'er the swiftly flowing river,
The shadows of the graceful willow shiver
In glad sunshine!

Bright-plumaged birds their gorgeous hues enwreathing,
Their amorous tunes to listening flowers repeat;
Which in reply, their sweetest incense breathing,
Pour on the silent air their perfume sweet:
From tree to tree the golden jasmine creeping,
Hangs its bright bells on every slender spray;
And in each fragrant chalice, slyly peeping,
The humming-bird its odorous store is reaping,
The livelong day.

Nature has here, in wilful mood, unfolded
Her choicest stores, the wilderness to deck; —
And forms of rare and perfect beauty moulded,
Where no rude hand her beauty dares to check.

How could I sit, and watch the waters glancing
In the calm beauty of these cloudless skies ;
My vivid fancy every charm enhancing,
And sight and sound my senses all entrancing,
Till daylight dies !

How o'er the misty Past my thoughts would ponder,
When sad and lone beside Wachulla's spring
The red man, flying from his foes, would wander,
And to the wave his heart-wrung murmurs fling.
Oppression stern his free-born soul enthralling,
He flies for shelter to these wildwood haunts, —
And on the spirits of his loved ones calling,
While murmuring voices on his ear are falling,
This descant chants :

“ Great Spirit of our race ! hast thou forsaken
Thy favored children in their hour of need ?
Their wailing voice Wachulla's echoes waken, —
Will not the Spirit of their fathers heed ?
Sunshine and joy our own loved dells are flushing,
But mid their charms the red man wanders lone ;
He hears the free winds through the forest rushing ;
He sees Wachulla's gladsome waters gushing,
Yet hears no tone ! ”

Alas ! sad warrior ! by these silver waters
No more shall gather thy ill-fated band ;
Thy hunters bold, thy dark-eyed lovely daughters,
Long since have sought their own loved spirit-land.
Yet still methinks I hear their voices sighing,
In the soft breeze that blows from yonder shore ;





"The water-lilies parting." See page 227.

And wildwood echoes to the stream replying,
Mourn that the voices on the waters dying
Return no more!

But now the soft south-wind all gently wooeth
Our little barque, to leave the flower-gemmed shore;
And the light breeze that perfume round us streweth,
This fairy basin soon will waft us o'er;
Then while soft zephyrs, round us faintly blowing,
Bear wordless voices from the forest deep,
We'll listen to the waters' ceaseless flowing,
And watch the wavelets dancing on, — unknowing
What course they keep.

With rapid oar, the water-lilies parting,
Whose snowy petals form the Naiad's wreath,
Soon o'er the crystal fountain swiftly darting,
We cast our gaze a hundred feet beneath!
Between two heavens of purest blue suspended,
Above these fairy realms we float at will, —
Where crystal grottos lift their columns splendid,
Formed of rare gems of pearl and emerald, blended
With magic skill.

Now in the west the gold and crimson blending,
Tell that soft twilight falleth o'er the world;
And on the breeze all noiselessly descending,
The dew-drops lie in lily-cups impearled.
All thought is lost in sweet bewildering fancies,
While from the forest dies the light of day;
And witching silence every spell enhances,
As o'er the wave the last glad sunbeam glances,
Then fades away!

Farewell, Wachulla ! sadly must I sever
 My spirit from thy sweet bewildering spell ;
 I leave thee, fairy fount, perhaps forever,
 And mournfully I bid thee now — farewell !
 Yet still thy loveliness my soul o'erpowers,
 While dreamy shadows on the forest fall, —
 And long shall memories of thy beauteous bowers
 Fall on my heart like dew on summer flowers,
 Refreshing all !
Catherine Ann Dubose.



Washington, D. C.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

I READ last night of the Grand Review
 In Washington's chiefest avenue, —
 Two Hundred Thousand men in blue,
 I think they said was the number, —
 Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
 The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
 The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
 The cheers of people who came to greet,
 And the thousand details that to repeat
 Would only my verse encumber, —
 Till I fell in a revery, sad and sweet,
 And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo ! in a vision I seemed to stand
 In the lonely Capitol. On each hand

Far stretched the portico ; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
 Had called to a last reviewing.
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square ;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
 The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread ;
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
 O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
 To the phantom bugle's warning :

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in state and field
 Had led our patriot sires ;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
 Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
 Of wailing and lamentation :

The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead, — the men
Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of the prison-pen.
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright:
I thought — perhaps 't was the pale moonlight —
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandishèd;
No mark — save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze Reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves — for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long, till the morning gray,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder, —
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come; and I spake — and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

Bret Harte.

SPRING AT THE CAPITAL.

THE poplar drops beside the way
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds, impatient for
the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall;
The hyacinths grow fair and tall;
And mellow sun and pleasant wind and odorous bees
are over all.

Down looking in this snow-white bud,
How distant seems the war's red flood!
How far remote the streaming wounds, the sickening
scent of human blood!

For Nature does not recognize
This strife that rends the earth and skies;
No war-dreams vex the winter sleep of clover-heads
and daisy-eyes.

She holds her even way the same,
Though navies sink or cities flame;
A snowdrop is a snowdrop still, despite the nation's
joy or shame.

When blood her grassy altar wets,
She sends the pitying violets
To heal the outrage with their bloom, and cover it
with soft regrets.

O crocuses with rain-wet eyes,
O tender-lipped anemones,
What do ye know of agony and death and blood-won
victories?

No shadow breaks your sunshine-trance,
Though near you rolls, with slow advance,
Clouding your shining leaves with dust, the anguish-
laden ambulance.

Yonder a white encampment hums;
The clash of martial music comes;
And now your startled stems are all a-tremble with the
jar of drums.

Whether it lessen or increase,
Or whether trumpets shout or cease,
Still deep within your tranquil hearts the happy bees
are murmuring "Peace!"

O flowers! the soul that faints or grieves
New comfort from your lips receives;
Sweet confidence and patient faith are hidden in your
healing leaves.

Help us to trust, still on and on,
That this dark night will soon be gone,
And that these battle-stains are but the blood-red
trouble of the dawn,—

Dawn of a broader, whiter day
Than ever blessed us with its ray,—
A dawn beneath whose purer light all guilt and wrong
shall fade away.

Then shall our nation break its bands,
And, silencing the envious lands,
Stand in the searching light unshamed, with spotless
robes, and clean, white hands.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE NESTS AT WASHINGTON.

BEFORE the White House portals
The careless eyes behold
Three iron bombs uplifted,
Adusk in summer gold.

In dreamy mood I wandered
At Sabbath sunset there,
While the wide city's murmur
Hummed vaguely everywhere :

"Black seeds of desolation,"
I said, "by War's red hand
Sown in the fierce sirocco
Over the wasted land !

"Unholy with the holy,
What do ye here to-day,
Symbols of awful battle,
In Sabbath's peaceful ray ?"

Angel of Dust and Darkness !
I heard thy woful breath,
With noise of all earth's battles,
Answer : "Let there be Death !"

I thought of many a midnight,
Where sprang terrific light
Over wide woods and marshes ;
Fierce fireflies lit the night.

I saw beleaguered bastions
Leap up in red dismay,
Wide rivers all transfigured
Awake in dreadful day.

Asleep in peaceful sunshine
Glimmered the warlike things :
Into their hollow horror
Flew tenderest summer wings !

Deep in the awful chambers
Of the gigantic Death,
The wrens their nests had builded
And dwelt with loving breath.

Angel of Resurrection !
Over all buried strife
I heard thy bird-song whisper,
Sweetly, " Let there be Life ! "

John James Piatt.

Wilmington, N. C.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

A CHASE IN SOUNDINGS.

H OVE in the stays, she lay,
In the blockading grounds
Of the North Carolina sounds,
Beleaguered half a day,
The good ship Heir of Lynn :
The still air shut her in
The very focus of light ;
Where the sea grows hot and white,
As if it had turned to salt
Or solid rock, with a fault
That clipped the horizon's edge
In a long, irregular ledge. .

In the summer of sixty-three,
As still as they could be
The sea and air ; and every
Spar lost in a reverie
Over its shadow, under
The sea, in curious wonder.
Not a cat's-paw turned the streamer,
To spell at it letter by letter ;
And for fifty leagues and better,
You could see the smoke of a steamer
Drifting down in the offing.
You could hear the sullen coughing,

Over sixty miles away,
At Wilmington harbor and bay, —
The pounding of cannon and mortar,
And the groan of torpedoes under
The sea, that came over her quarter,
Like the bellow of smothered thunder.

Uneasily looked the master
Now at the sea, and then
Off in a dream again
Of home, as the boa's¹ in cast her
Dipsy¹ lead in the shallow,
To a sort of nasal tune,
Larded with talk and tallow,
In the bight of the afternoon;
Drawling from sea-worn topics,
To sudden squalls in the tropics;
And lee shores whose hot lips
Had opened and swallowed ships, —
Till the slow talk seemed to pool
In the old Annapolis school;
And the master was "Joe" again,
With his messmate, Geordie of Maine,
Who loved, with loves like his own,
Sweethearts they never had won, —
Like the small blue flowers that live but a day,
Sweet things, in the inlets of Chesapeake bay.

The skies got bluer and bluer,
Till the far-off gunboat knew her,
And came up, hand over hand,

¹ Deep sea.

With a rushing, like falling sand,
Of the coils of her screw propeller,
Like the rifles that twist out her shell, or
The leverage fold and grapple
Of the sinewy boa-constrictor,
While her stem peeled the scum as an apple,
And the plunge of her steam beat the drums of a victor.

But, like omens in viscera,
Old Romans sought for;
As the stars fought with Sisera, —
Faster and faster,
And over and past her,
Swirled the cone of the cyclone and fought her.

It touched the sails of the schooner,
The turn of a sandglass sooner;
And, breaking in sudden bloom, —
From her foretop studding-sail,
Aft to her spanker-boom,
Down to her channel rail,
Fore to her flying jibs; —
Like a lily when it buds
She flowers out of her ribs,
White as the salt-sea seeds;
Bobbing about, like a cup.
Then a shout, and the hunt is up.

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“A lee shore and a squall!
There’s but one of them all,”
As he steamed within hail,
Said the gunboat commander,

“Of all that I know,
That would dare carry sail
To beach her and land her,—
Annapolis Joe.”

As swivels of hail
Beat tattoo on the sail,
And he looked on the sea,
Where tempests unchain
Reefs hid in white rain;
“You ’ll want boots to follow me
All night,” said the master,
“With your wrought-iron roster,
Old Geordie of Maine.”

Ship ahoy! Heave to!
The wind seemed to wrestle
With steam in the vessel,
Elastic and pliant,
And wrench the propeller
With the strength of a giant,
As if to compel her
To shrink from the danger,
Her keel timbers ran on:
But grimly defiant,
And louder and louder,
In the bursting of powder,
Spoke the lips of her cannon.

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“It ’s Joe, to be sure,”
Said the naval commander,

“And he’s got a king’s ransom of stores in his keel;
I’ll sink her, or land her
Rawbones on a lee shore,
To feed the Sound fishes on his powder and steel.”

A reef rose between,
Where the keel of the sea seemed to jib and careen,
And pitch on its beam ends,
About which the water ran smooth with vehemence,
Like the gates of a lock when its hinges are swung,
And the bore of the current shoots out in a tongue.
But, taut and close-asted,
From keelson to masthead;
Spanker vang to spritsail-yards,
And flying jib-boom,
As true to her halyards
As belle of the room
When her feet, to the click of the castanets clipping,
Make rhymes to the music’s adagios tripping, —
As dangerously quick as Herodias’ daughter, —
While the wind kissed her lacings and whipped round
her quarter,
And pitch-piped its bagpipes as shrill as a demon,
The sloop felt her tiller;
Double banked her propeller;
And rushed at the sluice with a full head of steam on.

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But the fugitive ship,
Like a wild thing at bay,
That will double and slip
From corner to panel,
Like a fox, stole away.

The nips of the channel,
 In shoulder and knee,
 Seemed to rise and bend over her;
 The bellowing sea,
 To open and cover her;
 And where the surf plunges
 Through coral and sponges
 In slings of the wind as light as a feather,
 To rove the blue phosphorous frost in her shrouds,
 The burst of the clouds,
 Mixed the sea and the sand and the sky altogether,
 And the welkin cracked open with terrible brightening,
 Till the bed of the sea seemed to bristle with light-
 ning;
 And over, and under
 The clamor of waves, pealed the toll of the thunder.

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So, all through the night, in the darkness they grope.
 In the wash of the water, and swish of the spray,
 Clung the sloop to the chase, as if towed by a rope,
 Till the morning gun slipped it, at breaking of day.
 Tira la, sang the bugles,—a fox stole away!
 Stole away; stole away: stole away; stole away:
 Tira la sang the bugles,—a fox stole away.

In Wilmington town there's a ringing of bells
 As the people go down, to see her come in,
 With her flag at the forepeak, as every one tells
 Of the old ballad luck of the ship Heir of Lynn.

If you ever meet Josey, or Geordie of Maine,
 You will run the chase over in soundings again.

Will Wallace Harney.

Winchester, Va.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!

Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,

Under the dome of the Union sky,

The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;

There with the glorious general's name,

Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,

"Here is the steed that saved the day,

By carrying Sheridan into the fight,

From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read.



Woodstock, Va.

MUHLENBERG.

THE pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,

And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

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And now before the open door —
The warrior-priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty Death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

“Who dares” — this was the patriot’s cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —
 “Come out with me, in Freedom’s name,
 For her to live, for her to die?”
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, “I!”

Thomas Buchanan Read.



Yorktown, Va.

YORKTOWN.

FROM Yorktown’s ruins, ranked and still,
 Two lines stretch far o’er vale and hill:
 Who curbs his steed at head of one?
 Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
 Who bends his keen, approving glance
 Where down the gorgeous line of France
 Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
 Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
 Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
 Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
 Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
 October’s clear and noonday sun
 Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
 And down night’s double blackness fell,
 Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines

Stand moveless as the neighboring pines ;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go :
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless :
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone : with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear ;
The New World's chain lies broken here !

John Greenleaf Whittier.



APPENDIX.

Florida.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

I.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the Emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.
By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.

Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
“Thank the Lord!” said De Leon, the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
“Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango, before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold;
Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of gold!”

II.

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: “The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottos and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores;
They flourish in beauty eternal,
Who set but their foot on its shores!”

Then answered De Leon, the sailor :

“I am withered, and wrinkled, and old ;
I would rather discover that fountain,
Than a country of diamonds and gold.”

III.

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor ;

Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.

Away from the shady Bahamas,

Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision,
Rose clustering islands of green.

Still onward he sped till the breezes

Were laden with odors, and lo !
A country embedded with flowers,

A country with rivers aglow !
More bright than the sunny Antilles,

More fair than the shady Azores.

“Thank the Lord !” said De Leon, the sailor,

As feasted his eye on the shores,
“We have come to a region, my brothers,

More lovely than earth, of a truth ;
And here is the life-giving fountain, —
The beautiful fountain of youth.”

IV.

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,

Unfurled his old banner, and sung ;

But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
All around was so fresh and so young.
The palms, ever-verdant, were blooming,
Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;
O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers
Hung deep from the branches of trees.
"Praise the Lord!" sung De Leon, the sailor;
His heart was with rapture aflame;
And he said: "Be the name of this region
By Florida given to fame.
'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
I soon shall partake of the fountain,—
The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

v.

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
In search of that fountain in vain;
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again.
And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
To the calm of his own native shores.
And that he grew older and older,
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,

Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

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VI.

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And, when in his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,
He thought of the heavenly country,
Of the city of jasper and gold.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
I now am approaching the fountain,
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

VII.

The cabin was silent: at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the wind of the ocean low sighing
Through groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
'Neath the low-hanging vines of the roof;
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Glynn, Ga.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
G With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-
cloven

Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs, —
Emerald twilights, —
Virginal shy lights,

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green col-
onnades

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn; —

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire, —
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire.
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
leaves, —

Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul
that grieves,

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good; —

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
vine,

While the riotous noonday sun of the June-day long
did shine,

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
mine ;

But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun doth wait at the ponderous gate of the
West,

And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul
of the oak,

And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain

Drew over me out of the merciless width of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
dawn,

For a mete and a mark

To the forest-dark : —

So :

Affable live-oak, bending low —

Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent
hand,

(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land !)

Swinging your beauty aside, with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shim-
mering band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to
the folds of the land.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the
beach-lines linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows
the firm sweet limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray loop-
ing of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the
woods stands high ?

The world lies east : how ample, the marsh and the
sea and the sky !

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high,
broad in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light
or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,

To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of
sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-with-
holding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves
to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and
the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the favor of God:
I will fly in the favor of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the
sod

I will heartily lay me a hold on the favor of God.
Oh, like to the favor of God, for the largeness within,
Is the range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood of the tide
must be:

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that
flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and
the high-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-
grass stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that nestward whirl:
Passeth, and all is still: and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height:

And it is night.

And now from the vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,

But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
of Glynn.

Sidney Lanier.

New Orleans, La.

OUT OF THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

“WE will go, my love, together to the golden
autumn field;

Ah! mellow falls the sunshine where the roses blow;
This day in wood and meadow we'll forget the pale
lips sealed;

This day to love and gladness, whate'er the morrows
yield.”

Sweet, sweet the peaceful forest where the cool
streams flow.

Through the dread plague-stricken city passed the lov-
ers on their way,

Far floats the yellow banner in the morning's glow;
Through the ranks of dead and dying, where the fever-
smitten lay,

Through the wailing and the horror of the fateful au-
tumn day.

Ah! God's wrath lieth heavy where the south-winds
blow.

“Nay, love, why gaze you backward at the dead-cart
in its round ?

Tolls the solemn death-bell, tolling long and slow ;
Death holds the pallid city, but we ’ll cross its far-
thest bound,

And forget for one brief hour every ghastly sight and
sound.”

List ! that voice that crieth, “Woe, ye people, woe !”

Like children through the meadows they wandered,
hand in hand ;

Soft the mossy hillocks where the violets grow ;
They gathered leaf and flower ; but she wrote upon
the sand,

“Ay, strong is love, but stronger is Death’s unspar-
ing hand.”

Sad the under voices in the river’s flow.

“Why speak of death, belovéd ? to-day is surely ours ;
Each hour holds a secret which the angels know ;
Yon gracious sky above us, our feet upon the flowers ;
Why vex with thoughts of dolor the peace of happy
hours ?”

Swift the lights and shadows where the aspens grow.

The air is thrilled with bird notes, in the rapture of their
singing ;

Minor chords are sounding in the dove’s plaint, soft
and low ;

I am drunken with the gladness that Nature’s grace
is bringing.

Be merry, then, O sweetheart; list the woodland chorus
ringing."

Far-off bells are tolling a requiem, sad and slow.

She closed her heavy eyelids, laid her head upon his
shoulder;

Nevermore the dreaming of the happy long ago.

"Alas! love, 'neath the flowers I see the dead leaves
moulder.

I am chill, so chill and weary; has the sunny day
grown colder?"

Autumn leaves are falling, as the west-winds come
and go.

Plague-stricken? Yes, O lover, for the Yellow King
has seized her,

Vast the realm of shadows, where no earth winds
blow;

Midst the bird songs and the clover and the fresh
free air he claims her.

Vainly, vainly from his power would thy frantic love
withhold her.

Weep o'er sweetest flowers, killed by winter's snow.

He laid her 'neath the aspens, but e'er the first gray
dawning,

Blessed the peaceful garden where God's lilies blow,
Her lovely eyes half opened, and without sigh or warn-
ing,

Her soul beyond the shadows had sprung to meet the
morning.

Oh, the blissful morning which His people know!

M. B. Williams.

Têche, the River, La.

THE RIVER TÊCHE.

SOFTLY the evening came. The sun from the
western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the
landscape ;
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled
together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the
motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweet-
ness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of
feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,
wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the
water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious
music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed
silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring
to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamenta-
tion ;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on
the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
dwelling ; —

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,
from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,

Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
Yule-tide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,

Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Texas, the Plains.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

WE lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.

"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his
steed

And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the
ground;

Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed, —

"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,

And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over
again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the
horse, —

As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, — without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain

So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray
 nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind
 blows :
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the
 air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth
 rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the
 neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles ! . . . thirty miles ! . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight,
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right —
But Revels was gone ; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger ; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stoop-
 ing
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,

The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his
mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then,—and nose, neck, and
shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Pachè still lorded his head,
With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to
me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything
down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—

My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe, —
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her, — and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape — a love — a desire —
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay
heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thun-
der, —
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and
wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died, —
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone . . .

And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone, —
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

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Joaquin Miller.

THE END.

BRITISH AMERICA.



BRITISH AMERICA.

INTRODUCTORY.

TO THE QUEEN.

WITNESS, too, the silent cry,
The prayer of many a race and creed and clime, —
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us “keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends — your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go.”
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has fooled her since, that she should speak
So feebly? wealthier — wealthier — hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?

Alfred Tennyson.

CANADA.

TO thee we come, — to thee, the latest left
And loveliest of our daughters, — Canada !
Now ours, and ours alone. The power of France
That held thee once is vanished all away ;
And the fierce strifes are over, and the claims
Of angry nations balanced in the beam
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.

Long months the tide of battle ebbd and flowed
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire,
The midnight silence broken by the crash
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.
Till the steep crags above the city walls
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,
And saw the watch-fires of the foe before,
Islanded in by death on either side.
But now upon the heights in loneliness
Stands a gray pillar, telling all the world
That here died Wolfe victorious, nothing more ;
A hero's simple tribute, for the words
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,
And echo in the ages far away.
And thus we won the land, and year by year
The nations grew together into one ;
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel ;
And the sad memories of the bygone strife



“Here as we mount and leave the coast below.” See page 3.

Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.

And who but needs must love a land like this,
Where every passing hour hath its own charm,
And every season its own loveliness?
In winter the pure veil of feathery snow
Down floating from the sky in noiseless folds;
In spring the waking music of the air,
And the world wavering through a mist of green;
Then in the heat of summer the full leaves
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell;
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.

Here as we mount and leave the coast below,
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,
Great waters hidden in the land and linked
Together in a sounding labyrinth,
One river chain still running through them all,
From Northern ice-crag's spired and pinnacled,
With gable and gargoyles, arch and oriel,
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic fane
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales.
From that cold clime they stretch into the south
By plain and forest under kindlier skies.
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines,
Marshalled together to a solid front
Against the fury of all winds that blow.
League after league the stately line goes on,

With now and then a hollow overhead
Through which the light steals trembling; now and
then

Some sound amid the solitude, — the crash
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird, —
Westwards and westwards ever till the day
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers :
Vast hazy reaches, sloping far away
To western mountains, where a thousand peaks
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,
Or sparkle silver splendors to the moon,
There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam
Of falling waters lightens night and day ;
By islands thickly sown as stars in heaven,
Lying like lilies on the river bed,
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.

There do they dwell and labor ; there the axe
Wakes with the warbling lark, and cheerily rings
The livelong day, while the pines shake and fall
And float into the stream to make their way
By lake and river to the distant sea.
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,
While the wide acres glow with golden grain
To feed the multitudes of other lands.
Thrice happy souls ! to whom the passing years

Bring little sorrow and light clouds of ill.
Far from the troublous tumult of the storm,
Far from the suffering nations ye abide,
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace
Watch the long days go down into their grave,
And catch the dying whisper of the world.

Alfred William Winterslow Dale.

ACA NADA.

LONG ago a band of travellers
Left behind the coast of Spain,
Turned their faces to the westward,
Sailed across the storm-tossed main,
Crossed the black Atlantic waters,
Landed on a rock-bound shore,
Moored their argosies and left them,
That the land they might explore.
Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring,
“*Aca Nada!*” nothing here.

Nothing here! my Canada?

Nay, but we have wiser grown;
Stretching vast from dawn to sunset,
With a grandeur all thine own!
Rugged mountains, where the eagle
Wheels in widening circles slow;
Mighty hills whose peaked summits,
Covered with eternal snow,
Stand like angel sentinels guarding
Far and wide the land below!

Trackless forests, dark and lonely,
Where man's foot hath never trod;
Howls the wolf, and screams the panther,
Face to face with Nature's God!
Here the haughty stag, advancing,
Kingly power undaunted sways;
Here the timid hare bounds fearless
Through the brushwood underways;
In his native marsh the heron
Seeks the waters of his love,
While in geometric figure
Sails the wild duck far above.
Company of man disturbs not,
All in careless freedom rove!

Lakes and streamlets ever changing,
Yet in beauty changeless still
As when Chaos and Old Night
Bent obedient to His will!
Stately rivers, onward rolling
Ever to the restless sea,
On their azure bosoms heaving,
White-winged barques ride daintily,
Laden low with grain so golden,
Ceres laughs in happy glee.

Where of yore, by tideless waters,
Pines their solemn shadows threw,
Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,
Men their thrifty lives pursue.
Where in bygone years the forest
Shuddered with the tempest's roar,

Spreads now many a stately city;
Solitude returns no more!
Happy country! happy people!
Peace prevails from shore to shore.

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Kay Livingstone.

SONG FOR CANADA.

SONS of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune Isles,
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.

Our lakes are deep and wide,
Our fields and forests broad;
With cheerful air
We'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful sod;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil.

Health smiles with rosy face
 Amid our sunny dales,
 And torrents strong
 Fling hymn and song
 Through all the mossy vales;
 Our sons are living men,
 Our daughters fond and fair;
 A thousand isles,
 Where Plenty smiles,
 Make glad the brow of Care.

And if in future years
 One wretch should turn and fly,
 Let weeping Fame
 Blot out his name
 From Freedom's hallowed sky;
 Or should our sons e'er prove
 A coward, traitor race, —
 Just Heaven! frown
 In thunder down,
 T' avenge the foul disgrace!

Charles Sangster.

CANADA.

LAND of mighty lake and forest!
 Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
 Where the summer's leaf is greenest,
 And the winter's bite the keenest;
 Where the autumn's leaf is searest,
 And her parting smile the dearest;

Where the tempest rushes forth
 From his caverns in the north,
 With the lightnings of his wrath
 Sweeping forests from his path;
 Where the cataract stupendous
 Lifteth up his voice tremendous;
 Where uncultivated Nature
 Rears her pines of giant stature, —
 Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
 Thick as bristles on the boar, —
 Plants the stately elm and oak
 Firmly in the iron rock;
 Where the crane her course is steering,
 And the eagle is careering;
 Where the gentle deer are bounding,
 And the woodman's axe resounding, —
 Land of mighty lake and river,
 To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!

Alexander McLachlan.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
 Sing long ago the songs of other shores:
 Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
 All your deep voices, as you pull your oars:
 Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are grand;
 But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

From the lone shieling of the misty Island
 Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam :
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep :
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

Come, foreign rage, let discord burst in slaughter !
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore !
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily, beyond the Atlantic roar :
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.
From the Gaelic.

THE CANADIAN SPRING.

'T WAS May! the Spring with magic bloom
Leaped up from Winter's frozen tomb.
Day lit the river's icy mail;
The bland warm rain at evening sank;
Ice fragments dashed in midnight's gale;
The moose at morn the ripples drank.
The yacht, that stood with naked mast
In the locked shallows motionless
When sunset fell, went curtsying past
As breathed the morning's light caress.
The woodman, in the forest deep,
At sunrise heard with gladdening thrill,
Where yester-eve was gloomy sleep,
The brown rossignol's carol shrill;
Where yester-eve the snowbank spread
The hemlock's twisted roots between,
He saw the coltsfoot's golden head
Rising from mosses plump and green;
Whilst all around were budding trees,
And mellow sweetness filled the breeze.
A few days passed along, and brought
More changes as by magic wrought.
With plumes were tipped the beechen sprays;
The birch long dangling tassels showed;
The oak still bare, but in a blaze
Of gorgeous red the maple glowed;
With clusters of the purest white

Cherry and shadbush charmed the sight
Like spots of snow the boughs among;
And showers of strawberry blossoms made
Rich carpets in each field and glade
Where day its kindest glances flung.
And air too hailed Spring's joyous sway;
The bluebird warbled clear and sweet;
Then came the wren with carols gay,
The 'customed roof and porch to greet;
The mockbird showed its varied skill;
At evening moaned the whippoorwill.
Type of the Spring from Winter's gloom!
The butterfly new being found;
Whilst round the pink may-apple's bloom
Gave myriad drinking bees their sound.
Great fleeting clouds the pigeons made;
When near her brood the hunter strayed
With trailing limp the partridge stirred;
Whilst a quick feathered spangle shot,
Rapid as thought from spot to spot,
Showing the fairy humming-bird.

Alfred Billings Street.



BRITISH AMERICA.

Annapolis (Port Royal), N. S.

PORT ROYAL.

FAIR is Port Royal river
In the Acadian land ;
It flows through verdant meadows,
Widespread on either hand ;
Through orchards and through cornfields
It gayly holds its way,
And past the ancient ramparts,
Long fallen to decay.

Peace reigns within the valley,
Peace on the mountain side,
In hamlet and in cottage,
And on Port Royal's tide ;
In peace the ruddy farmer
Reaps from its fertile fields ;
In peace the fisher gathers
The spoils its basin yields.

Yet this sweet vale has echoed
To many a warlike note ;
The strife-compelling bugle,
The cannon's iron throat,
The wall-piece, and the musket
Have joined in chorus there,
To fill with horrid clangor
The balmy morning air.

And many a gallant war-fleet
Has, in the days gone by,
Lain in that noble basin,
And flouted in the sky
A flag with haughty challenge
To the now ruined hold,
Which reared its lofty ramparts
In warlike days of old.

And in the early springtime,
When farmers plough their fields,
Full many a warlike weapon
The peaceful furrow yields ;
The balls of mighty cannon
Crop from the fruitful soil,
And many a rusted sword-blade,
Once red with martial toil.

Three hundred years save thirty
Have been and passed away
Since bold Champlain was wafted
To fair Port Royal Bay ;

And there he built a fortress,
 With palisadoes tall,
 Well flanked by many a bastion,
 To guard its outward wall.

Here was the germ of Empire,
 The cradle of a state,
 In future ages destined
 To stand among the great;
 Then hail to old Port Royal!
 Although her ramparts fall,
 Canadian towns shall greet her,
 The mother of them all.

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James Hannay.

Baffin's Bay.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

IN summer, eighteen fifty-eight,
 A ship sailed out from Aberdeen;
 A gilded pet for summer state
 The little Fox had been.

But ringing hammers night and day
 Her coat of iron mail did fix,
 Before they sent the Fox away
 With sailors twenty-six.

I call them sailors every one,
 Since all were true in time of need;

A very little band to run
Great risk for doubtful meed.

True English hearts sent food and drink,
And everything the crew could store,
And every blessing heart could think
Pursued them from the shore.

And so, across the great salt deep,
From Aberdeen they steamed away;
And, doubling Greenland's ice-clogged steep,
Pushed up to Baffin's Bay.

But there the cruel ice grew thick,
And hemmed them in, and hemmed them round;
The little Fox she could not pick
Her way into the Sound,

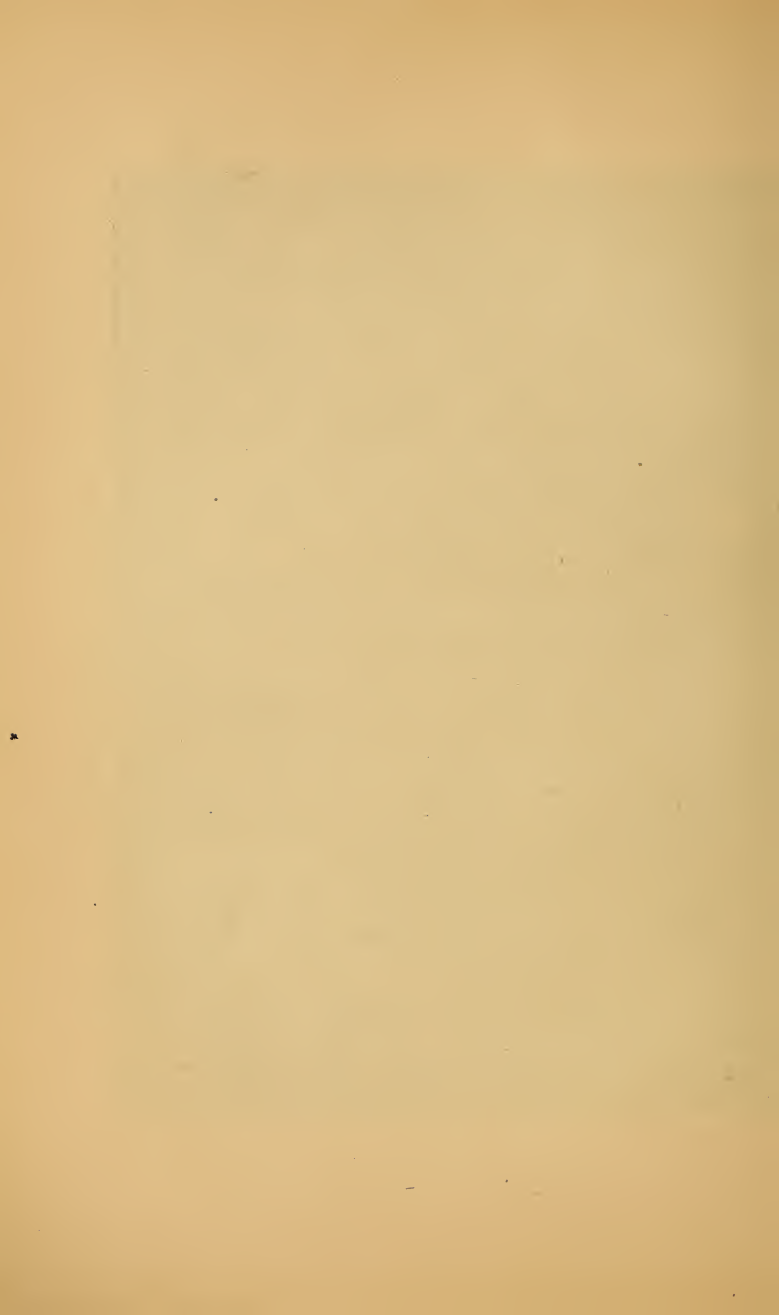
Which opens westwards towards the Bay,
And leads to endless mysteries,
And kept for many a weary day
The secret of the seas.

So, being finally beset,
Her prow was wedged as in a vice;
And month by month was never wet
Amidst those leagues of ice.

For eight long months seemed motionless,
While game and tale the gloom beguiles;
Yet she, in darkness and distress,
Drifted a thousand miles!



“So, being finally beset.” See page 16.



All down the length of Baffin's Bay,
A southern drift the Fox did keep,
Till darkness melted quite away,
And she into the deep.

A solemn and an awful track
That silent passage seems to me,
From midnight and the Frozen Pack,
To sunshine and the sea!

And then the gallant little ship
Put joyfully into the shore,
And soon her slender paddles dip
In Northern seas once more.

This time the summer days were long,
The little Fox is very wise,
And soon she paddles, safe and strong,
Beneath the western skies.

Now Heaven direct her in her track,
And send some sure and guiding breeze,
Or she will never bring us back
The secret of the seas.

She struggles up the Northern route,
The Northern ice is hard and broad;
The little Fox must put about
And seek some other road.

But, though she struggles day and night,
She cannot reach the wished-for land;

The captain and his men alight
Upon a frozen strand.

An awful thing it was to be
Alone upon the icy plain,
Which broadens imperceptibly
Into an icy main !

And then they sledged both east and north,
And then they sledged both south and west,
Till the dread doubt which drove them forth
At last was set at rest.

What did they find ? A paper, scored
With English writing, English names,
(How long by English hearts deplored !)
Signed Crosier and Fitzjames !

Scant record of their hungry grief
That blotted page supplied ;
But one faint gleam of sad relief —
The day when Franklin died.

At least he died within his cot,
While kindly eyes were watching there ;
We know no tribute was forgot,
They buried him with prayer.

And thus the secret of the seas
Was yielded to their quest,
The mystery of mysteries
Was solved and set at rest.

Bessie Raynor Parkes.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

OH, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
Half England is wrong, if he be right;
Bear off to westward then.

Oh, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new!

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled,

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho ! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea ?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled !
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 't is bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year ;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale ;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come, —
We sail not on yonder sea :

Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin? —
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year:

I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we 'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'T was ice around, behind, before —
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ship,
And shook its spars about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice as strong as death; —
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope, —
The heart of man is bold !

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came, —
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around ;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark ! heard you not the noise of guns ? —
And there, and there, again ?
'T is some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra ! hurra ! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal, —
God give them grace for their charity ! —
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'T was cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'T was cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:

I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done, —
The truth is founded, the secret won, —
We passed the Northern Sea!

George Henry Boker.

Chaleur, the Bay, Canada.

IN CHALEUR BAY.

THE birds no more in dooryard trees are singing,
The purple swallows all have left the eaves,
And, thwart the sky, the broken clouds are winging,
Shading the land-slopes bright with harvest sheaves.
Old Hannah waits her sailor boy returning,
His fair young brow to-day she hopes to bless;
But sees the red sun on the hill-tops burning,
The flying cloud, the wild, cold gloominess
Of Chaleur Bay.

The silver crown has touched her forehead lightly
Since last his hand was laid upon her hair,
The golden crown will touch her brow more brightly
Ere he again shall print his kisses there.
The night comes on, the village sinks in slumber,
The rounded moon illumines the water's rim;

Each evening hour she hears the old clock number,
But brings the evening no return of him
To Chaleur Bay.

She heard low murmurs in the sandy reaches,
And knew the sea no longer was at rest,
The black clouds scudded o'er the level beaches,
And barred the moonlight on the ocean's breast.
The night wore on, and grew the shadows longer;
Far in the distance of the silvered seas,
Tides lapped the rocks, and blew the night-wind stronger,
Bending the pines and stripping bare the trees,
Round Chaleur Bay.

Then Alice came; on Hannah's breast reclining,
She heard the leaves swift whistling in the breeze,
And, through the lattice, saw the moon declining
In the deep shadows of the rainy seas.
The fire burned warm, — upon the hearth was sleeping
The faithful dog that used his steps to follow.
“'Tis almost midnight,” whispered Alice, weeping,
While blew the winds more drearily and hollow
O'er Chaleur Bay.

No organ stands beneath the bust of Pallas,
No painted Marius to the ruin clings,
No Ganymede, borne up from airy Hellas,
Looks through the darkness 'neath the eagles' wings.
But the sweet pictures from the shadowed ceiling
Reflect the firelight near old Hannah's chair, —
One a fair girl with features full of feeling,
And one a boy, a fisher, young and fair,
Of Chaleur Bay.

That boy returns with humble presents laden,
For on the morrow is his wedding morn;
To the old church he hopes to lead the maiden
Whose head now rests his mother's breast upon.
Now Hannah drops her cheek — the maiden presses —
"He will return when come the morning hours,
And he will greet thee with his fond caresses,
And thou shalt meet him diademed with flowers,"
Sweet Chaleur Bay !

Gray was the morning, but a light more tender
Parted at last the storm-clouds' lingering glooms,
The sun looked forth in mellowness and splendor,
Drying the leaves amid the gentian blooms,
And wrecks came drifting to the sandy reaches,
As inward rolled the tide with sullen roar;
The fishers wandered o'er the sea-washed beaches
And gathered fragments as they reached the shore
Of Chaleur Bay.

Then Alice, with the village maidens roaming
Upon the beaches where the breakers swirl,
Espied a fragment mid the waters foaming,
And found a casket, overlaid with pearl.
It was a treasure. "Happy he who claimed it,"
A maiden said; "'tis worthy of a bride."
Another maid "the ocean's dowry" named it,
But gentle Alice, weeping, turned aside —
Sad Chaleur Bay ! —

And went to Hannah with the new-found treasure,
And stood again beside the old arm-chair;

The maids stood round her radiant with pleasure,
And playful wove the gentians in her hair.
Then Hannah said, her feelings ill dissembling,
“Some sailor lad this treasure once possessed;
And now, perhaps,” she added, pale and trembling,
“His form lies sleeping 'neath the ocean's breast,
In Chaleur Bay.”

Now on her knee the opened box she places, —
Her trembling hand falls helpless to her breast,
Into her face look up two pictured faces,
The faces that her sailor-boy loved best.
One picture bears the written words, “My Mother,”
Old Hannah drops her wrinkled cheek in pain;
“Alice” — sweet name — is writ beneath the other, —
Old Hannah's tears fall over it like rain —
Dark Chaleur Bay!

The spring will come, the purple swallow bringing,
The green leaves glitter where the gold leaves fell,
But nevermore the time of flowers and singing
Will hope revive in her poor heart to dwell.
Life ne'er had brought to her so dark a chalice,
But from her lips escaped no bitter groan;
They mid the gentians made the grave of Alice,
And Hannah lives in her old cot alone
On Chaleur Bay.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Elora, Canada.

ELORA.

O LOVELY Elora! thy valley and stream
Still dwell in my heart like a beautiful dream;
And everything peaceful and gentle I see
Brings back to my bosom some image of thee.
I've roamed this Dominion allured by the beam
Of wild woodland beauty by valley and stream;
From lone Manitoulin all down to the sea;
But found not a spot, sweet Elora, like thee.

There's lone rocky grandeur away at the Sound,
And down the St. Lawrence wild beauties abound;
Quebec, towering proudly, looks down on the sea,
And lone Gananoque, there's beauty in thee;
And Barrie, the lady that sits by the lake,
Oh, would I could sing a sweet song for her sake!
But here in thy beauty a-listening the fall,
O lovely Elora! thou'rt queen of them all.

If friends should forsake me, or fortune depart,
Or love fly and leave a great void in my heart,
Oh, then in my sorrow away I would flee
And hide from misfortune, Elora, in thee.
Away from the world, with its falsehood and pride,
In yon lowly cot where the smooth waters glide,
I'd with Nature commune till death set me free,
And rest then forever, Elora, in thee.

Alexander McLachlan.



“ There, riding like sea-gulls, with wings at rest.” See page 29.

George's Bank.

ON GEORGE'S BANK.

TWO hundred miles to the south-southeast
On George's the billows foam like yeast.
O'er shallow banks, where on every side
Lies peril of billow, shoal, and tide.
There, riding like sea-gulls with wings at rest,
Cape Ann's swift schooners the sharp seas breast,
With their straining cables reaching down
Where the anchors clutch at the sea-sands brown.

There gather when shorten the wintry days
The fish of a thousand shallow bays.
There men of a score of races reap
Their dear-bought harvest, while billows sweep,
And drear fogs gather, and tempests blow
O'er the fatal sands which shift below
The ever-angry sea, which laves
A thousand wrecks and a myriad graves.

Yet merrily still they fish, nor reck
Of the piercing cold or the wave-swept deck;
And the warning fog-horn, the bell's sad tone,
Wakens no thought of knell or moan
In those sturdy fishermen, brave and free,
As they mournfully challenge the fog-veiled sea,
Though there scarce is one but has shed a tear
For comrade or friend who has perished there.
As the veteran leaps to the battle-torn rank,

As the frigate steams in where her consort sank,
So when maidens are weeping, and widows are pale,
New vessels are manned for those lost in the gale.
The orphan fears not the restless wave
Which gave him food, and his sire a grave;
And the soulless veteran soundly sleeps,
Rocked by the rough sea which sullenly sweeps
O'er the bones of comrade, brother, and son,
Whose long, hard, perilous task is done.

If the coveted water, by David outpoured
As an offering purchased with blood, to the Lord,
Was too rare for a king, truly precious must be
The coarse fare these wring from the pitiless sea.
Unnoted, the fishermen live and die
Mid the ravening waves, while the pitiless sky
Shuts out e'en man's pitying glance. As yet
No squadron in war's fiercest tempest has met
Such remediless loss, and such utter defeat
As the men who ship in the "George's Fleet."

C. W. Hall.



Grand Pré, N. S.

GRAND PRÉ.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to
the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henrys.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and
the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons
and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-
renely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from
the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice
of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts
of the owners :
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GRAND PRÉ.

GRAND PRÉ ! whose level meadows stretch away,
Far up the deep-cut dikes thy waves roll on,
Free, as a hundred years ago to-day,
They climb the slopes of rocky Blomidon.

These lonely poplars, reared by sons of toil,
Look out like exiles o'er a foreign sea,
Their haggard fronts grown gray on alien soil,
Far from the province of fair Lombardy.

Long-vanished forms come thronging up the strand ;
I close my eyes to see the vision pass,
As one shuts out the daylight with his hand,
To view the pictures in a magic glass.

This is the little village famed of yore,
With meadows rich in flocks and plenteous grain,
Whose peasants knelt beside each vine-clad door,
As the sweet Angelus rose o'er the plain.

High-hearted, brave, of gentle Norman blood,
Their thrifty life a prospering fame did bring ;

They held the reins o'er peaceful field and flood,
Lords of their lands, and rivals of a king.

By kingly rule, an exile's lot they bore,
The poet's song reclaims their scattered fold;
Blown in melodious notes to every shore,
The story of their mournful fate is told.

And to their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from a shadowy realm are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline.

And hither shall that sweet remembrance bring
Full many a pilgrim as the years roll on,
While the lone bittern pauses on the wing,
Above the crest of rocky Blomidon.

Still over wave and meadow smiles the day,
The twilight deepens, and the time is brief,
I bid farewell to beautiful Grand Pré,
While yet on summer's heart bloom flower and leaf.

Sarah D. Clark.



Halifax, the Harbor, N. S.

D'ANVILLE'S FLEET.

'T WAS in the month October,
On an Indian summer day,
That a fleet of foreign war-ships
Sailed up Chebucto Bay, —

On the waters of the Basin,
Scarce heaving there they lay.

The ships seemed old and storm-beat,
Their canvas was in strips,
The rust of smoke and ocean spray
Hung on the cannons' lips,
And in the lull, the *fleur-de-lys*
Hung drooping o'er the ships.

• There were but seventeen vessels,
As our traditions tell,
Of seventy sail that three months since
Sailed out of gay Rochelle,
Yet skilful were the captains,
And they sailed their vessels well.

But fogs uprose, with never a noon,
For clouds upclomb the heights,
And then would fall, as dark as pall,
The long Atlantic nights,
Save for the north-wind's harbinger,
The bright auroral lights.

Whereby from out the nor'west cloud
Would storm come on to blow,
And in the wrack tall mast would crack,
Till, shattered aloft and low,
The gallant hulls like wearied things
Lay rocking to and fro.

Four enemies had that struggling fleet, —
The tempest and the sea,

The English ships and the pestilence,
They might have withstood the three,
But the angel of death sailed with the ships,
And preyed there silently.

* * *

Brave men ! but yet stout hearts grew faint,
For whispers dark and vague,
Of spectres such as legends tell
Beleaguered the walls of Prague,
Crept man to man, for men knew then
On board them was the plague !

At even-fire the bells were rung,
To cast to the deep their dead ;
At morning gun death's rites begun, —
The sheet and the weight of lead ;
And all day long the dying groan
Told another vacant bed.

The gunner who fired the sunrise gun,
With a comrade by his side,
Ere eight bells tolled the hour of noon,
Was drifting out on the tide ;
And his comrade ere the day was done
Was ta'en with the plague and died.

And so from wearisome day to day
The pestilence walked the decks,
Till hands were so few that scarce a crew
Could man those floating specks,
And at length, when they lay in Chebucto Bay,
They were little but death and wrecks.

Of seventy sail of armèd ships
That were fitted out in June,
But seventeen sail made up the tale, —
With their Admiral sick, — that noon;
And there, the shattered hulks, they lay
In form of a half-moon.

Arrived at last, men glances cast
At the coast of rock and tree,
While thoughts of home came winging fast
From over the sorrowful sea,
And the little sailor-boy up on the mast,
Up on the mast sang he :

“My cousin spinning at her wheel,
My sister Nanette’s tread,
As watches she so kind and leal
By my sick mother’s bed, —
Ah! do they in their evening prayer
Pray God and Mary for me?
Oh, never again! Oh, never again!
My home in Picardie!”

Kneeling, the Admiral sadly prayed,
And sadly himself he crossed :
“My soul to God and my sword to the King,
And tell him that all is lost.
Oh, weary my life! Oh, weary my death!
Oh, weary and tempest-tost!”

Next morn the Admiral’s barge of state
Was rowed adown the Bay,

And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
The Admiral D'Anville lay,
And sad the boom of his funeral guns
Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then cried the Seigneur d'Estournelle :
" Shall I command this host?
Shall I go back to gallant France
And say that all is lost?
No ! weary my life ! Oh, weary my death,
Oh, weary and tempest-tost ! "

Again the Admiral's barge of state
Was rowed adown the Bay,
And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
Sieur d'Estournelle he lay,
And sad the sound of his funeral guns
Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then spoke the crews among themselves:
" Is this without remede ?
Ho ! Scotsman, Sieur de Ramsay,
St. André be thy speed !
Now that the Admiral's dead and gone,
You help us in our need ! "

Up spake the Sieur de Ramsay:
" Make ready to advance !
This is the hand of God, my men,
And not the work of chance ;
And by God's help and St. Denis,
I'll take this fleet to France !

“Ho! mates, there! beat to quarters, —
Tell off each man and gun, —
Fire wrecks! the rest make sailing-trim
Ere rising of the sun, —
Who is there fears to follow me?
Who? Men of France? Not one!”

All night the forges' sparkles flew,
All night rang hammers' clank,
All night the boat and swift canoe
Plied to and from the bank, —
When morning broke the shattered fleet
Was rearranged in rank.

With swelling hearts, yet steady front,
They turned them to the west;
The pine grove lay in its shadows gray
Above their comrades' rest.
And the wrecks, a fleet of fire they lay
Reddening the water's breast.

Last look all took of the burning ships
Lit up in fitful glow,
The tongues of flame they whistled and moaned
As the breeze came on to blow,
And the sigh of the trees o'er the buried dead
Sang requiem soft and low.

* * *

God sain thy soul, O Duc d'Anville!
D'Estournelle, Christ thee save!

May clement Heaven benignant be
 To all ye Frenchmen brave,
 Though naught now shows your resting-place,
 No cairn to mark your grave,—

Naught save, in hollow of a hill,
 A bed of lichened stones,
 With scattered tufts of herbage sown,
 And flecked with pine-tree cones
 From stunted trees, whose prying roots
 Grope among dead men's bones.

Yet, sometimes, some stray thinkers
 Take boat, and downwards glance
 Where, blue as Mediterranean,
 "The Basin's" waters dance,
 And see the ribs of d'Anville's fleet,
 The Armada of fair France.

Hunter Duvar.



Huron, the Lake.

LAKE HURON.

WE cannot boast of high green hills,
 Of proud, bold cliffs, where eagles gather,—
 Of moorland glen and mountain rills,
 That echo to the red-belled heather.
 We cannot boast of mouldering towers,
 Where ivy clasps the hoary turret,—



“ And we have streams that run as clear.” See page 41

Of chivalry in ladies' bowers, —
Of warlike fame, and knights who won it, —
But had we minstrel's harp to wake,
We well might boast our own broad lake!

And we have streams that run as clear,
O'er shelvy rocks and pebbles rushing,
And meads as green, and nymphs as dear,
In rosy beauty sweetly blushing;
And we have trees as tall as towers,
And older than the feudal mansion,
And banks besprent with gorgeous flowers,
And glens and woods with fireflies glancing, —
But prouder, loftier boast we make,
The beauties of our own broad lake.

The lochs and lakes of other lands,
Like gems, may grace a landscape painting,
Or where the lordly castle stands,
May lend a charm when charms are wanting;
But ours is deep and broad and wide,
With steamships through its waves careering,
And far upon its ample tide
The bark its devious course is steering;
While hoarse and loud the billows break
On islands of our own broad lake!

Immense bright lake! I trace in thee
An emblem of the mighty ocean,
And in thy restless waves I see
Nature's eternal law of motion;
And fancy sees the Huron Chief

Of the dim past kneel to implore thee, —
 With Indian awe he seeks relief
 In pouring homage out before thee;
 And I, too, feel my reverence wake,
 As gazing on our own broad lake!

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Thomas McQueen.

Labrador.

OFF LABRADOR.

THE storm-wind moans through branches bare;
 The snow flies wildly through the air;
 The mad waves roar, as fierce and high
 They toss their crests against the sky.

Dark and desolate lies the sand
 Along the wastes of a barren land;
 And rushing on, with sheets flung free,
 A ship sails down from the northern sea.

With lips pressed hard the helmsman stands,
 Grasping the spokes with freezing hands,
 While white the reef lies in his path,
 Swept by an ocean full of wrath.

The surf-roar in the blast is lost;
 The foam-flakes by the wild wind tost
 High up in air, no warning show,
 Hid by the driving mass of snow.

With sudden bound and sullen grate,
The brave ship rushes to her fate,
 And splintered deck and broken mast
 Make homage to the roaring blast.

Amid the waves float riven plank,
And rope and sail with moisture dank;
 And faces gleaming stern and white
 Shine dimly in the storm-filled night.

By some bright river far away,
Fond hearts are wondering where they stay
 Who sleep along the wave-washed shore
 And stormy reefs of Labrador.

Thomas S. Collier.

THE SPIRIT GUIDE.

FAR in the realm of Arctic night,
Where flames the weird auroral light,
And icebergs loom on every hand,
Enchanters of that lonely land,
The patient, dark-skinned Esquimaux
A little grave shapes in the snow.

And o'er the ice-plain, bleak and wild,
The mourning mother bears her child,
In furry garments softly rolled,
Who ne'er again shall feel the cold,
And lays him on the icy breast
To take his last and final rest.

And there beside the little mound
The father slays his fleetest hound,
A creature of unerring skill,
Of keenest scent and docile will,
To trace far haunts of seal and bear
That stock the little ice-hut there.

He lays the faithful beast and brave
Low down beside his baby's grave,
And says: "The little one will stray,
Through night and darkness far away;
His tender feet have never trod,
And cannot find the path to God.

"Now guide him safe from night and cold
Far out to realms of purest gold,
Where flowery meads and crystal streams
Are smiling in the sun's glad beams,
Where rise abodes of joy and mirth
And feasting fills the happy earth."

Consoled the parents homeward wend,
And leave their baby to the friend
Who for protection and defence
Has proved a gentle Providence,
Sure that the dog so true and wise
Will find the gates of Paradise.

O love that would outrun the tomb
And light your darlings through the gloom!
O simple faith that deems love's care
Can be a joy and solace there;
Ye cling to each untutored soul,
And bind the tropics to the pole!

Augusta Larned.

Montmorency, the River, Canada.

THE MONTMORENCY WATERFALL AND CONE.

WE do not ask for the leaves and flowers
That laugh as they look on the summer hours;
Let the violets shrink and sigh,
Let the red rose pine and die:
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Lo! the pine is singing its murmuring song
Over our heads as we pass along;
And every bough with pearl is hung
Whiter than those that from ocean sprung.
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

The ice is bright with a thousand dyes
Like the changeful light in a beauty's eyes.
Now it neareth her blush, and now
It weareth the white of her marble brow.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

We are wrapped with ermine and sable round,
By the Indian in trackless forests found;
The sunbeams over the white world shine,
And we carry with us the purple wine.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Montreal, Canada.

MOUNT ROYAL.

MOUNT ROYAL rises proudly up the blue,
A royal mount indeed, with verdure crowned,
Adorned with regal dwellings not a few,
Sparkling like gems set in the mighty mound.
St. Helen's, too, that seems enchanted ground;
A stately isle in gleaming guise bedight;
In the fond river's saintly arms enwound,
Blushing, and graceful as some witching sprite;
Fair contrast to the gloom of Hochelaga's height.

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With what an undissembled pride of mien
Jacques Cartier stood upon yon mountain's brow!
Beneath him, the deep wilderness of green,
Where the vast city gleams and sparkles now;
Around him lordly tree and gnarly bough
Rose in primeval grandeur; leagues away,
The rolling hills untouched by axe or plough;
The glowing river; lakes and islands gay:
Another Mirza's dream of some remoter day.

The Huron then was master of the soil;
The broad champaign was his, both near and far;
But scanty need had he to slave and toil,
The chase sufficed him as a rest from war.

He little knew that his eventful star
Of empire flickered like a dying flame,
Too soon, alas ! to set amid the jar
Of rival nations, — one at least in aim :
But Cartier's dream was France, her glory and her
fame.

The smoke that o'er the misty tree-tops curled
Showed where the Hochelagan wigwams, rude,
And few in number, made the Hurons' world,
Surrounded by the awful solitude.
Rapt in deep thought, with folded arms he stood,
The daring navigator ! Did he see
Aught of the future mirrored in his mood ?
The tricolor, his cherished fleur-de-lys,
Replaced by Britain's flag ? No ! this could never be !

His only dream was France. The new world seemed
Created for her glory. Long years thence,
Could he have known how humanly he dreamed,
How little of the seer's prophetic sense
Was his, how much of human impotence !
O Britain ! should thine island reign be o'er,
Shouldst thou be hurled from thy proud eminence,
Be this in mercy the predestined shore
To keep thy name and fame alive forevermore.

Charles Sangster.

Newfoundland, the Island.

PRIMA VISTA.

“**L**AND! land!” how welcome is the word
To all, — or landsmen bred or seamen!
Deep in their lairs the sick are stirred, —
The decks are thronged with smiling women.
The face that had gone down in tears
Ten days since in the British Channel,
Now, like Aurora, reappears, —
Aurora wrapped in furs and flannel.

“Where?” “Yonder, on the right, dost see
A firm dark line, and close thereunder
A white line drawn along the sea,
A flashing line whose voice is thunder?”
“It seems to be a fearsome coast, —
No trees, no hospitable whiffs, —
God help the crew whose ship is lost
On yonder homicidal cliffs!”

“Amen!” say I to that sweet prayer:
“The land, indeed, looks sad and stern,
No female *savans*’ field-day there,
Collecting butterflies and fern.
An iron land it seems from far,
On which no shepherd’s flock reposes;
Lashed by the elemental war,
The land is not a land of roses.”

Proudly, O Prima Vista! still,
Where sweeps the sea-hawk's fearless pinion,
Do thou unfurl from every hill
The banner of the New Dominion!
Proudly to all who sail the sea,
Bear then, advanced, the Union standard,
And friendly may its welcome be
To all men, seaward bound or landward!

All hail! old Prima Vista! long
As break the billows on thy boulders,
Will seamen hail thy lights with song,
And home-hopes quicken all beholders.
Long as thy headlands point the way
Between man's old and new creation,
Evil fall from thee like the spray,
And hope illumine every station!

Long may thy hardy sons count o'er
The spoils of ocean, won by labor;
Long may the free, unbolted door
Be open to each trusty neighbor!
Long, long may blossom on thy rocks
Thy sea-pinks, fragrant as the heather;
Thy maidens of the flowing locks
Safe sheltered from life's stormy weather!

Yes! this is Prima Vista! this
The very landmark we have prayed for;
Darkly they wander who have missed
The guidance yon stern land was made for.

Call it not homicidal, then,
The New World's outwork; grim its beauty,
This guardian of the lives of men,
Clad in the garb that does its duty!

Less gayly trills the lover lark
Above the singing swain at morning,
Than rings through sea-mists chill and dark
This name of welcome and of warning.
Not happier to his cell may go
The saint, triumphant o'er temptation,
Than the worn captain turns below,
Relieved as by a revelation.

How blest, when Cabot ventured o'er
This northern sea, yon rocks rose gleaming!
A promised land seemed Labrador
(Nor was the promise all in seeming);
Strong sea-wall, still it stands to guard
An island fertile, fair as any,
The rich, but the unreaped reward
Of Cabot and of Verrazzani!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.



Ottawa, Canada.

IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.

IN Ottawa, the Lord of Lorne,
Young Campbell, clansman of Argyll,
A court shall hold to put to scorn

All courts but that of Britain's isle ;
Strange chiefs, through many an hundred mile
Of trackless woods, will seek Louise,
To change their welcome for her smile,
Who comes their Princess over seas.

Of Saxon aspect, proud of mien,
Bearing high names in days of yore,
Some gay with tartan red and green,
Stern as their Caledonian shore,
With voices like Corbrechtan's roar, —
What men are these in furred array ?
These be the lords of Labrador,
And these the dukes of Hudson's Bay.

The dwellers where the waters fall
Down Montmorency's woody steep,
The merchant-kings of Montreal,
And they who Durham uplands reap,
Shall join, that rule to guard and keep,
Whose large dominion shall outgrow
The imperial island in the deep, —
Though Time her empire should o'erthrow.

Haply, on some resplendent morn,
When London streets are wild with life,
Great captains in gay chariots borne,
Men who have faced the foe in strife,
And many a high peer's haughty wife,
And Norman ladies fair to see,
Towards Holbein's towers, with liveries rife,
Pour through Pall Mall, by Twenty-three,

With goodlier pomp to swell the blood
 In British bosoms pleased with show,
 And give to thy historic flood,
 Dark Thames, a more majestic flow;
 Yet there no manlier hearts can glow,
 In truer subjects, better born,
 Than those that welcome to Rideau
 Louisa and the Lord of Lorne!

Thomas William Parsons.



Ottawa, the River, Canada.

THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE, OTTAWA.

I HAVE laid my cheek to Nature's, placed my puny
 hand in hers,
 Felt a kindred spirit warming all the life-blood of my
 face,
 Moved amid the very foremost of her truest worshippers,
 Studying each curve of beauty, marking every minute
 grace;
 Loved not less the mountain cedar than the flowers at
 its feet,
 Looking skyward from the valley, open-lipped as if
 in prayer,
 Felt a pleasure in the brooklet singing of its wild re-
 treat,
 But I knelt before the splendor of the thunderous
 Chaudière.

All my manhood waked within me, every nerve had
tenfold force,
And my soul stood up rejoicing, looking on with
cheerful eyes,
Watching the resistless waters speeding on their down-
ward course,
Titan strength and queenly beauty diademed with
rainbow dyes.
Eye and ear, with spirit quickened, mingled with the
lovely strife,
Saw the living Genius shrined within her sanctuary
fair,
Heard her voice of sweetness singing, peered into her
hidden life,
And discerned the tuneful secret of the jubilant
Chaudière.

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Still I heard the mellow sweetness of her voice at in-
tervals,
Mingling with the fall of waters, rising with the
snowy spray,
Ringing through the sportive current like the joy of
waterfalls,
Sending up their hearty vespers at the calmy close
of day.
Loath to leave the scene of beauty, lover-like I stayed,
and stayed,
Folding to my eager bosom memories beyond compare ;
Deeper, stronger, more enduring than my dreams of
wood and glade,
Were the eloquent appeals of the magnificent Chau-
dière.

E'en the solid bridge is trembling, whence I look my
last farewell,
Dizzy with the roar and trampling of the mighty herd
of waves,
Speeding past the rocky Island, steadfast as a sentinel,
Towards the loveliest bay that ever mirrored the
Algonquin Braves.
Soul of Beauty ! Genius ! Spirit ! Priestess of the lovely
strife !
In my heart thy words are shrined, as in a sanctuary
fair ;
Echoes of thy voice of sweetness, rousing all my better
life,
Ever haunt my wildest visions of the jubilant Chau-
dière.

Charles Sangster.

Prince Edward, the Island.

AN INDIAN SUMMER'S DAY.

FAIR Hillsboro's flood pursues its silent way
By gloomy woods, rich fields, and meadows gay ;
Slow o'er its breast the stately vessels glide,
Their drooping sails reflected in the tide ;
A roseate blush the spreading haze pervades,
And jets of amber light the sylvan shades ;
The withering leaves of faded green and gold
Drop from the spreading beeches gray and old ;
The maple's scarlet livery blends with these,



"By gloomy woods." See page 54

And silvery birches thread the dark fir-trees;
While swelling hills, red cliffs, and sheltered farms
Lend to the glowing landscape added charms.

Anonymous.



Quebec, Canada.

MEMORIES OF QUEBEC.

A FAR, Quebec exalts her crest on high,
Her rocks and battlements invade the sky;

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While on the Bay's broad bosom far and wide,
The anchored fleets of commerce proudly ride.
Huge cliffs above precipitous that frown,
Like Atlas, bent beneath another town,
Where all along the gray embrasured steep
In grim repose the watchful cannon peep,
Tall spires, and domes, and turrets shine afar
Behind the archèd gates, and mounds of war,
While proud Cape Diamond towers above them all,
With aerial glacis and embattled wall;
Till on the loftiest point where swift birds rise,
Old England's standard floats amid the skies.

Oh! glorious spot! the Briton's boast and pride,
Where armies battled and where heroes died,
Where gallant Wolfe led his devoted band,
Rejoiced in death and waved his dying hand;
Mid cheers of victory rung from side to side,

The hero smiled content, and calmly died !
Though few his years and young his lofty fame,
With greenest garlands England crowns his name ;
And on her roll of glory proudly reads
The nation's records of his mighty deeds.
And noble Montcalm ! Well thy honored bier
May claim the tribute of a British tear.
Although the lilies from these ramparts fell,
Thy name immortal with great Wolfe's shall dwell :
Like him, thy consciousness of duty done
Soothed thy last pang, and cheered thy setting sun !

W. Kirby.

QUEBEC.

IN the rich pomp of dying day
Quebec, the rock-throned monarch, glowed,—
Castle and spire and dwelling gray
The batteries rude that niched their way
Along the cliff, beneath the play
Of the deep yellow light, were gay,
And the curved flood, below that lay,
In flashing glory flowed ;
Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile
Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle ; .
Until the downward view
Was closed by mountain-tops that, reared
Against the burnished sky, appeared
In misty, dreamy hue.

West of Quebec's embankments rose
The forests in their wild repose.

Between the trunks, the radiance slim
 Here came with slant and quivering blaze;
 Whilst there, in leaf-wreathed arbors dim,
 Was gathering gray the twilight's haze.
 Where cut the boughs the background glow
 That striped the west, a glittering belt,
 The leaves transparent seemed, as though
 In the rich radiance they would melt.

Upon a narrow, grassy glade,
 Where thickets stood in grouping shade,
 The light streaked down in golden mist,
 Kindled the shrubs, the greensward kissed,
 Until the clover-blossoms white
 Flashed out like spangles large and bright.
Alfred Billings Street.

TO THE URSULINES.

O PURE and gentle ones, within your ark
 Securely rest!
 Blue be the sky above, — your quiet bark
 By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with heaven,
 World-weaned and free;
 God to his humblest creatures room has given,
 And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
 To plume his wing, —

Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky, —

Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean in its giant might
To swell and rave, —

Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun, to tread his path in might,
And golden pride, —

Space for the glowworm, calling by her light
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest !

Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

Caroline Gilman.

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

A MIDST the clamor of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe ! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;

Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
 Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigor fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes ;
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

Oliver Goldsmith.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

QUEBEC, — how regally it crowns the height !
 The Titan Strength has here set up his throne ;
 Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
 The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
 Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
 That gave the place a glory and a name
 Among the nations. France was heard to groan,
 England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim, —
 A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her fame.

Fallen in the prime of his ambitious years,
 As falls the young oak when the mountain blast
 Rings like a clarion, and the tempest jeers
 To see its pride to earth untimely cast.
 So fell brave Wolfe, heroic to the last,
 Amid the tempest and grim scorn of war,
 While leering Fate with look triumphant passed,
 Pleased with the slaughter and the horrid jar
 That lured him hence to see how paled a hero's star,

Only to rise amid the heavens of Fame
 With more impassioned radiance; as the sun
 That sets at evening like a world on flame
 Returns with calmer glory. He had run
 The race that Fortune bade him, and had won
 The prize which thousands perish for in vain.
 For he had triumphed; they depart undone,
 Like a dark day that sinks in cloud and rain,
 But never can return or see the morn again.

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Heroic Wolfe! the martial path he chose
 Nipped his long-cherished dreams just as the bud
 Of his fair promise, opening to a rose,
 Was drenched in tears and stained with life's dear
 blood.

A hero-martyr; for his country's good
 Yielding up life and all he held most dear;
 A mind with finest sympathies imbued,
 A wise companion and a friend sincere,
 A soul to burn with love, a nature to revere.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
 The page historic or the hostile plain;
 No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
 None more heroic will e'er breathe again.
 They passed unto their rest without a stain
 Upon their kindred natures or true hearts.
 One graceful column to the noble twain
 Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
 The tear that Valor claims and Feeling's self imparts.

Peace to their dust! all honor to the brave!
 They lived like brothers, and like men they died;
 One worthy of the trust he could not save,
 The other flushed not with poor mortal pride,
 But giving God the praise, when on his side
 The bird of Victory perched. Worthy were they
 That two great nations on their zeal relied,
 And wept their loss, wept the distressful day
 That saw two lives like theirs untimely swept away.

Far o'er the cloud-built chateaux of the Morn
 Had climbed the sun upon that autumn day
 That led me to those battlements. The corn
 Upon the distant fields was ripe. Away
 To the far left the swelling highlands lay;
 The quiet cove; the river bright and still;
 The gallant ships that made the harbor gay;
 And like a Thought swayed by a potent Will,
 Point Levi, seated at the foot of the old hill:

What were the gardens and the terraces,
 The stately dwellings, and the monuments
 Upreared to human fame, compared with these?
 Those ancient hills stood proudly ere the tents
 Of the first voyageurs — swart visitants
 From the fair, sunny Loire — were pitched upon
 Wild Stadacona's height. The armaments
 Whose flaming missiles smote the solid stone
 Aroused yon granite Cape that answered groan for groan.

Charles Sangster.

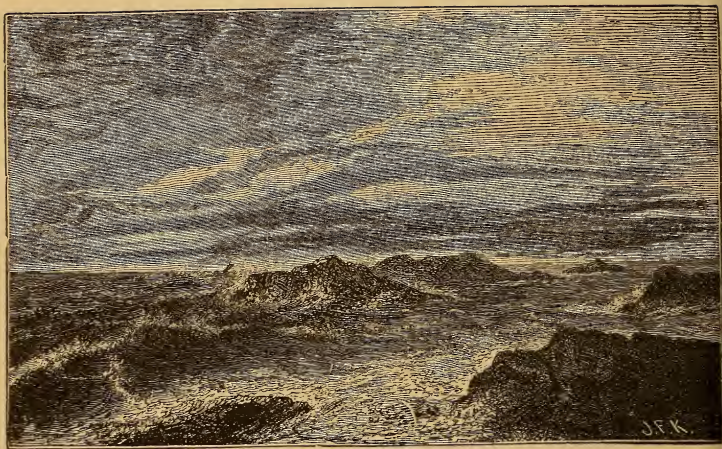
Quinte, the Bay, Canada.

THE BAY OF QUINTE.

SPIRIT of Gentleness ! what grace
Attends thy footsteps ! Here thy face
With fine creative glory shone,
Like a mild seraph's near the throne,
On that fair morn when first thy wing
Passed o'er the waters, brightening
The solemn shores that gravely lay
Far, far along the tranquil bay.

No lofty grandeur piled supreme,
But like a sweet, prophetic dream,
The landscape stretched, unfolding still,
In gently sloping vale and hill ;
Bright woods of every shade of green ;
And over all, the sun, serene,
Rolled back the shadowy mists of gray
That veiled the bosom of the bay.

What spirit of sublime repose
Was with thee when the forest rose
And flung its leafy mantle o'er
The changeful wild on either shore ?
Spirits of Rest and Peace ! for here
They build their bowers year by year,
Creating yet, from day to day,
Fresh graces for their favorite bay.



“Of the hoarse billow from the deeps.” See page 63.

And still the charming landscape lies
The fairest 'neath Canadian skies,
Trembling with grace and beauty rare,
Blushing to know how sweet and fair
The lovely features all remain,
Untouched, untainted, free from stain;
The matchless face as warm and gay
As when first mirrored in the bay.

Broad, wavy grain-fields touch the shore,
Receding from the dash and roar
Of the hoarse billow from the deeps
Of the wide lake; rare woodland sweeps
Of upland wild and deep ravine,
In undulating swells of green;
And grassy banks that shoreward stray,
To toy with the delightful bay.

Fair meadows basking in the sun,
Dotted with stately herds that shun
The summer heats beneath the shade
Of some old remnant of the glade;
Or having sought the cooling stream,
Defy the sun's intensest beam,
Fanned by the graceful airs that play
O'er the calm surface of the bay.

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Charles Sangster.

Red River, Canada.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins, —
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;

Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Rideau, the Lake, Canada.

RIDEAU LAKE.

A WARM light permeates the sky,
A silvery mist is lingering nigh,
And floating up the trees near by.

A slumberous silence fills the air,
Silence upon the lake, and where
The pines drop pearls from out their hair.

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Up leaps the sun's broad chest of fire,
Up swell the bird-hymns, — higher, — higher,
Phœbus has loosed his forest choir.

A massive mirror seems the lake,
A mirror that no force can break,
But which the tricky zephyrs shake.

Shy teal of many a gorgeous hue,
The golden-green, the gray, the blue,
Rise like bright fancies on the view.

The trees are green on either side,
Whole forests standing in their pride,
Rounding their shadows in the tide.

Islets are floating here and there,
Dreamy and languid, passing fair,
Tinted and limned with artist-care,

Reposing like the thoughts that lie
Within the meditative eye
Of youth, — bright thoughts that never die.

Narcissus-like they muse, and seem
To watch their features in the stream,
Half indistinct, as in a dream.

Like forms ideal, lo, they stand,
Huge mounds of airy-seeming land,
Fashioned by the Great Artist-hand,

Smiling like children fresh from sleep,
Bathing their soft limbs in the deep,
As from their early couch they leap.

Young cedars breathing airs of love,
Pines, pointing to the far-above,
Flowers at their feet, white as the dove.

Rocks red-flushed in the ruddy morn, —
Young Athletes, browed with manly scorn,
White birches from their bosoms born.

Visions of beauty! Isles of light!
Your sunny verdure glads the sight,
Each living fir-tree seems a sprite.

Stirred by the breeze, the green leaves wake,
The plover whistles in the brake,
Wide day sits crowned o'er Rideau Lake.

Charles Sangster.



St. Ann's, Canada.

THOMAS MOORE AT ST. ANN'S.

ON these swift waters borne along,
A poet from the farther shore
Framed as he went his solemn song,
And set it by the boatman's oar.

It was his being's law to sing
From morning dawn to evening light;

Like nature's chorister's, his wing
And voice were only stilled at night.

Nor did all nights bring him repose;
For by the moon's auspicious ray,
Like Philomela on her rose,
His song eclipsed the songs of day.

He came a stranger summer-bird,
And quickly passed; but as he flew
Our river's glorious song he heard,
His tongue was loosed, — he warbled too!

And, mark the moral, ye who dream
To be the poets of the land:
He nowhere found a nobler theme
Than you, ye favored, have at hand.

Not in the storied Summer Isles,
Not mid the classic Cyclades,
Not where the Persian sun-god smiles,
Found he more fitting theme than these.

So, while the boat glides swift along,
Behold above there looketh forth
The star that lights the path of song, —
The constant star that loves the north!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

St. Francis, the Lake, Canada.

LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

NATURE is ever varied. Calm and still
The lake receives us on its tranquil breast
With sweetest smiles of welcome. As a rill
Enters a valley with a lightsome zest,
After it leaves some mountain tarn, oppressed
With its wild journey ere it finds the plain,
So hail we Lake St. Francis. Love might rest
Among these isles where many a savage train
Trampled the flowers of peace, and strewed them on
the main.

Embowered homesteads greet us as we pass
These nooks of quiet beauty. Here and there
An isle of shade upon a sea of glass
Floats lightly as a breath of summer air;
Verdurous points and openings so fair
'T were vain to search the misty Dreamland o'er
For such a vision as could well compare
With the broad landscape strewn from shore to
shore,
That like a dear face grows in beauty more and more.

No aged forests lift their tangled arms,
No threatening rapid rolls its vengeful way,
The ever-shifting panorama charms
And soothes the soul like an entrancing lay.

Along the shores the restless poplars stray,
Like woodland outposts watching through the night;
Yon grove of pine englooms each starry ray
And sleeps in darkest shadow; and the white
And spectral tombstones mark the graveyard's hallowed
site.

Faint, far-off islands, dim and shadowy, seem
To loom like purple clouds, and a stray sail,
Like a white condor, flits across our beam,
Inviting truant breeze and loitering gale
From odorous wood and flower-besprinkled vale;
The murmurs of the isles past which we glide
Are soothing as an Oriental tale
Flung by some tuneful Hafiz far and wide,
As through the dreamy maze we dash with native
pride.

An Indian, like a memory, glides by;
One frail canoe where once the tribes in all
Their savage greatness sent their startling cry
Along their countless fleets. Thus at the call
Of Destiny whole races rise and fall;
Whole states and empires like those tribes have
passed
To swell the grim historic carnival.
We, too, the puppets of to-day, that vast
And solemn masquerade must gravely join at last.

A dreamy quiet haunts the wide expanse
O'er all the flashing lake, — a world of calm,
Fair as the fairest picture of romance.

Night's awful splendor thrills us like a psalm.
High and erect, and heavenward as a palm,
Our thoughts and hopes ascend. Is it not well
That we should feel at times the heavenly balm
Of contemplation soothe us like a spell?
As these too-witching scenes our grosser yearnings
quell.

The welcome lighthouse like an angel stands
Arrayed as with a glory, pointing to
Vast heights of promise, where the summer lands
Rise like great hopes upon man's spirit-view.
It warns life's toiling pilgrim to eschew
The rocks and shoals on which too many wrecks
Of noble hearts, all searching for the true,
Have sunk in utter ruin. Man may vex
His thoughts to find out God; his searchings but perplex

His poor contracted reason,—poor at best,
One grain of faith is worth a sheaf of search.
On, love! to-night we cannot think of rest,
Past the dim islands where the silvery birch
Gleams like a shepherd's crook. Yonder, the church
Lights us to Lancaster. And now the wide,
Wide lake, we wander over, soon to lurch
And roll and toss, as down the stream we glide,
Light as a feather on the stormy ocean-tide.

Charles Sangster.

St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN.

1647.

“**T**O the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!”
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her, while passing,
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,

Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming .
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.
Oh, well sped La Tour !
For, in peril and pain,
His lady kept watch
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
“Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love !
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above ? ”

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,

On fire-wasted dwellings
And silent redoubt ;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

“ Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin !
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within ? ”
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke :

“ No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival,
With fire, steel, and ball !
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,

While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey."

"But what of my lady?"
Cried Charles of Estienne:
"On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen;

"Half veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!
But woe to the heretic,
Evermore woe!
When the son of the church
And the cross is his foe!

"In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall!
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment, — and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men!

"Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone

Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John."

"Let the dastard look to it!"
Cried fiery Estienne,
"Were D'Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door!"

As if suddenly smitten
La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again.
"We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!" cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot's wrong,
And from island and creekside
Her fishers shall throng!
Pentagoet shall rue
What his Papists have done,

When his palisades echo
The Puritan's gun!"

Oh, the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him;
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him:
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



St. Lawrence (Cadaraqui), the River.

CADARAQUI.

I DREAMED not then that, ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurled
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair

For consolation might have weeping trod,
 When banished from the garden of their God.
 O Lady! these are miracles, which man,
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pygmy span,
 Can scarcely dream of, — which his eye must see
 To know how wonderful this world can be!

But lo! the last tints of the west decline,
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
 Is rocked to rest, the wind's complaining note
 Dies like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.

Thomas Moore.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight is past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight is past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
 Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the daylight is past,
Thomas Moore.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

DOWN, down we glide these "Thousand Isles" between,
 Lovely as fairy-land to dreaming child,
 Sweeping past shores now fringed with verdure green,
 Now clasped by rocks and tangled forests wild.
 Anon, like arrow from an aim that's true,
 We dart adown the rapids' fearful whirl,
 The rough "Cascades," the less exciting "Sue,"
 Where round the rocks the foaming waters curl.
 And so the day glides on. At eve we near
 The wild "La Chine," peril on every side;
 Our hearts stand still, our cheeks grow pale with fear;
 One plunge: the brave boat safely through doth ride
 On where the purple hills so grandly loom,
 All heedless now of twilight's gathering gloom!

Anonymous.

THE COTEAU RAPID.

THE Coteau, broad, and long, and boisterous !
The waves like white sea-monsters plunge and roll,
Mighty, and grand, and wildly perilous,
It lives a life of torment. A mad soul
Seems shouting from each billow, and the howl
Of the lashed waters, as they foam and writhe,
Is as Despair's last shriek, when at the goal
Where all hope ends they tumble headlong with
A cry of anguish to the yawning gulf beneath.

Mad cries of horror pierce the seething shore ;
Triumphal choruses roll back again ;
Up from the depths abysmal, evermore
Rushes some swift embodiment of pain,
Flying from the fierce conflict all in vain.
A wild, despairing, agonizing cry ;
A laugh of demons torturing the slain ;
Thus the sardonic strife goes crashing by ;
The nameless Terror rolls its burden up the sky.

From isle to isle 'twixt life and death we speed,
From crest to crest, from wave to wave, we bound,
Where the scared billows seem to shun some deed
Of blanching horror in mad tumult drowned ;
From isle to isle the turmoil rolls profound.
The true enchantment this, — no legend rare,
No wondrous tale by hoar tradition crowned,
But grand, terrific, true beyond compare,
The vast sonorous war of passion shakes the air.

But suddenly from the infernal whirl
 The ambling current bears us far away,
 Where no pursuing wave is seen to curl,
 No rapid shatters into diamond spray;
 While far behind, the breakers' wild array
 Shout from the watery slope their threatenings dire,
 Looming like Mohawk ghosts at morning gray,
 With awful rage and impotent desire,
 Striking the wildest chords of Nature's mighty lyre.

Charles Sangster.

RAPIDS OF THE CEDARS.

AGAIN the rush tumultuous — the bound —
 The tossings to and fro — the surge — the swell;
 The mighty uproar, and the crash profound;
 That make the cedars a vast, watery hell,
 More vast and grand than eloquence can tell.
 How the strong surges strike the naked rocks
 With Thor-like force, with purpose mad and fell!
 The scornful reef their sudden onset mocks,
 And like a mail-clad knight resists their deadliest shocks.

As when some host roused Tartarus invades,
 The vast deeps heave with being; these white crests
 Like furies seem to rise as from the shades,
 To wreak their urging Demon's grim behests.
 What power and grace, what grandeur here invests
 The awful shapes' profound sonorous chime,
 Could we divine that voice that never rests,

But shouts its solemn pæan through all time,
As the long ages toil on their grand march sublime.

The waters strike the unprotected isles,
And shake their leafy verdure. We can see
The church spire yonder as the moonlight smiles
Upon it; passing wildly, fancy-free,
Where we can touch the trees. In frolic glee
We ride the stoutest billows as the breeze
Wafts down a gracious perfume on our lee,
Fresh from the Isle of Flowers, where the bees
Sup with their Floral Queen on honeyed courtesies.

The current seeks no rest. Sullen and swift,
And hounded by the rapid in its fear,
Like a lost murderer it knows no thrift,
No peace forever: on his startled ear
A voice incessant peals; loud footfalls near
Tell of the dread pursuer. So the stream
Hears far-off howlings, vengeful, shrill, and drear,
Till like an arrow, like a sudden beam,
It strikes the vexed cascades, and ends its fitful dream.

Charles Sangster.

RAPIDS OF THE LACHINE.

WITH whirl sublime, and with what maelstrom
force,
The frantic waters strike our plunging bark;
The rage defiant and the thunderings hoarse,
These bring no fears to our devoted ark

That bounds securely to its distant mark.
 See how the tortured deep heaps surge on surge!
 What howling billows sweep the waters dark!
 Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,
 That loudens as they lash the rocks' resisting verge.

To what shall we compare thee, — thing of dread!
 What grand resistless Terror, armed, art thou?
 Strife's awful champion, autocrat and head, —
 The mighty Wrestler to whom all must bow
 That feel thine iron grasp. O stern of brow
 As Lucifer amid his cowering crew!
 How like a scourge, a mad Attila, now,
 He charges with his Hun-like retinue,
 The flying hosts of waves to vanquish and subdue!

The Hounds of Peril guard this fearful spot;
 And yet we dare to tempt the narrow way,
 Cutting a passage through the Gordian Knot
 Of reefs and breakers, as the vast array
 Here bursts in dazzling drifts of diamond spray,
 Here bids defiance to all human skill;
 Lifting up vast, herculean busts of gray,
 As if to awe the mind or shake the will,
 Pursuing us like fates adown the tumbling hill.

O awful Shape! that haunts the dread abysm;
 That hold'st thy Reign of Terror evermore;
 What grave offence, what unforgiven schism,
 Consigned thee hither from the Stygian shore?
 Why troublest thou the waters with thy roar?
 No angel footstep, thine, of rest and peace,

But some lost soul's for whom no open door
 Leadeth to where thy spirit-toils shall cease,
 With no commissioned arm stretched forth for thy re-
 lease.

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And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
 Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,
 As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
 Holding our feathery bark in their control,
 As a strong eagle holds an oriole.
 The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
 Of the fast-crowding billows as they roll
 Like struggling demons to the vexed abyss,
 Lashing the tortured crags with wild demoniac bliss.

Charles Sangster.

INVOCATION.

O FRIEND, amid the stately pines
 That murmurous music yield to thee,
 Recall'st thou the enchanted climes,
 St. Lawrence, broad and clear and free?
 What time we sailed in summer calm,
 With moonlight glinting wave and beach,
 To meet the south-wind's kiss of balm,
 Surpassing melody of speech?

At night when the Nevada gleams,
 Like castle turrets, white and cold,
 And all the azure archway streams
 With oriflamme of gems and gold;

Upon thy lovely snow-crowned beat,
 Where foams and falls the mountain rill,
 Come visions of our voyage sweet,
 By sheltered bay and wooded hill?

And fairy isles that slept serene
 Upon the river's peaceful breast,
 While cloth of gold some naiad queen
 Trailed regally along the west!
 With furrows left by gliding keel,
 And lilies clasping to their hearts,
 The golden secrets stars reveal
 When rosy day at length departs?

Still on and on, as spirits float,
 Through waves of ether opal-rifted,
 Too blest, enrapt, to even note
 If down to death we slowly drifted.
 Now sighing faint, with clover gales,
 The distant bells rang out delight.
 Anon the dusky grotto vales, —
 A fitting scene for such a night.

Ah! from thy lips that keep for me
 Poems no bard hath ever sung,
 Still falls the entrancing melody
 Of Grecian isle, when Time was young!
 Fair River, clasp unto thy breast
 Our love, — nay, tell it to the main!
 Old Ocean, bear it to the West!
 And wake his smile for me again.

Helen Rich.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

'T IS evening tide, the mottled sky
Is glorious in the sinking sun;
Now Heaven's serene immensity
Seems flashing forth the words, "Well done!"
And sacred, superhuman hues
Adorn the dim declivity,
And shape the intermingling views
As fair as Eden's landscapes be.
Our bark, like fate's strange shuttle through
The azure web, threads onward where
Green islands fleck the liquid blue,
As low clouds fleck the living air.

Which is an isle, and which can be
A cloud, is half a mystery;
Both are of a supernal growth,
And Sol's last radiance sets on both
In one fond blush of pensive hues
(They softly flash and interfuse),
As if to beckon us away
Beyond the precincts of decay.
And we would follow him in high
Immeasurable majesty,
By one oblivious plunge to be
From human solitude set free,
But fear the night, so soon to cast
This glory by, may ever last.

Some isles are rocky bastions old,
 Shaped when the ancient ages rolled
 Around their thunder-rended forms
 Earthquakes and unremembered storms.
 But some are exquisitely planned
 By Beauty's spiritual hand
 For purposes of peace, and still
 They have no part in human ill.

Each hour a deeper ray emits,
 That o'er the wandering water flits,
 Like sanguine leaves when they forsake
 The lofty branches for the lake;
 Such colors tinge the beams that pass
 Yon cloud's ensanguined chrysoptas.
 Lo, every bird for joy is still
 In river, vale, or island hill;
 And, past the purple mounts of pine,
 Lulling the winds with wands divine,
 The imperial monarch of the day
 Wheels his irrevocable way
 Far off, through clouds whose living flames
 Would woo the world to wiser aims;
 Sweet seraphs, blushing for the sin
 Of some originally kin—
 Alas, how beautiful! they seem
 Through countless centuries to dream,
 Calm as the peace that comes from care,
 Pure as a child's face flushed with prayer,
 Soft as a transient velvet rose,
 Still as the waves when winds repose,

Lone as this solitude of green,
 Dim as those purple depths unseen,
 Vast as the visions angels spread
 Around a bard's or prophet's bed,
 As round the seer of Patmos shone
 The sea of glass and crystal throne,
 The city's glorious streets, and all
 That held his poet soul in thrall.

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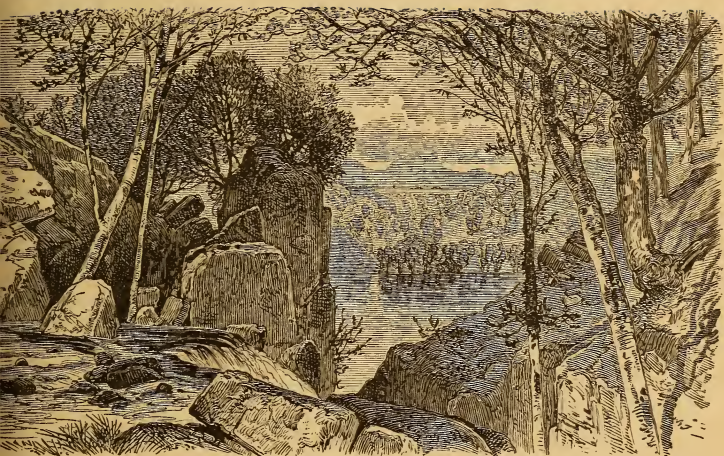
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J. R. Ramsay.

LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

HERE Nature holds her carnival of Isles,
 Steeped in warm sunset all the merry day,
 Each nodding tree and floating greenwood smiles,
 And moss-crowned monsters move in grim array;
 All night the fisher spears his finny prey,
 The piny flambeaux reddening the deep
 By the dim shore, or up some mimic bay
 Like grotesque bandits as they boldly sweep
 Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

And many a tale of legendary lore
 Is told of these romantic Isles. The feet
 Of the red man impressed each wave-zoned shore,
 And many an eye of beauty oft did greet
 The painted warriors and their birchen fleet,
 As they returned with trophies of the slain.
 That race hath passed away: their fair retreat
 In its primeval lonesness smiles again,
 Save where some vessel breaks the isle-enwoven chain;



“ Dim as those purple depths unseen.” See page 88.

Save where the echo of the huntsman's gun
Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook,
Or the swift hounds' deep baying as they run
Rouses the lounging student from his book;
Or where, assembled by some sedgy brook,
A picnic party, resting in the shade,
Springs forward hastily to catch a look
At the strong steamer, through the watery glade
Ploughing like a huge serpent from its ambuscade.

Charles Sangster.



St. Lawrence, the Gulf.

THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

ST. LAWRENCE! yes, I well remember
Thy Gulf, — that morning in September.
Fast flew our ship careering lightly
Over the waters breaking brightly;
Alongside close as if their aim
Were but her vaunted speed to shame,
Sleek porpoises like lightning went
Cleaving the sunny element;
Now where the black bows smote their way
How would they revel in the roaring spray!
Like victors in the contest now
Dash swift athwart the flying prow;
Or springing forward three abreast
Shoot slippery o'er each foamy crest, —

Shoot upwards in an airy arc
As three abreast they passed the bark:
Pied petrels coursed about the sea
And skimmed the billows dexterously;
Sank with each hollow, rose with every hill,
So close, yet never touched them till
They seized their prey with rapid bill:
Afar, the cloudy spurts of spray
Told that the grampus sported there
With his ferocious mates at play.
Meanwhile the breeze that freshly blew
From every breaking wave-top drew
A plume of smoke that straightway from the sun
The colors of the rainbow won,
So that you saw, wherever turning,
A thousand small volcanoes burning,
Emitting vapors of each hue
Of orange, purple, red, and blue.
The sky meanwhile was all alive
With snow-bright clouds that seemed to drive
Swiftly, as though the heavens in glee
Were racing with the racing sea;
Each flitting sight and rushing sound
Spread life and hope and joy around;
Ship, birds and fishes, sky and ocean,
All restless with one glad emotion!
But what a change! when suddenly we spy
Apart from all that headlong revelry, —
Pencilled above the sky-line, like a spectre drear,
A silent iceberg solemnly appear, —
Pausing ghost-like our greeting to await.

The crystal mountain, as we come anear
 And feel the airs that from it creep
 So chilling o'er the sunny deep,
 Discloses, while it slowly shifts,
 Now blue, faint-glistening, semi-lucent clifts,
 Now melancholy peaks, dead-white and desolate.
 But comes it not, this guest unbidden,
 This wanderer from a home far-hidden,
 Dim herald of the mysteries of the Pole,
 With tidings from that cheerless region fraught, —
 Comes it not o'er us like the sudden thought,
 The haunting phantom of a world apart,
 The blank and silent apparition
 That, ever prompt to gain serene admission,
 Lurks on the crowded confines of the heart,
 The many-pictured purlieus of the soul;
 Nay, sometimes thrusts its unexpected presence
 Upon our brightest-tinted hours of pleasaunce?

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Alfred Domett.

THE LORD'S-DAY GALE.

IN Gloucester port lie fishing craft, —
 More stanch and trim were never seen:
 They are sharp before and sheer abaft,
 And true their lines the masts between.
 Along the wharves of Gloucester Town
 Their fares are lightly handed down,
 And the laden flakes to sunward lean.

Well know the men each cruising-ground,
And where the cod and mackerel be :
Old Eastern Point the schooners round
And leave Cape Ann on the larboard lee :
Sound are the planks, the hearts are bold,
That brave December's surges cold
On Georges' shoals in the outer sea.

And some must sail to the banks far north
And set their trawls for the hungry cod, —
In the ghostly fog creep back and forth
By shrouded paths no foot hath trod ;
Upon the crews the ice-winds blow,
The bitter sleet, the frozen snow, —
Their lives are in the hand of God !

New England ! New England !
Needs sail they must, so brave and poor,
Or June be warm or winter storm,
Lest a wolf gnaw through the cottage-door !
Three weeks at home, three long months gone,
While the patient goodwives sleep alone,
And wake to hear the breakers roar.

The Grand Bank gathers in its dead, —
The deep sea-sand is their winding-sheet ;
Who does not Georges' billows dread
That dash together the drifting fleet ?
Who does not long to hear, in May,
The pleasant wash of Saint Lawrence Bay,
The fairest ground where fishermen meet ?

There the west wave holds the red sunlight
Till the bells at home are rung for nine:
Short, short the watch, and calm the night;
The fiery northern streamers shine;
The eastern sky anon is gold,
And winds from piny forests old
Scatter the white mists off the brine.

The Province craft with ours at morn
Are mingled when the vapors shift;
All day, by breeze and current borne,
Across the bay the sailors drift;
With toll and seine its wealth they win,—
The dappled, silvery spoil come in
Fast as their hands can haul and lift.

New England! New England!
Thou lovest well thine ocean main!
It spreadeth its locks among thy rocks,
And long against thy heart hath lain;
Thy ships upon its bosom ride
And feel the heaving of its tide;
To thee its secret speech is plain.

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought erelong, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from Saint Lawrence Bay.

New England! New England!
Thy giant's love was turned to hate!
The winds control his fickle soul
And in his wrath he hath no mate.
Thy shores his angry scourges tear,
And for thy children in his care
The sudden tempests lie in wait.

The East Wind gathered all unknown, —
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by night the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet — a darkness — filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's-Day morn it was a breeze, —
At noon, a blast that shook the seas, —
At night — a wind of Death took hold!

It leapt across the Breton bar,
A death-wind from the stormy East!
It scarred the land, and whirled afar
The sheltering thatch of man and beast;
It mingled rick and roof and tree,
And like a besom swept the sea,
And churned the waters into yeast.

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel-gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!
In vain they shun the double capes:
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
The Grin'stone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Isle is craped with foam; —
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes!

Oh, what can live on the open sea,
Or moored in port the gale outride?
The very craft that at anchor be
Are dragged along by the swollen tide!
The great storm-wave came rolling west,
And tossed the vessels on its crest:
The ancient bounds its might defied!

The ebb to check it had no power;
The surf ran up an untold height;
It rose, nor yielded, hour by hour,
A night and day, a day and night;
Far up the seething shores it cast
The wrecks of hull and spar and mast,
The strangled crews, — a woful sight!

There were twenty and more of Breton sail
Fast anchored on one mooring-ground;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail,
When the thick of the tempest closed them round:
All sank at once in the gaping sea, —
Somewhere on the shoals their corpses be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand cliffs their ribs were stove, —
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks threescore;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

The bedtime bells in Gloucester Town
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down, —
Dear Lord! their sweet prayers couldst thou hear?
'Tis said that gently blew the winds;
The goodwives, through the seaward blinds,
Looked down the bay and had no fear.

New England! New England!
Thy ports their dauntless seamen mourn;
The twin capes yearn for their return
Who never shall be thither borne;
Their orphans whisper as they meet;
The homes are dark in many a street,
And women move in weeds forlorn.

And wilt thou quail, and dost thou fear?

Ah, no! though widows' cheeks are pale,

The lads shall say: "Another year,

And we shall be of age to sail!"

And the mothers' hearts shall fill with pride,

Though tears drop fast for them who died

When the fleet was wrecked in the Lord's-Day gale.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,

Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?

Her sails are full, — though the wind is still,

And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?

The silent calm of the grave is there,

Save now and again a death-knell rung,

And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore

Of cold and pitiless Labrador;

Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,

Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,

And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,

Doth play on as pale and livid a crew

As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on, — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch forever her rosy light!

Thomas Moore.



St. Regis, Canada.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

IN 1704, when Deerfield was taken by the Indians, a small church-bell was carried away on a sledge as far as Lake Champlain and buried. It was afterwards taken up and conveyed to Canada.

THE red men came in their pride and wrath,
Deep vengeance fired their eye,
And the blood of the white was in their path,
And the flame from his roof rose high.

Then down from the burning church they tore
The bell of tuneful sound,
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing to their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound.

But now and then, with a fearful tone,
It struck on their startled ear, —

And sad it was, mid the mountains lone,
Or the ruined tempest's muttered moan,
That terrible voice to hear.

It seemed like the question that stirs the soul
Of its secret good or ill,
And they quaked as its stern and solemn toll
Re-echoed from rock to hill.

And they started up in their broken dream,
Mid the lonely forest-shade,
And thought that they heard the dying scream,
And saw the blood of slaughter stream
Afresh through the village glade.

Then they sat in council, those chieftains old,
And a mighty pit was made,
Where the lake with its silver waters rolled
They buried that bell 'neath the verdant mould,
And crossed themselves and prayed.

And there till a stately powow came
It slept in its tomb forgot;
With a mantle of fur, and a brow of flame,
He stood on that burial spot:

They wheeled the dance with its mystic round
At the stormy midnight hour,
And a dead man's hand on his breast he bound,
And invoked, ere he broke that awful ground,
The demons of pride and power.

Then he raised the bell, with a nameless rite,
Which none but himself might tell,
In blanket and bear-skin he bound it tight,
And it journeyed in silence both day and night,
So strong was that magic spell.

It spake no more, till St. Regis' tower
In northern skies appeared,
And their legends extol that powow's power
Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower,
As conscience now slumbereth a little hour
In the cell of a heart that's seared.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.



Thames, the River, Canada.

TECUMSEH.

WHERE rolls the dark and turbid Thames
His consecrated wave along,
Sleeps one, than whose, few are the names
More worthy of the lyre and song;
Yet o'er whose spot of lone repose
No pilgrim eyes are seen to weep;
And no memorial marble throws
Its shadow where his ashes sleep.

Stop, stranger! there Tecumseh lies;
Behold the lowly resting-place

Of all that of the hero dies ;
The Cæsar — Tully — of his race ;
Whose arm of strength and fiery tongue
Have won him an immortal name,
And from the mouths of millions wrung
Reluctant tribute to his fame.

Stop, — for 't is glory claims thy tear !
True worth belongs to all mankind ;
And he whose ashes slumber here,
Though man in form, was god in mind.
What matter he was not like thee
In race and color, — 't is the soul
That marks man's true divinity, —
Then let not shame thy tears control.

Art thou a patriot? — so was he !
His breast was Freedom's holiest shrine ;
And as thou bendest there thy knee,
His spirit will unite with thine.
All that a man can give he gave, —
His life, — the country of his sires
From the oppressor's grasp to save ;
In vain, — quenched are his nation's fires.

Art thou a soldier? dost thou not
O'er deeds chivalric love to muse ?
Here stay thy steps, — what better spot
Couldst thou for contemplation choose ?
The earth beneath is holy ground ;
It holds a thousand valiant braves ;

Tread lightly o'er each little mound,
For they are no ignoble graves.

Thermopylæ and Marathon,
Though classic earth, can boast no more
Of deeds heroic than yon sun
Once saw upon this lonely shore,
When in a gallant nation's last
And deadliest struggle for its own,
Tecumseh's fiery spirit passed
In blood, and sought its Father's throne.

Oh, softly fall the summer dew,
The tears of heaven, upon his sod,
For he in life and death was true
Both to his country and his God;
For oh, if God to man has given,
From his bright home beyond the skies,
One feeling that 's akin to heaven,
'T is his who for his country dies.

Rest, warrior, rest! Though not a dirge
Is thine, beside the wailing blast,
Time cannot in oblivion merge
The light thy star of glory cast;
While heave yon high hills to the sky,
While rolls yon dark and turbid river,
Thy name and fame can never die, —
Whom Freedom loves will live forever.

Charles A. Jones.



DANISH AMERICA.



Greenland.

GREENLAND UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE MORAVIANS.

FIRED with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
Oh, blest within the enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey,

Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle !
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendor of the true
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night ;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here :
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

William Cowper.

GREENLAND.

LET Greenland's snows
Then shine, and mark the melancholy train
There left to perish, whilst the cold pale day
Declines along the further ice, that binds
The ship, and leaves in night the sinking scene.
Sad winter closes on the deep ; the smoke
Of frost, that late amusive to the eye
Rose o'er the coast, is passed, and all is now
One torpid blank ; the freezing particles
Blown blistering, and the white bear seeks her cave.
Ill-fated outcasts, when the morn again

Shall streak with feeble beam the frozen waste,
Your air-bleached and unburied carcasses
Shall press the ground, and, as the stars fade off,
Your stony eyes glare mid the desert snows!

William Lisle Bowles.

GREENLAND.

THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep:
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

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Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn; when o'er the pure expanse
The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
“Land! Land!” exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
“Land! Land!” with one electric shock hath passed
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught

The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought :
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky ;
Nor clearly known, till, in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendors play,
And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
'Tis Greenland ! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there ;
'Tis Greenland ! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturbed delight :
In silence (as before the throne) they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither, may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide ;
And the Good Shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks,
By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

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Behold a scene, magnificent and new ;
Nor land nor water meets the excursive view ;
The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where, dark and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself ; the deep-blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though, if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,

Nor shines he here in solitude unknown;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the unbroken lawn,
And bring, from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valor, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,
When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
— No happier spot upon the peopled earth;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
The uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groups have lit their pine-wood fires.
Erelong they quit the tables; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase;
Here start the harnessed reindeer in the race;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal, — converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have formed a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaters pass;
Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream; then wheel

Like flames blown suddenly asunder; reel
Like drunkards; then, dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands,
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred, bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance;
Graybeard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chase and battle, dream of years to come.
Those years to come, the young shall ne'er behold;
The days gone by no more rejoice the old.

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Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
That sepulchred his waves; he bounds aloof.
In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out;
The frame of ice with dire explosion rends,
And down the abyss the mingled crowd descends.
Heaven! from this closing horror hide thy light;
Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night!
These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
These groans of agony from wretches tost
On rocks and whirlpools, — in thy storms be drowned,
The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
And rage of elements! — while winds, that yell
Like demons, peal the universal knell,
The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,

“And Darkness be the burier of the dead.”
Their pangs are o’er;—at morn the tempests cease,
And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace;
Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
He holds his mirror to a hundred lands;
While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
Of billows round immeasurable space.

Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came; at eve they passed away.
Yet some survive;—yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle:
Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
The semblance of a city; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires:
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O’er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye;
Here, when the bitterness of death had passed
O’er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones in dumb despondence wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;
A bridal party;—mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigor of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like him, a gentle heart to gain

By valorous enterprise on land or main.
— These, when the ocean-pavement failed their feet,
Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat;
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An iceberg!—on whose verge all day they stand,
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep
Morn brings no comfort: at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.

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Ages are fled; and Greenland's hour draws nigh;
Sealed is the judgment; all her race must die:
Commerce forsakes the unvoyageable seas,
That year by year with keener rigor freeze;
The embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole:
A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a sheltered bay,
Lapse to the wilderness; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood:
But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,

Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes; the wafted fuel fails;
The cattle perish; famine long prevails;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host!
With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferred),
Since last for Europe sailed a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine, — so shorn is Greenland now,
Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
The monk who sits, the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house on the beacon-mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star
Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if — for so would fond expectance think —
A sail had crossed it on the horizon's brink.
His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
Till every bird that flashes through the brine

Appears an armed and gallant brigantine;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
'Tis she! 'tis she! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins, issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells
Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children, throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
The pilots launch their boats; — a race! a race!
The strife of oars is seen in every face;
Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise;
No voice, no signal, from the ship replies;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh! that those eyes were opened, there to see
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm!
He who hath lately marched from realm to realm
And, from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead:
Nor man alone, — dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strewed his carnage-path;

Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him withered from the root.
To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commissioned; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrives; — to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck!
Fallen from the rudder, which he fain had grasped,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheered his sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chilled at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze;
But, from approaching boats when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
And cast their anchor, midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumor affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches crew and captain fell;
None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon, — yet know too late.

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Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another; — there shall come no more;

Nor this shall reach a haven:—What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immovable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and, branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league the indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,
And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wrecked, nor stranded, yet forever lost:
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung,
Wrapt in the topmost shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy:
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn;
Through fourscore years from port to port he veered,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest feared;
Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye,
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage:
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,

Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;
Congealed to adamant, his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew!—They sailed, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mocked their utmost strength and skill
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still:
The madness of the wildest gale that blows
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrification at his post,
Looked on yon father, and gave up the ghost:
He, meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
His beard of driven snow, eyes fixed and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
The imperishable dead, that seem alive;
The immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity,
While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
Till his tongue failed, he spoke of joys above.
Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unuttered prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence the emerging sun, with lightning blaze,

Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays :
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round the expiring saint such visions burn
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul ;— 't is flown :
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall !

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light :
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away ;
Perennial ice around the encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigged masts, shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid ;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell embossed with sea-weed shines.

James Montgomery.!



MEXICO.

INTRODUCTORY.

MEXICO.

WHERE Mexic hills the breezy gulf defend,
Spontaneous groves with richer burdens bend:
Anana's stalk its shaggy honors yields;
Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand fields;
Their clustered dates the mast-like palms unfold;
The spreading orange waves a load of gold;
Connubial vines o'ertop the larch they climb;
The long-lived olive mocks the moth of time;
Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims,
Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames;
Pimento, citron, scent the sky serene;
White, woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green;
The sturdy fig, the frail deciduous cane,
And foodful cocoa fan the sultry plain.
Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring;
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,
Nor beasts unsheltered fear the pinching storm;

But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,
And breathe the ripened juices through the grove.

Joel Barlow.

MEXICO.

FAIR Mexico, that, trembling in her chains,
Saw ruthless strangers waste her peaceful plains,
Where are the stately domes she reared of old,
Her terraced shrines that blazed with gems and gold?
Where her white-feathered chiefs that lined each steep,
Like foamy waves which crest the breezy deep?
Alas! her tale is traced in tears and flame;
Let History blush to write a Cortes' name;
Lo! where the fires ascend from yonder vale!
Ye hear the stake-bound victims' dying wail.
Doth not a groan each turf-clad barrow yield,
From those who fell on red Otumba's field?
While on each murmuring wind that wanders by
Floats royal Montezuma's fruitless sigh.

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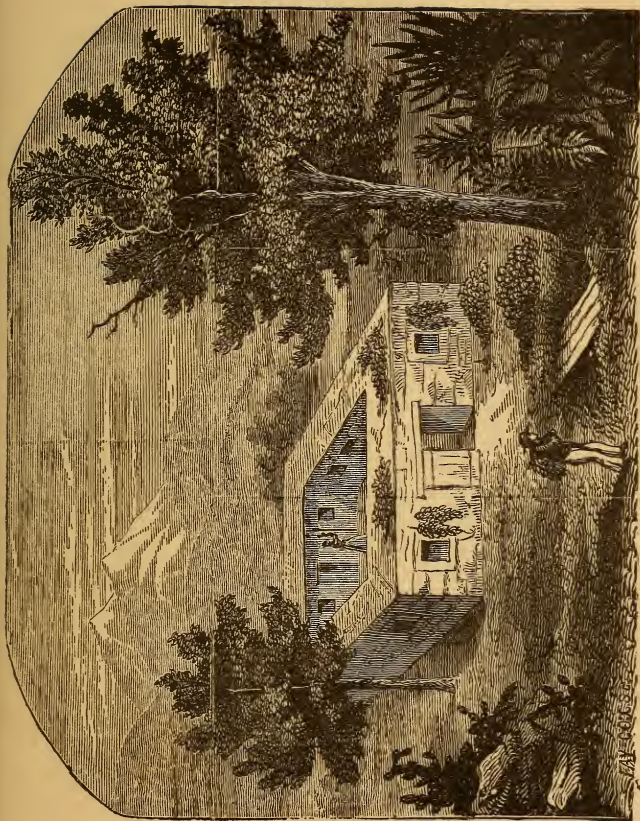
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Nicholas Michell.

RUINS IN MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

A RUINED city! In the heart
Of the deep wilderness of woods
It stands immured, — where seldom foot
Of passing traveller intrudes.
The groves primeval year by year
Above the spot renew their blooms,
Year after year cast down their wealth
Of foliage in these desert tombs.



A MEXICAN FARM HOUSE. See page 118.

Altar and idol here arise
Inscribed with hieroglyphics strange;
Column and pyramid sublime,
Defaced by centuries of change.
Here idols from their pedestals
Displaced by roots of mightiest girth;
There, by a close-embracing branch
Half lifted in the air from earth;
Or from their stations prostrate thrown,
Their huge proportions strew the ground,
With vines and brambles overgrown,
With interlacing creepers bound.

No sound of life! save when at eve
The Indian's hatchet cleaves through wood,
Or trips the Indian damsel by,
Singing to cheer the solitude.
No sound, save when the sobbing breeze
Sighs through the forest's dim arcades,
Or shrill call of the red macaw,
Or parrot's gabble in the glades;
Or when the chattering monkey troop
Glide o'er the tree-tops in their race,
Like wandering spirits of the dead,
Haunting the shadows of the place.

Egypt's colossal skeletons
Of temples and of wondrous shrines,
In the unwatered sands repose,
Where hot the sultry summer shines;
But forests lonely and immense

Enshroud these ruins from the sight,
And with their tangled barriers guard
The hidden secrets from the light.
Tradition has no tale to tell
And science no record to give
Of those who reared these ancient walls, —
Of the lost race that here did live.

All desolate these ruins rest,
Like bark that in mid-ocean rolls,
Her name effaced, her masts o'erthrown,
And none remaining of the souls
That once sailed in her, to relate
From what far-distant port she came;
Whither she sailed and what her fate,
And what her nation and her name.
But only may conjecture guess
The fancied story of this place,
And from these crumbling ruins gain
Some knowledge of the vanished race.

The wanderer from foreign land
With awe beholds each mystic spot,
Ruins of unrecorded years,
The relics of a race forgot.
Beneath each gray, sepulchral cairn
He delves to find the heathen bones,
The statues of imperial kings,
The broken monumental stones.
All round are sculptured pedestals
Mid shivered columns wide outspread,
Where mighty roots of forest trees

Spring from the ashes of the dead,
That in their growth had levelled low
The pyramids the soil that strow.

Here flowering creepers, glossy vines,
The shattered monoliths o'erswept,
And flowers mid painted potteries
And shapely urns luxuriant crept.
The dust with antique treasure teems,
Weapons and ornaments of yore,
Great vases carved in arabesques,
Idols, that heathen tribes adore.

Out in the green savanna lands
The prostrate stones in masses lay,
Colossal heads with staring eyes
And fractured limbs of granite gray;
The ruins of a race extinct,
The hieroglyphs of language dead,
Memorials of rites long lost,
The arms, the wealth of empires fled.

The stranger's voice with awe is stilled,
His soul with fascination filled,
When musing in that silent mood,
With sad, gray plains extended round,
Amid the hum of insect life,
Mid trees with scarlet blossoms crowned,
Mid all the bloom and solemn pomp
Of tropic nature's wondrous place,
Amid the temples and the graves
Of a once haughty, vanished race.

Isaac McLellan.

EL PALO SANTO.

IN the deep woods of Mexico,
Where screams the painted paroquet,
Where mocking-birds flit to and fro,
With borrowed notes they half forget;
Where brilliant flowers and poisonous vines
Are mingled in a firm embrace,
And the same gaudy plant entwines
Some reptile of a venom'd race;
Where spreads the Itos' chilly shade,
Benumbing, even in summer's heat,
The weary traveller who hath laid
Himself to noonday slumbers sweet;
Where skulks unseen the beast of prey,
The native robber glares and hides,
And treacherous death keeps watch alway
For him who flies or him who bides.

In the deep tropic woods there grows
A tree whose tall and silvery bole
Above the dusky forest shows
As shining as a saintly soul
Among the souls of sinful men,
Lifting its milk-white flowers to heaven,
And breathing incense out, as when
Earth's almost sinless ones are shriven.

The skulking robber drops his eyes,
And signs himself with holy cross,

If far, between him and the skies,
He sees its pearly blossoms toss :
The wanderer halts to gaze upon
The lovely vision far and near,
And smiles and sighs to think of one
He wishes for the moment here.

Nor Mexic native fears the fang,
The poisoned vine, the venom'd bee,
If he may soothe the baleful pang
With juices from his "holy tree."

How do we all in life's wild ways,
Which oft we traverse lost and lone,
Need that which heavenward draws the gaze,
Some Palo Santo of our own !

Frances Fuller Victor.

THE FALLEN BRAVE.

FROM cypress and from laurel boughs
Are twined, in sorrow and in pride,
The leaves that deck the mouldering brows
Of those who for their country died :
In sorrow, that the sable pall
Enfolds the valiant and the brave ;
In pride that those who nobly fall
Win garlands that adorn the grave.

The onset, the pursuit, the roar
Of victory o'er the routed foe,

Will startle from their rest no more
The fallen brave of Mexico.
To God alone such spirits yield!
He took them in their strength and bloom,
When gathering, on the tented field,
The garlands woven for the tomb.

The shrouded flag, the drooping spear,
The muffled drum, the solemn bell,
The funeral train, the dirge, the bier,
The mourners' sad and last farewell,
Are fading tributes to the worth
Of those whose deeds this homage claim;
But Time, who mingles them with earth,
Keeps green the garlands of their fame.

George P. Morris.



MEXICO.



Acapulco.

THE LOST GALLEON.

IN sixteen hundred and forty-one,
The regular yearly galleon,
Laden with odorous gums and spice,
India cottons and India rice,
And the richest silks of far Cathay,
Was due at Acapulco Bay.

Due she was, and over-due, —
Galleon, merchandise, and crew,
Creeping along through rain and shine,
Through the tropics, under the line.

The trains were waiting outside the walls,
The wives of sailors thronged the town,
The traders sat by their empty stalls,
And the viceroy himself came down;
The bells in the tower were all a-trip,
Te Deums were on each father's lip,

The limes were ripening in the sun
For the sick of the coming galleon.

All in vain. Weeks passed away,
And yet no galleon saw the bay :
India goods advanced in price ;
The governor missed his favorite spice ;
The señoritas mourned for sandal,
And the famous cottons of Coromandel ;
And some for an absent lover lost,
And one for a husband, — Donna Julia,
Wife of the captain, tempest-tossed,
In circumstances so peculiar :
Even the fathers, unawares,
Grumbled a little at their prayers ;
And all along the coast that year
Votive candles were scarce and dear.

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry ;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again :
And these same truths, as far as I know,
Obtained on the coast of Mexico
More than two hundred years ago,
In sixteen hundred and fifty-one, —
Ten years after the deed was done, —
And folks had forgotten the galleon :
The divers plunged in the Gulf for pearls
White as the teeth of the Indian girls ;
The traders sat by their full bazaars ;

The mules with many a weary load,
And oxen, dragging their creaking cars,
Came and went on the mountain road.

Where was the galleon all this while :
Wrecked on some lonely coral isle ?
Burnt by the roving sea-marauders,
Or sailing north under secret orders ?
Had she found the Anian passage famed,
By lying Moldonado claimed,
And sailed through the sixty-fifth degree
Direct to the North Atlantic sea ?
Or had she found the "River of Kings,"
Of which De Fonté told such strange things
In sixteen forty ? Never a sign,
East or West or under the line,
They saw of the missing galleon ;
Never a sail or plank or chip,
They found of the long-lost treasure-ship,
Or enough to build a tale upon.
But when she was lost, and where and how,
Are the facts we 're coming to just now.

Take, if you please, the chart of that day
Published at Madrid, — *por el Rey* ;
Look for a spot in the old South Sea,
The hundred and eightieth degree
Longitude, west of Madrid : there,
Under the equatorial glare,
Just where the East and West are one,
You 'll find the missing galleon, —

You 'll find the "San Gregorio," yet
Riding the seas, with sails all set,
Fresh as upon the very day
She sailed from Acapulco Bay.

How did she get there? What strange spell
Kept her two hundred years so well,
Free from decay and mortal taint?
What but the prayers of a patron saint?
A hundred leagues from Manilla town
The "San Gregorio's" helm came down;
Round she went on her heel, and not
A cable's length from a galliot
That rocked on the waters, just abreast
Of the galleon's course, which was west-souwest.

Then said the galleon's commandante,
General Pedro Sobriente
(That was his rank on land and main,
A regular custom of old Spain),
"My pilot is dead of scurvy: may
I ask the longitude, time, and day?"
The first two given and compared;
The third, — the commandante stared!

"The first of June? I make it second."
Said the stranger, "Then you've wrongly reckoned;
I make it first: as you came this way,
You should have lost — d'ye see — a day;
Lost a day, as plainly see,
On the hundred and eightieth degree."
"Lost a day?" "Yes: if not rude,

When did you make east longitude ? ”
“ On the ninth of May, — our patron’s day.”
“ On the ninth ? — you had no ninth of May !
Eighth and tenth was there ; but stay ” —
Too late ; for the galleon bore away.

Lost was the day they should have kept, —
Lost unheeded and lost unwept ;
Lost in a way that made search vain,
Lost in the trackless and boundless main ;
Lost like the day of Job’s awful curse,
In his third chapter, third and fourth verse.
Wrecked was their patron’s only day :
What would the holy fathers say ?

Said the Fray Antonio Estavan,
The galleon’s chaplain, — a learned man, —
“ Nothing is lost that you can regain ;
And the way to look for a thing is plain
To go where you lost it, back again.
Back with your galleon till you see
The hundred and eightieth degree.
Wait till the rolling year goes round,
And there will the missing day be found ;
For you ’ll find — if computation’s true —
That sailing east will give to you
Not only one ninth of May, but two, —
One for the good saint’s present cheer,
And one for the day we lost last year.”

Back to the spot sailed the galleon ;
Where, for a twelvemonth, off and on

The hundred and eightieth degree,
She rose and fell on a tropic sea;
But lo! when it came to the ninth of May,
All of a sudden becalmed she lay
One degree from that fatal spot,
Without the power to move a knot;
And of course the moment she lost her way,
Gone was her chance to save that day.

To cut a lengthening story short,
She never saved it. Made the sport
Of evil spirits and baffling wind,
She was always before or just behind, —
One day too soon, or one day too late;
And the sun, meanwhile, would never wait.
She had two eighths, as she idly lay,
Two tenths, but never a ninth of May.
And there she rides through two hundred years
Of dreary penance and anxious fears;
Yet through the grace of the saint she served
Captain and crew are still preserved.

By a computation that still holds good,
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,
The "San Gregorio" will cross that line
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, —
Just three hundred years to a day
From the time she lost the ninth of May.
And the folk in Acapulco town,
Over the waters, looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting sun

The sails of the missing galleon,
And the royal standard of Philip *Rey* ;
The gleaming mast and glistening spar,
As she nears the surf of the outer bar.
A *Te Deum* sung on her crowded deck,
An odor of spice along the shore,
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck, —
And the yearly galleon sails no more
In or out of the olden bay ;
For the blessed patron has found his day.

Such is the legend. Hear this truth :
Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint.
Each lost day has its patron saint !

Bret Harte.



Buena Vista.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward
far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
their souls!”
Who is losing? who is winning? — “Over hill and
over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the moun-
tain rain.”

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look
once more.
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena! “Ah! the smoke has
rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks
of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels.

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charg-
ing lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and foot
together fall ;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on !

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and
who has won ?

"Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe together
fall.

O'er the dying rush the living : pray, my sisters, for
them all !

"Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting : Blessed Mother,
save my brain !

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps
of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they fall,
and strive to rise ;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die be-
fore our eyes !

"O my heart's love ! O my dear one ! lay thy poor
head on my knee :

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou
hear me ? canst thou see ?

O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal, look
once more

On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! mercy ! all
is o'er !"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one
down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.
Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow
his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away
her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his strug-
gling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips
again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and
faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch be-
side her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" mur-
mured he, and died!

“ A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee
forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely,
in the North ! ”
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him
with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds
which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! “ Like a cloud before
the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind ;
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the dust the
wounded strive ;
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O thou Christ of God,
forgive ! ”

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains : let the cool,
gray shadows fall ;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over
all !
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon’s lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pur-
sued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care
they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle Love and Pity send
their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our
air!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SOLDIER OF BUENA VISTA.

'T WAS a fearful night when our little band
Camped far away in the Mexican land,
When the first faint light of our watch-fires rose,
In the midst of twenty thousand foes,
In the darkness of Buena Vista.

Oh, twice had risen the morning sun,
Since that fearful, hopeless fight begun,
And twice he had sunk in the blazing west,
And we still fought on, without food or rest,
The fight of Buena Vista.

But the night crept on, and its heavy shade
Brought a pause in the fearful cannonade,
And we watched, oh, a fearful watch we kept,

But we hoped — still hoped — for calmly slept
The soldier of Buena Vista.

We fought and bled till our work was done,
We have worn the meed our valor won ;
But alas, one by one, our comrades fall,
And soon in vain shall our country call
For a soldier of Buena Vista.

Henry Morford.

Cholula.

CHOLULA.

WHERE spreads Cholula's plain, beneath the eye
Of Nature's giants towering to the sky,
In mouldering pride, in solemn ruin, stands
That lordly pile, the "Mountain made by hands."
No Attic grace, no Asian pomp, are here ;
'Tis simply grand, and savagely severe :
Pacing along its base, or climbing slow
Its terraced sides, to scan the scene below,
We feel that Babel's tower could scarce surpass,
In rude wild majesty, this wondrous mass ;
That far Chaldæa's sons, or Egypt's kings,
Sent their bold genius here on spirit wings ;
For strange, between each nation, seems the tie
Of kindred creeds, of arts, and modes gone by ;
Each worshipped day's bright god, and watched afar

From lofty pyramids the midnight star;
Each with ambition burned vast tombs to raise,
Whose secret vaults should stand for endless days;
Yes, deep within this mount the Toltec laid
The bones of monarchs, now to dust decayed:
Primeval race! their story who shall show?
They built, they reigned, they died — is all we know.

Thrice holy temple! immemorial tomb!
Linked with strange fables, and with tales of gloom;
High on its summit stood the sacred cell,
Where, screened from sight, the god was wont to dwell:
Here the stoled priest invoked the powers of air,
His offering burned, and breathed a nation's prayer:
Here, while a paler beam each planet shed,
Mid shouts and music, human victims bled.
The sacred fire — that mystic symbol brought
Perchance from Persia's hills, by magi taught —
Here blazed forever, save that fearful night,
Each rolling age, when priesthood quenched its light,
And trembling thousands, with the vanished ray,
Deemed life would fail, and earth would pass away.

Man, ages, creeds, have melted from those plains;
Now o'er the giant structure quiet reigns.
Spring decks its mouldering sides with many a flower,
That courts the bee at morning's dewy hour.
Where frowned the Toltec's god, the Virgin now
Sheds her meek smile, and Christian votaries bow;
While, sadly sweet, the circling yew-trees wave,
And crosses deck the ancient Pagan's grave.

“Ave Maria!” evening’s balmy breeze
Wafts the soft prayer, like music, through the trees;
Mid golden clouds, his curtained couch of sleep,
The sun o’erhangs the vast Pacific deep,
Gilds the far isles that tropic glories bear,
And charms to rest each storm-fiend brooding there.
“Ave Maria!” mountain, plain, and shore
Hear the loud gong, the crowd’s mad shout no more;
Soft as an angel’s sigh, the bell’s low sound
Steals from yon tower, and floats in whispers round.
Day smiles in death, and throws a crimson streak,
Like Beauty’s blush, along each snowy peak;
E’en Orizaba’s fires ascend on high,
The lurid flames turned roses in the sky.
Mild are the rites, and gentle is the creed,
Thus doomed red Moloch’s worship to succeed;
Eve’s purple charm, the music of the hour,
Pour on the soul their soft dissolving power,
Melt the full heart, and waft the thoughts above,
On wings of warm devotion, hope, and love.

Nicholas Michell.



Mexico, the City.

MEXICO.

FROM early morning till the midnight hour
We travelled in the mountains; then a plain
Opened below, and rose upon the sight,
Like boundless ocean from a hill-top seen.

A beautiful and populous plain it was ;
Fair woods were there, and fertilizing streams,
And pastures spreading wide, and villages
In fruitful groves embowered, and stately towns,
And many a single dwelling specking it,
As though for many a year the land had been
The land of peace. Below us, where the base
Of the great mountain to the level sloped,
A broad blue lake extended far and wide
Its waters, dark beneath the light of noon.
There Aztlan stood upon the farther shore :
Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose,
Their level roofs with turrets set around,
And battlements all burnished white, which shone
Like silver in the sunshine. I beheld
The imperial city, her far-circling walls,
Her garden groves and stately palaces,
Her temple's mountain-size, her thousand roofs ;
And when I saw her might and majesty
My mind misgave me then.

We reached the shore :

A floating islet waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my feet
Upon green-growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embowered in odorous shrubs : four long light boats
Yoked to the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake.

Robert Southey.

MEXICO.

THOU art beautiful,
Queen of the Valley ! thou art beautiful !
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun ;
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise,
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan ! O City of the Cymbric Prince !
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty, long
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem ! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley !

Robert Southey.

Micoat.

MICOAT.

BUT long ere these fair realms to Cortes bowed,
Or reigned the Aztec, rose the structures proud
Which, more than tomb or temple, form a chain
That links the land to climes beyond the main.

Ah! many a secret of old days lies hid
Beneath the ruined moss-clad pyramid!
On Micoat's plain two stately piles are seen,
Sacred to day's grand orb and night's fair queen,
While north and south less towering structures sweep,
Where chiefs, perchance, and lowlier subjects sleep:
So on far Nubia's waste, on Gizeh's sand,
Small cone-shaped tombs around the mightier stand.
In Tajin's woods where wanderers rare intrude,
A hunter train the wild red deer pursued;
With hound, and echoing tube, they onward press,
But start to see a form of loveliness;
Above the forest, flame-like, springs in air
A graceful tower, like some bright vision there;
From rich-carved base to apex-stone they trace
Egypt's vast strength and Græcia's matchless grace;
Huge blocks, that well might task man's power and skill
To move their bulk, on blocks ascending still!
The pensile flower from every crevice peeps,
Up its fair sides the pale gray lichen creeps.
Some faun or wood-nymph, hovering round the spot,
Hath surely watched this pile, by man forgot,
And, through revolving ages, charmed away
The scythe of Time, the spectre of Decay.

Nicholas Michell.

Monterey.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave

Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say:
“Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!”

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
Firm was his step, erect his head;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said:
“Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!”

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!

And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"

Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;

Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,

Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
"Oh, kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,

Victor Galbraith!
His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!

Through the mist of the valley damp and gray
 The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
 " That is the wraith
 Of Victor Galbraith ! "

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Orizaba.

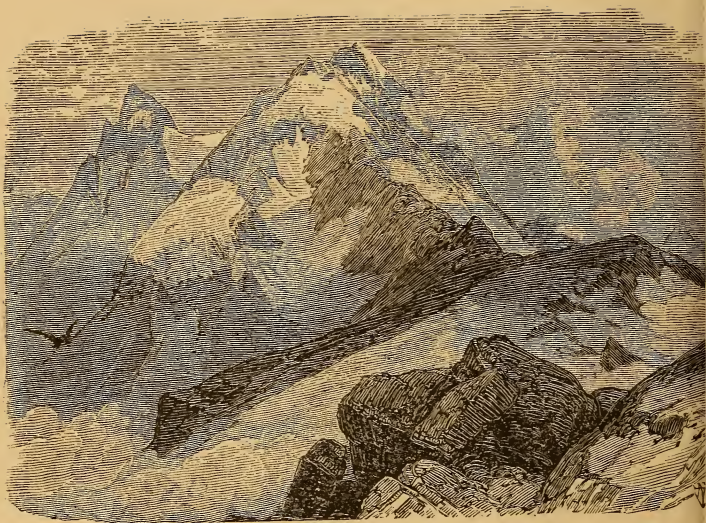
ORIZABA.

I.

I SAW thee, Orizaba, in my youth,
 Morn after morn,
 When shot and shell bore death, and future ruth
 To many a home forlorn.
 And, after War's revolting face
 Faded before *el Norte* blast,
 Ofttimes I hied me to thy mountain-base,
 And, seated near thy swarthy village, framed
 Some verses of a legend, — which I lost,
 Drifting from place to place ;
 But now, from their dark lumber-nook reclaimed,
 Upon the world's wide ocean they are cast.

II.

A slave in ancient Mexico
 Tended a princess through the woods.
 Rain suddenly rushed down in floods,
 Till wind and darkness ruled below.
 Into some wild-beasts' cave the slave conveyed



“ The palpitating silver snow
Glitters, then seems to blush and burn.” See page 147.

His fainting charge, and soothed her wild affright;
Tore down great boughs to screen the royal maid,
And at her feet sat watchful through the night.
At dawn the tempest lulled, and cleared away:
They issued forth, and saw the first red ray
On Orizaba's snows, above the cloud-racks gray.

III.

They mark the crimsoning sunrise tinge
The clouds above that mountain peak, —
Like strong blood flushing passion's cheek, —
Then take, below, a yeasty fringe,
Which opens out in many a streak
Of coming light and radiant smiles, —
An ocean-sky, with lovely isles,
Where silent billows flow, and break.

IV.

They watch the peak's clear outline glow!
The clouds with hope's new birthday yearn!
The palpitating silver snow
Glitters, then seems to blush and burn,
And snatch a robe of gleaming gold,
Its swelling bosom to enfold.
That virgin gold took fire before the rise
Of Orizaba's sun, — whose wheel-spokes hurled
Beams that made heaven a furnace of all dyes,
Till life's sustainer burst upon the world!
The slave and princess towards each other pressed, —
Each face was glorified, — each soul confessed!
"I love thee!" cried the slave, — and from that hour
was blest.

Richard Hengist Horne.

Palenque.

PALENQUE.

UNLIKE Copan, yet buried, too, mid trees,
Upspringing there for sunless centuries,
Behold a royal city ! vast and lone,
Lost to each race, — to all the world unknown ;
Like famed Pompeii, 'neath her lava bed,
Till chance unveiled the "City of the Dead."
Palenque ! — dark seat of kings ! — as o'er the plain,
Clothed with thick copse, the traveller toils with pain,
Climbs the rude mound the shadowy scene to trace,
He views in mute surprise thy desert grace.
At every step some palace meets his eye,
Some figure frowns, some temple courts the sky.
It seems as if that hour the verdurous earth,
By genii struck, had given these fabrics birth,
Save that old Time hath flung his darkening pall
On each tree-shaded tower and pictured wall.

The royal palace decks its stately mound,
Girt by wild shrubs, by waving thistles crowned ;
But strength still breathes throughout the lordly pile,
And lingering beauty sheds a mournful smile.
We walk the rooms where kings and princes met,
Frown on the walls their sculptured portraits yet ;
Strange their costume, — ye see no native face,
Lip, brow, and hue bespeak an Ethiop race.
The square stone portals, smooth and glittering floors,

The spacious courts, and sounding corridors,
The picture-writing earliest races learn,
The giant figures, mournful, calm, and stern,—
All point to climes beyond the Eastern sea,
Egypt's old shores, or, far Cathay! to thee:
How the bold ancients crossed the watery way,
By star or needle, 't is not ours to say;
Enough we meet their gorgeous buildings here,
Their picture-art, and creeds of gloom and fear.

Lo! o'er the dense black mass of giant trees
The moon upsprings, and sighs the midnight breeze;
Now looks Palenque — on ruin, ruin piled —
August, yet spectral, — beautiful, yet wild:
The tower, just peering through the foliage green,
Bathed in the beams, a silvery point is seen;
The moss-grown palace, temple dark and still,
The shattered pillar thrown across the rill;
The firefly, darting through the forest shade,
The owl's gray eyes that glare within the glade;
The spells of silence on all earth that lie,
Naught but the cold moon moving in the sky, —
No sight like this may other ruins show;
They wake to wonder, while they melt to woe,
And seem to breathe one voice, — that voice the
knell

Of races gone, whose history none may tell.

Nicholas Michell.

Popocatepetl, the Mountain.

POPOCATEPETL.

PALE peak, afar
Gilds thy white pinnacle a single star,
While sharply on the deep blue sky thy snows
In deathlike calm repose.

The nightingale
Through Mira Flores bowers repeats her tale,
And every rose its perfumed censer swings
With vesper offerings.

But not for thee,
Diademed king, this love-born minstrelsy,
Nor yet the tropic gales that gently blow
Through these blessed vales below.

*

*

*

Deep in thy heart
Burn on vast fires, struggling to rend apart
Their prison walls, and then in wrath be hurled
Blazing upon the world.

In vain conspire
Against thy majesty tempests and fire;
The elemental wars of madness born,
Serene, thou laugh'st to scorn.

Calm art thou now
As when the Aztec, on thine awful brow,

Gazed on some eve like this from Chalco's shore,
Where lives his name no more.

And thou hast seen
Glitter in dark defiles the ominous sheen
Of lances, and hast heard the battle-cry
Of Castile's chivalry.

And yet again
Hast seen strange banners steering o'er the main,
When from his eyrie soared to conquest forth
The eagle of the North.

Yet at thy feet,
While rolling on, the tides of empire beat,
Thou art, O mountain, on thy world-piled throne,
Of all, unchanged alone.

Type of a power
Supreme, thy solemn silence at this hour
Speaks to the nations of the Almighty Word
Which at thy birth was stirred.

Prophet sublime !
Wide on the morning's wings will float the chime
Of martial horns ; yet mid the din thy spell
Shall sway me still, — farewell.

William H. Lytle.

Queretaro.

MAXIMILIAN.

NOT with a craven spirit he
Submitted to the harsh decree
That bade him die before his time,
Cut off in manhood's golden prime, —
Poor Maximilian!

And some who marked his noble mien,
His dauntless heart, his soul serene,
Have deemed they saw a martyr die,
And chorused forth the solemn cry,
“Great Maximilian!”

Alas! Ambition was his sin;
He staked his life a throne to win;
Counted amiss the fearful cost
(As chiefs have done before), — and lost!
Rash Maximilian!

'T is not the victim's tragic fate,
Nor calm endurance, makes him great;
Mere lust of empire and renown
Can never claim the martyr's crown,
Brave Maximilian!

Alas! it fell, that, in thy aim
To win a sovereign's power and fame,

•

Thy better nature lost its force,
And royal crimes disgraced thy course,
King Maximilian!

Alas ! what ground for mercy's plea
In his behalf, whose fell decree
Gave soldiers unto felons' graves,
And freemen to the doom of slaves, —
Fierce Maximilian ?

I loathe the rude, barbaric wrath
That slew thee in thy venturous path;
But "they who take," thus saith the Lord,
"Shall also perish by the sword,"
Doomed Maximilian!

But, when I think upon the scene,—
Thy fearful fate, thy wretched queen,—
And mark how bravely thou didst die,
I breathe again the pitying sigh,
“Poor Maximilian!”
John Godfrey Saxe.

MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO.

THE scion of immemorial lines,
 August with histories hoary,
 Whose grand, imperial heirship shines
 With the starriest names of story, —
 Stands doomed to die:—and the grenadiers
 In serried and silent column,

Their pitiless eyes half hazed with tears,
Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young Emperor lifts his brow, —
It never has shown so regal;
Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
No blazing coronet binds his head,
No ermined purple is round him;
But his manhood's majesty instead
With royaller rank has crowned him.

An instant's space he is caught away
To Schönbrunn's peaceful bowers;
There's a lightning-dazzle of boyhood's day;
Vienna's glittering towers
Flash back with a mocking, blinding glare;
To barter such princely splendor,
For wrecked ambition and stark despair,
Betrayal and base surrender!

Wild, infinite, taunting memories thrill
His soul to its molten centre;
Remorses that madden him clamor still,
But he will not let them enter.
The grovelling traffic of time all done,
He would have the temple lonely,
Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
Aglow with a light elysian,

The mullioned windows of Miramar
 Loom out on his tortured vision :
 He looks on its gray abeles again ;
 He is threading its pleachèd alleys ;
 He is guiding his darling's slackened rein,
 As they scour the dimpled valleys.

He can gaze his last on the earth and sky, —
 Step forth to his doom, nor shiver, —
 Eternity front his steadfast eye,
 And never a muscle quiver :
 But love's heart-rackings, despairs, and tears
 Wrench the fixt lips asunder ;
 "My poor Carlotta !" — Now, grenadiers,
 Your volley may belch its thunder !

Margaret Junkin Preston.



Rio Grande (Rio Bravo) del Norte.

RIO GRANDE DEL NORTE.

At length we came
 Where the great river, amid shoals and banks
 And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,
 Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
 Rushed to the main. The gale was strong ; and safe,
 Amid the uproar of conflicting tides,
 Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as broad
 And turbid, when it leaves the Land of Hills,

Old Severn rolls ; but banks so fair as these
 Old Severn views not in his Land of Hills,
 Nor even where his turbid waters swell
 And sully the salt sea.

So we sailed on
 By shores now covered with impervious woods,
 Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
 And now through vales where earth profusely poured
 Her treasures, gathered from the first of days.
 Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
 By wonder from their lethargy of life
 Awakened ; then again we voyaged on
 Through tracts all desolate, for days and days,
 League after league, one green and fertile mead,
 That fed a thousand herds.

A different scene
 Rose on our view, of mount on mountain piled,
 Which when I see again in memory,
 Star-gazing Idris's stupendous seat
 Seems dwarfed, and Snowdon with its eagle haunts
 Shrinks, and is dwindled like a Saxon hill.

Robert Southey.

RIO BRAVO.

RIO Bravo! Rio Bravo!
 Saw men ever such a sight,
 Since the field of Roncesvalles
 Sealed the fate of many a knight?

Dark is Palo Alto's story,
 Sad Resaca Palma's rout;

On those fatal fields so gory
Many a gallant life went out.

There our best and bravest lances,
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couched them
'Neath the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo ! Rio Bravo !
Minstrel ne'er knew such a fight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.

Rio Bravo, fatal river!
Saw ye not, while red with gore,
Torrejon all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore ?

Heard you not the wounded coursers,
Shrieking on your trampled banks,
As the Northern winged artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks ?

There Arista, best and bravest, -
There Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lavest,
Nobly did all men could do.

Vainly there those heroes rally,
Castile on Montezuma's shore.
"Rio Bravo" — "Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Weepest thou, lorn lady Inez,
For thy lover mid the slain?
Brave La Vega's trenchant falchion
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega, who, all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his sabre only,
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted
Sleep beneath that sullen wave;
Rio Bravo! thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came, those Northern horsemen,
On like eagles toward the sun;
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

Oh for Orlando's horn to rally
His Paladins on that sad shore!
"Rio Bravo" — "Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Tuloom, Yucatan.

TULOOM.

"THE figure of the human hand is used by the North American Indians to denote supplication to the Deity or Great Spirit; and it stands in the system of picture-writing as the symbol for strength, power, or mastery, thus derived." — SCHOOLCRAFT.

ON the coast of Yucatan,
As untenanted of man,
As a castle under ban
By a doom
For the deeds of bloody hours, —
Overgrown with tropic bowers,
Stand the teocallis towers
Of Tuloom.

One of these is fair to sight,
Where it pinnacles a height;
And the breakers blossom white,
As they boom
And split beneath the walls,
And an ocean murmur falls
Through the melancholy halls
Of Tuloom.

On the summit, as you stand,
All the ocean and the land
Stretch away on either hand,
But the plume

Of the palm is overhead,
And the grass, beneath your tread,
Is the monumental bed
Of Tuloom.

All the grandeur of the woods,
And the greatness of the floods,
And the sky that overbroods,
Dress a tomb,
Where the stucco drops away,
And the bat avoids the day,
In the chambers of decay
In Tuloom.

They are battlements of death :
When the breezes hold their breath,
Down a hundred feet beneath,
In the flume
Of the sea, as still as glass,
You can see the fishes pass
By the promontory mass
Of Tuloom.

Towards the forest is displayed,
On the terrace, a façade
With devices overlaid ;
And the bloom
Of the vine of sculpture, led
O'er the soffit overhead,
Was a fancy of the dead
Of Tuloom.

Here are corridors, and there,
From the terrace, goes a stair;
And the way is broad and fair
 To the room
Where the inner altar stands;
And the mortar's tempered sands
Bear the print of human hands,
 In Tuloom.

O'er the sunny ocean swell,
The canóas running well
Towards the isle of Cozumel
 Cleave the spume;
On they run, and never halt
Where the shimmer, from the salt,
Makes a twinkle in the vault
 Of Tuloom.

When the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
 Cuts the gloom, —
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light
 O'er Tuloom.

Oh ! could such a flash recall
All the flamens to their hall,
All the idols on the wall,
 In the fume

Of the Indian sacrifice, —
All the lifted hands and eyes,
All the laughters and the cries
Of Tuloom, —

All the kings in feathered pride,
All the people, like a tide,
And the voices of the bride
And the groom !—
But, alas ! the prickly pear,
And the owlets of the air,
And the lizards, make a lair
Of Tuloom.

We are tenants on the strand
Of the same mysterious land.
Must the shores that we command
Reassume
Their primeval forest hum,
And the future pilgrim come
Unto monuments as dumb
As Tuloom?

'Tis a secret of the clime,
And a mystery sublime,
Too obscure, in coming time,
To presume ;
But the snake amid the grass
Hisses at us as we pass,
And we sigh, alas ! alas !
In Tuloom.

E. W. Ellsworth.

Uxmal, Yucatan.

CONTEMPLATION ON THE UXMAL RUINS.

APPROACH and pause, — there is a feeling here
That stifles words and half provokes a tear;
That comes abroad with wonder overcast,
And coldly points to a mysterious past;
Like to some jewels rare whose each bright face
Doth mock the poor dead fingers they encase,
Or dungeon's gloom that here and there hath won
A stream of light from some far-distant sun, —
So these strewn fragments pour their pregnant rays,
And speak of distant worlds and mightier days,
Of vast conditions with their human seas,
Of golden cities and voluptuous ease,
When was the pile that now such sadness wings
The awe of peoples and the pride of kings.

And such the fall that even nations know,
The gilt of thrones at best a fleeting show;
Thus Life and Death by Time are borne along,
Reactions each of Virtue and of Wrong;
Pause then and weep, — the place is all a grave,
The sepulchre of sovereign and of slave;
Here pride and state resolve to humble dust,
The toys and tools of luxury and lust,
And power that erst could dazzle and dethrone
Resigns its sceptre to a crumbling stone.

Is this the finis then of human might,
 And this the fall from man's remotest height,
 Proud man who loves his filmy waifs to flaunt,
 Replete with his own littleness and want?
 Approach, vain god, and scan this empty scroll!
 And earthiness behold thy earthy goal,
 The consummation of a common lot,
 Alike dismembered — and alike forgot.

Ah, this is not the all of human strife,
 'Tis but a page and not the book of life!
 O God of Law!, we bless thee for the text
 That makes this world a preface to the next!
 A pilgrimage of one short day and night,
 An infant school, a fledgling's trial flight,
 Where Sense can catch a taste of Heaven's sea,
 And Mind a glimmer of the vast to be,
 Yet store each deed and thought from very birth
 In the great garner of immortal worth.

V. Voldo.

UXMAL.

THE seas are passed Columbus ploughed of yore,
 A course he deemed no pilot traced before;
 And gales blow fragrance from those Indian Isles,
 Where luxury dwells, and soft allurements smiles;
 Yet, spite of fruits that bloom, and flowers that wave,
 There fell Disease in mockery digs her grave.
 Across the gulf tall vessels steer their way,
 Or court the breezes down Honduras' bay;
 Like clouds of snow, the restless feathered flocks

Skim the blue surge, or settle on the rocks.
The white man's axe in yon deep forest sounds,
Up the green steep the buskined hunter bounds.
Peace smiles on Yucatan, and Autumn throws
O'er wood and waste her richness and repose ;
The trees' deep brown, the lemon's amber hue,
The bloomy grape that never culture knew,
The golden gourd, the sugar-dropping cane,
The watered valley, and the boundless plain, —
Such are the sights this lonely tract displays,
That soothe the spirit while they charm the gaze.

World ! wrongly called the New — this clime was old
When first the Spaniard came, in search of gold.
Age after age its shadowy wings had spread,
And man was born, and gathered to the dead ;
Cities arose, ruled, dwindled to decay,
Empires were formed, then darkly swept away :
Race followed race, like cloud-shades o'er the field,
The stranger still to strangers doomed to yield.
The last grand line that swayed these hills and waves,
Like Israel, wandered long mid wilds and caves,
Then, settling in their Canaan, cities reared,
Fair science wooed, a milder God revered,
Till to invading Europe bowed their pride,
And pomp, art, power, with Montezuma died.

The dense wild wood that hid the royal seat,
The lofty palms that choked the winding street,
Man's hand hath felled, and now, in day's fair light,
Uxmal's broad ruins burst upon the sight.

City! whose date, whose builders are unknown,
Gracing the wild, mysterious and alone,
Unchronicled thy name on History's page,
No legend left our fancies to engage;
Gazing around, we task the busy brain,
And who thy dwellers were, demand in vain:
The painted snakes that gleam on yonder wall,
The Hivites' worship haply might recall,
When, driven by Israel from their fatherland,
They steered the seas, and sought some Western strand.
That house, where burned the sacred fire, may tell
Of Eastern climes, where Magi wove their spell;
While the tall pyramid, with temple crowned,
And sculptured forms with flowing girdles bound,
Speak of the Nile, — vain dreams! the mind is lost,
And on a shoreless sea of fancies tost.

Yet Uxmal's ruins no dark aspect wear,
Beauty and grace with Time are struggling there.
The smooth stone palace rears its front of white,
Its checkered floors, broad courts, are bathed in light;
Flowers deck the pyramid's high mouldering side, —
On many a wall the aloe lifts its pride;
Fluttering in air, or glittering on some tomb,
The bird of monarchs spreads its purple plume.
So sweetly sad, so silently serene,
The shades of ancients well might haunt the scene,
Or elves by moonlight hold their revels here,
Play with the beams, and drink the violet's tear;
Dance round the rose, or climb the lily's stem,
Deeming that shadowy city built for them.

Nicholas Michell.



CENTRAL AMERICA.

Copan, Guatemala.

COPAN.

PASS we yon wilds where Ruin sternly lowers,
And covering roofs of shrines and lofty towers,
Ages have heaped the soil, till spreading trees
Have rooted there, and murmur to the breeze.
Southward we press, where, screened from noontide's
beam,
Flows through dense woods Copan's pellucid stream;
Here their rich blooms the cassia's stems unfold,
And parrots spread their wings of green and gold.
This wooded landscape, picturesque and wild,
Might charm the breast of Nature's fervid child, —
A desert of all beauteous things, — bees, flowers,
Fruits on the boughs, and odors in the bowers;
The green leaves whispering, as by spirits stirred,
The mellow note from some gay-plumaged bird;
Paths rarely trod by man, — the sparry cave,
The trees that bend to sip the glassy wave, —
All form a Paradise where Love might dwell,
And glowing Fancy weave her brightest spell.

What shines through yonder glades? approach with
awe,

A scene like this the Old World never saw.
City of shrines! the sainted and the blest!
Dark home of priests, the Mecca of the West!
As starting through the forest's tangled maze,
Thy countless pillars meet the wondering gaze,
Some crushed by trees, and some by lightning riven,
These prostrate laid, those looking still to heaven,
Each carved with forms whose meaning none may
know,

Each looking on its altar spread below,
We scarce feel pleasure, but a shrinking fear,
As borne by demons to some darker sphere,
And these were works of foul and hellish pride,
Where ghouls might dwell, and pale-eyed phantoms
glide.

Then, too, the lines of Death's heads glistening white,
Marking each ancient tomb's long-mouldered site,
Chill while we gaze, and tell how stern were those
Who bade their fathers in such graves repose.
Yes, o'er Copan drear Mystery spreads its veil;
What was its worship? — ask the sighing gale!
Ask of those crumbling altars moss-o'ergrown,
Those dim carved shapes, — those idol blocks of stone!
Naught do they answer; darkness still must reign
Above the trackless wood and solemn plain.

Nicholas Michell.

COPAN.

FAR in the wildest quinine wood
We found a city old, — so old,
Its very walls were turned to mould,
And stately trees upon them stood.
No history has mentioned it,
No map has given it a place ;
The last dim trace of tribe and race, —
The world's forgetfulness is fit.

It held one structure grand and mossed,
Mighty as any castle sung,
And old when oldest Ind was young,
With threshold Christian never crossed ;
A temple builded to the sun,
Along whose sombre altar-stone
Brown bleeding virgins had been strown
Like leaves, when leaves are crisp and dun,
In ages ere the Sphinx was born,
Or Babylon had birth or morn.

Joaquin Miller.

COPAN.

OR more remote in forests of Copan
Are ancient sites of ruined, stone-built cities,
Where tumbling walls and statues yet well-poised,
Or fallen half buried in the rank, black soil,

Greet with mysterious mockery every eye
That looks upon their marble solitude;
While each grim figure with time-mouldered lines
Seems striving still to tell its marvellous tale.

Robert Leighton.

Nicaragua.

IN NICARAGUA.

HOW wound we through the solid wood,
With all its broad boughs hung in green,
With lichen-mosses trailed between!
How waked the spotted beasts of prey,
Deep sleeping from the face of day,
And dashed them like a troubled flood
Down some defile and denser wood!

And snakes, long, lithe, and beautiful
As green and graceful-boughed bamboo,
Did twist and twine them through and through
The boughs that hung red-fruited full.
One, monster-sized, above me hung,
Close eyed me with his bright pink eyes,
Then raised his folds, and swayed and swung,
And licked like lightning his red tongue,
Then oped his wide mouth with surprise;
He writhed and curved, and raised and lowered
His folds like liftings of the tide,

And sank so low I touched his side,
As I rode by, with my broad sword.

The trees shook hands high overhead,
And bowed and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
Through all the canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,
Or sang low-hanging overhead,—
Sang low, as if they sang and slept,
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though nuts that in the way were spread
Did crush and crackle as we stept.

Wild lilies, tall as maidens are,
As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,
As fair as faith, as pure as truth,
Fell thick before our every tread,
As in a sacrifice to ruth,
And all the air with perfume filled
More sweet than ever man distilled.
The ripened fruit a fragrance shed
And hung in hand-reach overhead,
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
The bending shoot that bore the fruit.

How ran the monkeys through the leaves!
How rushed they through, brown-clad and blue,
Like shuttles hurried through and through
The threads a hasty weaver weaves!

How quick they cast us fruits of gold,
Then loosened hand and all foothold,
And hung limp, limber, as if dead,
Hung low and listless overhead;
And all the time, with half-oped eyes
Bent full on us in mute surprise, —
Looked wisely too, as wise hens do
That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through from blossomed trees
There came the sweet song of sweet bees,
With chorus-tones of cockatoo
That slid his beak along the bough,
And walked and talked and hung and swung,
In crown of gold and coat of blue,
The wisest fool that ever sung,
Or had a crown, or held a tongue.

Oh, when we broke the sombre wood
And pierced at last the sunny plain,
How wild and still with wonder stood
The proud mustangs with bannered mane,
And necks that never knew a rein,
And nostrils lifted high, and blown,
Fierce breathing as a hurricane:
Yet by their leader held the while

In solid column, square, and file,
And ranks more martial than our own!

Some one above the common kind,
Some one to look to, lean upon,
I think is much a woman's mind;
But it was mine, and I had drawn
A rein beside the chief while we
Rode through the forest leisurely;
When he grew kind and questioned me
Of kindred, home, and home affair,
Of how I came to wander there,
And had my father herds and land
And men in hundreds at command?
At which I silent shook my head,
Then, timid, met his eyes and said,
"Not so. Where sunny foot-hills run
Down to the North Pacific sea,
And Willamette meets the sun
In many angles, patiently
My father tends his flocks of snow,
And turns alone the mellow sod,
And sows some fields not over broad,
And mourns my long delay in vain,
Nor bids one serve-man come or go;
While mother from her wheel or churn,
And may be from the milking shed,
There lifts an humble weary head
To watch and wish for my return
Across the camas' blossomed plain."

He held his bent head very low,
A sudden sadness in his air ;
Then turned and touched my yellow hair
And took the long locks in his hand,
Toyed with them, smiled, and let them go,
Then thrummed about his saddle-bow
As thought ran swift across his face ;
Then turning sudden from his place,
He gave some short and quick command.
They brought the best steed of the band;
They swung a bright sword at my side,
He bade me mount and by him ride,
And from that hour to the end
I never felt the need of friend.

Joaquin Miller.

WALKER'S GRAVE.

I LAY this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad, sweet memories
Recalled here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong ;
I wake no rivalry of song.

He lies low in the levelled sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide ;

A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low sad song of tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.
In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy lipped and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,

And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more :
I turned me down the olive shore,
And set a sad face to the sea.

Joaquin Miller.



SOUTH AMERICA.



INTRODUCTORY.



SOUTH AMERICA.

WHEN o'er the Atlantic wild, rocked by the blast,
Sad Lusitania's exiled sovereign passed,
Reft of her pomp, from her paternal throne
Cast forth, and wandering to a clime unknown,
To seek a refuge on that distant shore,
That once her country's legions dyed with gore; —
Sudden, methought, high towering o'er the flood,
Hesperian world! thy mighty genius stood;
Where spread, from cape to cape, from bay to bay,
Serenely blue, the vast Pacific lay;
And the huge Cordilleras to the skies
With all their burning summits seemed to rise.

Then the stern spirit spoke, and to his voice
The waves and woods replied: Mountains, rejoice!
Thou solitary sea, whose billows sweep
The margin of my forests, dark and deep,
Rejoice! the hour is come: the mortal blow,

That smote the golden shrines of Mexico,
In Europe is avenged; and thou, proud Spain,
Now hostile hosts insult thy own domain;
Now Fate, vindictive, rolls, with reflux flood,
Back on thy shores the tide of human blood,
Think of my murdered millions! of the cries
That once I heard from all my kingdoms rise;
Of Famine's feeble plaint, of Slavery's tear; —
Think, too, if Valor, Freedom, Fame, be dear,
How my Antarctic sons, undaunted, stood,
Exact'g groan for groan, and blood for blood;
And shouted, (may the sounds be hailed by thee!)
Tyrants, the virtuous and the brave are free!

William Lisle Bowles.

SOUTH AMERICA.

O LAND of wonders! full of all that's fair,
Sublime, and beautiful, in earth and air,
As thus, thou new-found world! from main to main,
We sweep, with Fancy's eye, vast hill and plain,
On every side still countless ruins start,
To trace whose grandeur mocks the poet's art.
From far Magellan's Straits to rich Peru,
Where Cuzco's palaces the desert strew;
Along the Andes piled, where modern man
Hath rarely climbed the awful scenes to scan;
From Amazon and Plata's sun-bright streams,
To Northern woods where scarcely daylight gleams;
Thence to the Western lakes, and mountain peaks,

Where, in his cloud-rocked home, the eagle shrieks ;
Relics of men unknown, and times of old,
Raising our awe, our wonder, we behold.
Mound, stately pyramid, and pictured wall,
That Asia's creed and Egypt's art recall ;
Embattled towers, with ivy-banners gay,
And shrines that reptiles halve with grim Decay ;
These nameless wrecks, to darkness long consigned,
Prompt to strange thought the curious, musing mind ;
When built ? and who their founders ? — patient lore
To solve the question fails, the task gives o'er ;
E'en daring Fancy scarce attempts to raise
The shadowy veil of long-departed days.

Nicholas Michell.

THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

WHEN fierce Pizarro's legions flew
O'er ravaged fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan ;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore ;
He broke his arrows, stamped the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
"What woes," he cried, "hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely rolled ;
Plunderers, proceed ! my bowels tear,

But ye shall meet destruction there;
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 The insatiate fiend, pale Avarice,
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
 I see all Europe's children cursed
 With lucre's universal thirst;
 The rage that sweeps my sons away,
 My baneful gold shall well repay."

Joseph Warton.

YERBA MATE.

AMID those marshy woodlands far and wide
 Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
 There grew on Empalado's southern side
 Groves of that tree whose leaves adust supply
 The Spaniards with their daily luxury;
 A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
 Through many a land of mines and slavery,
 Even over all La Plata's sea-like plains,
 And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

But better for the injured Indian race
 Had woods of manchineel the land o'erspread:
 Yea, in that tree so blest by Nature's grace
 A direr curse had they inherited,
 Than if the Upas there had reared its head
 And sent its baleful scions all around,
 Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed,
 In air and water, and the infected ground,
 All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill,
When for themselves in miserable hour,
The virtues of that leaf, with pure good-will,
They taught their unsuspected visitor,
New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain,
A fearless but inhuman conqueror,
Heart-hardened by the accursed lust of gain,
O fatal thirst of gold ! O foul reproach for Spain !

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains,
Their way through forests axe in hand they wrought;
Drenched from above by unremitting rains
They waded over inundated plains,
Forward by hope of plunder still allured ;
So they might one day count their golden gains,
They cared not at what cost of sin procured,
All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them ; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, — and wine and oil,
The treasures that repay contented toil
With health and weal ; treasures that with them bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assoil,
Nor with their venom arm the awakened sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

But keen of eye in their pursuit of gain
The conquerors looked for lucre in this tree :

An annual harvest there might they attain,
Without the cost of annual industry.
'T was but to gather in what there grew free
And share Potosi's wealth. Nor thence alone.
But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
From all that once the Incas called their own,
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque's laws were
known.

For this, in fact though not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to find a grave
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn,
No friend at hand to succor or to mourn,
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.
O miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet when we look beyond this world's unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the opprest.

Robert Southey.



SOUTH AMERICA

Amazon, the River (Orellana).

THE RIVER AMAZON.

IN roaring cataracts down Andes' channelled steep
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff, he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bower,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power.

Joseph Warton.

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

IN that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost soul!"

"No, Señor, not a bird. I know it well, —
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursèd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen round,
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence, which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and
ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?"

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Andes, the Mountains.

THE ANDES.

BEYOND the misty main
The weary eye scarce wanders, when behold
Plata, through vaster territory poured;
And Andes, sweeping the horizon's tract,
Mightiest of mountains! whose eternal snows

Feel not the nearer sun ; whose umbrage chills
The murmuring ocean ; whose volcanic fires
A thousand nations view, hung like the moon
High in the middle waste of heaven ; thy range,
Shading far off the Southern hemisphere,
A dusky file Titanic.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE VALLEY IN THE ANDES.

BENEATH aerial cliffs and glittering snows
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes : high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
A glen beneath, a lonely spot of rest,
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.

Summer was in its prime ; — the parrot-flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks ;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly, *
Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by ;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flowers,
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings, — and all beside is still.
And look ! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends ;



“Beneath the mountain’s glittering heads
A boundless ocean of gray vapor spreads.” See page 187.

Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here its gay network and fantastic twine
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, mid the cedar's darksome boughs, illumes,
With instant touch, the Lori's scarlet plumes.

William Lisle Bowles.

MORNING ON THE ANDES.

'T IS dawn ; — the distant Andes' rocky spires,
One after one, have caught the orient fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touched with momentary light.
Meantime, beneath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of gray vapor spreads,
That o'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves now, in clustered masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is displayed
In various pomp of color, light, and shade,
Hills, forests, rivers, lakes, and level plain
Lessening in sunshine to the southern main.
The llama's fleece fumes with ascending dew ;
The gem-like humming-birds their toils renew ;

And there, by the wild river's devious side,
 The tall flamingo, in its crimson pride,
 Stalks on, in richest plumage bright arrayed,
 With snowy neck superb, and legs of lengthening shade.

William Lisle Bowles.

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

TRaverse the oceans, seek for unknown strands;
 With great explorers ride through marvellous
 lands;

Walk with the poet where his kingdom lies, —
 A realm of light beneath enchanted skies;
 Between bright islands sail the spicy seas,
 Beside the mighty-hearted Genoese;
 Conquer with Cortes the barbaric states,
 And pass through El Dorado's golden gates;
 Shout with the great Balboa and his crew,
 What time a new sea sparkles into view;
 With Ponce de Leon seek the fabled stream
 Through flowery valleys brighter than his dream;
 But never any sight of new-found land
 Shall equal this, where we entrancèd stand,
 With dewy eyes and overflowing heart,
 Gazing from the exalted hill of Art!

This is not sorrowing Italy, nor these
 The storied windings of the Pyrenees,
 Nor are yon high and trackless realms of snow
 The over-travelled Alps, the guide-man's show!
 But these, in depth of equatorial green,

Are the fresh Cordilleras, where between
 Wander bewildering rivers, dancing down
 Their rocky terraces of golden brown,
 Clapping their watery hands. About the falls
 The trees are wreathed like happy bacchanals.
 Here blooms a world that fears nor cold nor drouth,
 The lavish luxury of the teeming South,
 The carnival of summer, far and near,
 In lands where summer lords it all the year;
 And over all, his Andean front aglow,
 Great Chimborazo sits, his throne of snow!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

Brazil.

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
 In blue Brazilian skies;
 And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
 From sunset to sunrise,
 From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
 Thy joy's long anthem pour.
 Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
 Shall shame thy pride no more.
 No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
 But all men shall walk free
 Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,
 Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light!" — Son of the South,
Lift up thy honored head,
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,
But safe shall justice prove;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes his statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure.
Lo! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar
Stretches to thee his hand,
Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,
Wrote freedom on his land.
And he whose grave is holy by our calm
And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm
To greet thee with "Well done!"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
Her promise half fulfilled.
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,

No sound thereof hath died ;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
And far the end may be ;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
Go out and leave thee free.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AGASSIZ IN BRAZIL.

THE crimson monads of the deep,
The flying-fish with fitful leap,
Assai palms of matchless grace,
The giant in the vine's embrace, —
These were his books while journeying on
To read the unknown Amazon.

Where birds and gorgeous insects flew
Mid tropic flowers of iris hue ;
In woods where fragrant myrtles crept
He saw where once the glacier swept ;
So nature's history grows clear
When masters of the race draw near.

To king and Indian, child and slave,
What rapture his sweet humor gave !
Oft when some truth, by patient toil,
He found confirmed in rock and soil,
From changing nature turned his gaze
To give the unchanging Maker praise.

Brazil, within thy breast are gems
 To glow in future diadems,
 But none can equal those he set
 In Science' burning coronet;
 Upon the world they gleam afar
 As brilliant as the evening star.

Fletcher Bates.



Buenos Ayres.

NATIONAL HYMN.

HARK! hear the sounds, the sounds that are swelling,

We are free! we are free! we are free!

Hark! hear you, our fetters are breaking!

On her throne noble Liberty see!

In the sight of the world has arisen

A nation glorious, rejoicing, and free,

Her fair brow with laurels encircled,

The proud lion of Spain at her knee.

Green forever be the laurels

Which our brows encircle high!

We've won them, we'll wear them with glory,

Let us swear, when we lose them, to die!"

The breast of each grim-visaged champion

Great Mars with fell rage does inspire;

With fury each brave heart is burning,

And glows with the heaven-kindled fire.

The earth with our firm tramp is shaking,
The Inca is roused in his grave,
For he feels that his children are waking
The proud name of their country to save !

From the mountains the war-cry is rising !
From the cities it echoes afar ;
The plains all around are resounding
With " Liberty, vengeance, and war ! "
The breast of the proud-hearted tyrants
Foul envy has touched with her gall,
And now, their red banner unfurling,
For battle and slaughter they call.

On Mexico now, and on Quito
The march of the tyrants we see,
Hear the wail of the blood-flowing cities,
Cochabamba, La Paz, Potosí !
See them now upon mourning Caraccas
Bring carnage and weeping and woe !
Now behold them, like tigers devouring
The nations their power has brought low !

On you now, O valiant Argentines,
The invader has come in his pride !
Your plains he is trampling, insulting,
And thinks o'er your glories to ride !
But soon on these bloodthirsty tigers
Our stout-hearted champions shall fall,
And vainly shall they be resisted
Who rallied at Liberty's call.

To arms the true-hearted Argentines
Are rushing with generous zeal;
Through the plains of the South is resounding
The trumpet's awakening peal!
The hosts of the Union are marching,
Buenos Ayres the van does maintain,
And the arms of our champions are tearing
The proud, cruel Lion of Spain!

San José, San Lorenzo, Suipacha,
Both Piedras, Salta, Tucuman,
And the tyrant's sure stronghold, Colonia,
And those in the Band Oriental,
Bear inscriptions eternal that tell us
"The Argentines here conquered their foe,
Here the cruel oppressor was vanquished,
And here his proud head was brought low!"

Now victory, on sun-lighted pinions,
Above us is soaring on high,
And the tyrant's base, cowardly minions
In fear from the battle-field fly!
His banners, his arms, now surrendered,
As Liberty's trophies we own,
And the nation, triumphant in glory,
Is crowding round Liberty's throne!

From pole to pole hear now resounding
The shrill-blowing trumpet of fame,
It tells and repeats to all nations
The sound of America's name!
Now, Liberty's throne in surrounding

Hear it ringing from mountain to sea!

"God save the Argentine Republic!"

"God prosper the land of the free!"

Green forever be the laurels

Which our brows encircle high!

We've won them, we'll wear them with glory,

Let us swear, when we lose them, to die!"

Don Vincente Lopez. Tr. H. Ware.



Colombia (New Granada).

BOLIVAR.

A DIRGE is wailing from the Gulf of storm-vexed
Mexico,

To where through Pampas' solitudes, the mighty rivers
flow;

The dark Sierras hear the sound, and from each moun-
tain rift,

Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful summits lift,

Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly upon heaven,

And Chimborazo's shattered peak the upper sky has
riven,—

From mount to mount, from wave to wave, a wild and
long lament,

A sob that shakes like her earthquakes the startled
continent!

A light dies out, a life is sped, — the hero's at whose
word
The nations started as from sleep, and girded on the
sword,
The victor of a hundred fields where blood was poured
like rain,
And Freedom's loosened avalanche hurled down the hosts
of Spain,
The eagle soul on Junin's slope who showed his shout-
ing men
A grander sight than Balboa saw from wave-washed
Darien,
As from the snows with battle red died out the sinking
sun,
And broad and vast beneath him lay a world for free-
dom won.

How died that victor? In the field with banners o'er
him thrown,
With trumpets in his failing ear, by charging squad-
rons blown,
With scattered foemen flying fast and fearfully before
him,
With shouts of triumph swelling round, and brave men
bending o'er him?
Not on his fields of victory, nor in his council hall,
The worn and sorrowing leader heard the inevitable call.
Alone he perished in the land he saved from Slavery's
ban,
Maligned and doubted and denied, a broken-hearted
man!

Now let the New World's banners droop above the
fallen chief,
And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be wet with tears
of grief! —
For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for friendship hatred
grown,
Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and priestly mass
atone? —
Better to leave unmourned the dead, than wrong men
while they live;
What if the strong man failed or erred, could not his
own forgive?
O people freed by him, repent above your hero's bier:
The sole resource of late remorse is now his tomb to
rear!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SWORD OF BOLIVAR.

WITH the steadfast stars above us,
And the molten stars below,
We sailed through the Southern midnight,
By the coast of Mexico.

Alone, on the desolate, dark-ringed,
Rolling and flashing sea,
A grim old Venezuelan
Kept the deck with me,

And talked to me of his country,
And the long Spanish war,

And told how a young Republic
Forged the sword of Bolivar.

Of no base mundane metal
Was the wondrous weapon made,
And in no earth-born fire
Was fashioned the sacred blade.

But that it might shine the symbol
Of law and light in the land,
Dropped down as a star from heaven,
To flame in a hero's hand,

And be to the world a portent
Of eternal might and right,
They chose for the steel a splinter
From a fallen aerolite.

Then a virgin forge they buildd
By the city, and kindled it
With flame from a shattered palm-tree,
Which the lightning's torch had lit, —

That no fire of earthly passion
Might taint the holy sword,
And no ancient error tarnish
The falchion of the Lord.

For Quito and New Granada
And Venezuela they pour
From three crucibles the dazzling
White meteoric ore.

In three ingots it is moulded,
And welded into one,
For an emblem of Colombia,
Bright daughter of the sun !

It is drawn on a virgin anvil,
It is heated and hammered and rolled,
It is shaped and tempered and burnished,
And set in a hilt of gold ;

For thus by the fire and the hammer
Of war a nation is built,
And ever the sword of its power
Is swayed by a golden hilt.

Then with pomp and oratory
The mustachioed señores brought
To the house of the Liberator
The weapon they had wrought ;

And they said, in their stately phrases,
“O mighty in peace and war !
No mortal blade we bring you,
But a flaming meteor.

“The sword of the Spaniard is broken,
And to you in its stead is given,
To lead and redeem a nation,
This ray of light from heaven.”

The gaunt-faced Liberator
From their hands the symbol took,

And waved it aloft in the sunlight,
With a high, heroic look;

And he called the saints to witness:
"May these lips turn into dust;
And this right hand fail, if ever
It prove recreant to its trust!

"Never the sigh of a bondman
Shall cloud this gleaming steel,
But only the foe and the traitor
Its vengeful edge shall feel.

"Never a tear of my country
Its purity shall stain,
Till into your hands, who gave it,
I render it again."

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Anonymous.

Corcovado, the Mountain, Brazil.

THE CORCOVADO.

OF T had I visited this splendid Bay,
Or River of January, so miscalled
By the old voyagers, who deemed that here
Some mighty stream, rivalling the Amazon,
Emptied its wealth of waters; oft my fancy
Had soared to the Sublime, scaling the heights
Around me, with all Beauty at its feet:
But I had been content, with bodily foot





“Through forests dense.” See page 201.

Planted upon no loftier pinnacle
Than the ship's deck, to gaze, not undelighted,
Upon this lucid harbor-sheet, embosomed
In its sweet zone of hills, so wild and lovely
That Nature seems, in her most frolic mood,
To have shaped out and richly pranked them forth,
Lavish of light and generous with her green.

Now, more aspiring, I have wearily toiled
Up the steep bed of mountain streams, beside
The gray-mossed aqueduct, through forests dense,
Shut from the wind but open to the sun,
With limbs grown languid and quick-panted breathing;
And I have reached the topmost crag which crowns
The Corcovado : its peculiar peak,
Seen from below, with one precipitous side,
Not all unlike a superincumbent billow
Walled up against the shore in act to break, —
So pausing "on the curl" forevermore.
But here, on its high summit all-commanding,
What view is mine? Alas! a blinding mist
Is all, which, swept from seaward by the breeze,
Foldeth the mountain in its white cloud-fleeces.
There is a heavy sound upon the wind,
Whether from over, under, or around,
A roaring like the noise of many waters,
A roll like thunders long reverberate,
Filling the wide air with sustained pealing.
As did Ixion, in the Grecian fable,
I have stretched forth my hand to clasp a goddess,
Seeking and yearning for the Beautiful

In its divinest essence, — and I meet
The embraces of a cloud ; — and angry Jove
Threatens with the loud thunder all the while !

The passing thought fleets with the passing cloud,
Which travels inland, riding on the wind, —
And, lo ! the blue Atlantic, breaking white
Upon the white-beached mainland and the islands,
With a long roll and a loud roar, — in chorus
Booming the mighty multitudinous Deep !
All lesser tumult heard not at this height,
I listen to the voice of sovereign Power ;
Power, the majestic, the unchainable,
The infinite and eternal Power of God !
Here speaks it ever. — But how solemnly
Is the primeval and enduring Force
Of all things stamped on these insensate cliffs !
There was a time, when, silent as they stand,
Hard now and steadfast, chaos rocked and raged,
And they, with fierce heat liquid, were upheaved
Into these forms fantastic : so convulsed
Was never Ocean in his stormiest hour.
The lapsing ages leave them as they are,
Revealing yet Earth's strong original frame,
But showing, too, how Strength is loved of Beauty,
Whose gentler spirit, like a younger Nature,
Doth, with caressing tendrils clasping it,
Make, as Love ever doth, its object lovely :
Hebe had bound, with rosy-taper fingers,
A chaplet thus on brows of Hercules :
So doth a childish sister love to sport

With a stern elder, dear to her withal:
The very rocks, the great rocks ramparting
The dusk ravines, are, by her summer breath,
Made gay, laughing out into lustrous flowers;
And all the massy tropical foliage
Glow, in her sunlight, of so glad a green
It welcometh the wanderer from the sea
With the warm welcome of a loved one's smile!

With Youth and Morning, from the smoking crater
Of dark Vesuvius, I have seen the sun
Rise diamond-clear upon thy rosy sea,
Thy mountain-islands and romantic shores,
O Naples, beautiful in boyish dreams!
Disparagement seems sacrilege to thee,
And thy domains, divine Parthenope!
Yet may the New World claim fair rivalry,
Her birthright, dowered by the Beautiful,
As here, with such exuberant natural charms
They need no other ornament, and ask
No interest borrowed from the storied past.
What though no monuments nor memories,
No mythic legend and no ethnic verse,
Haunt land and sea, and hallow all the air?
Lo! down this precipice I could drop the plummet
Into a bay surpassing Baia,
By Virgil lined with his Elysian Fields:
There, where its beauty nestles in the mountains,
Gardens are mapped beneath me, dark and rich
With bowers, wherein no Queen of old Romance
Hath woven enchantments and no antique Grace

Breathed sanctity, yet to whose bloomy shades
Dear Nature, visioned like Egeria,
Might come, though universal as the air,
And look into the heart of him who loved her
With a peculiar smile for him alone :
There, in the mountain-shadows glossy green,
Undimpled as the face of quiet thought,
Its waters scarcely crisp enough to mark
Their margin on the silver-sanded shore,
And the ear catches not their cadencing —
Sweet bay of Botofogo ! Far away,
Yon Organ Mountains, through whose pipes stupendous,
Shooting up miles into the cloudless ether,
Nature might swell eternal anthem-music
To the beneficent Heaven, — with what superb
Disdain would they o'erlook the Apennines !
Capri and Ischia, — what are they to these
Islands and towery isolations round me,
At once so picturesque and so imposing ?
Earth has no equal, glorious as thou art,
Sea of the Siren ! to this ocean-flood,
Rolled up among the mountains and the hills ;
Sweeping into deep coves with sheltering headlands,
With long curves of white beach and creamy foam ;
Its whole broad surface like a shield of silver, —
A noble shield, large as the giant-gods,
Who, climbing Heaven, piled Pelion upon Ossa,
Might have upheld ; a glittering shield, embossed
With massive emeralds ; such those linkèd hills
And lovely isles seem in their gem-like green.
Upon its bosom the tall thronging ships

Show like a fleet of their own boats at anchor ;
And, on its shores, the imperial capital
Of the Brazils is dwarfed so by the distance
It might beseem the court of Liliput,
A populous ant-hill metropolitan :
Yet scarce less spacious the still waters seem
Than when I viewed them from the ship or shore,
Though from this lofty rock o'erlooking them,
O'erlooking with the mountains — my compeers !

Yea, in the exaltation of my thought,
And actual elevation, these huge piles
Of senseless granite look like things of life,
And I am of them — they are my compeers !
I drink in something of the strong delight
Which plumes the eagle, drinking of the morning,
Ere, soaring upward from his rock-built eyrie,
He melts away, a star into the sunlight.
And I can fancy wingèd Mercury,
When, having stolen Jove's sceptre for a time,
He lords it from the top of high Olympus, —
The Universe beneath his feathered heel !

Long shall my sense of ampler being, long
This interfusion with sublimer things
And this perception of diviner power
Than oft are given us, live within my soul !
Long shall this grandeur live upon my eye,
When, with its imagery magnificent,
Its shadows broad and sunbright colorings,
The panorama shall have passed away !

William Gibson.

Gallo, the Island, Ecuador.

CROSSING THE LINE.

PIZARRO'S crimes of perfidy and blood,
So largely due to training, time, and race,
Obscure the brilliance of the hero still ;
Yet once, at least, immortally he stood,
Sublime in utterance, sublime in will,
While looking awful Peril in the face.

He calls his men, and at the leader's word,
Their presence answers quick, though sore depressed.
All further ventures would they now resign,
But lo ! Pizarro traces with his sword
Along drear Gallo's sand the telling line
From west to east, and thus his band addressed :—

“ On that side, comrades, toil and hunger wait,
Battle and death, — for some their lives must lose, —
On this side, truly, safety lies, — but ah !
On that, the glory of a splendid state,
On this but poverty and Panama.
Now, as becomes the brave Castilian, choose !

“ As for myself, I go towards the south ;
Let who will follow ” : and he passed that bound
Like Rubicon, enduring, though in sand !
Spurred by the doughty foot and daring mouth.

Then followed thirteen of his little band ;
The die was cast, — at length Peru was found !

When powers that serve thee, flag, since foiled so long,
Summon them, soul ! Draw what Pizarro drew ;
Point to that land of riches, this of lack ;
Speak as he spake, then cross the line as strong,
Leaving poor Panama behind thy back,
To find at last the glory of Peru !

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



Guiana.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IN 1617.

GUIANA'S opulence of bloom and fruit,
G Its clustering pyramids of solid rock,
Its cataracts' might and beauty of cascade,
Its glimpses of sierras meeting heaven,
The wonders of its forests and its streams, —
All these Sir Walter's eyes had looked upon
Full twenty years before. His vivid pen
Had pictured this great kingdom, far and fair,
When in his noon of power ; — this is his night.
There wait no more his queen's all-pardoning smiles,
But a dark sentence and a fatal frown,
Since promised gold he cannot win for James ;
If aught there be — safe in Spain's iron clutch,

No chance remains of wrenching it away.
The poor discoverer knows, alas ! too well
That gold alone can lengthen out the glow
Of life's fast narrowing day, — that gold alone
Can light the hard, cold face of Tyranny ;
Yet, lo ! gray, worn, and desolate, he turns —
With Disappointment only, and a crew
In whose foiled hearts is room for mutiny, —
With these alone — to launch for England's shore !
The faithful Kemys, whose unswerving love
Had shared the Tower and faced the fearful rack,
Pierced by his master's first word of reproach,
Had pierced himself straightway with blade and ball ;
So Raleigh's strongest friend was in the grave ;
So, too, his gallant son, just fallen in fight ;
Ay, and a third, for Hope is buried now !
The poet in him is not dead perhaps,
Nor lost the dear remembrance of his queen.
The royal water-lilies floating thick
Along the river-banks, may well recall
That other distant day when, homeward bound,
He thought, in passing these, what regal things
To give the regal woman that he served ;
Yet, in their beauty, oh ! how like they are
To his own youthful love, Elizabeth,
Who waits him now, an anxious, long-tried wife,
Whose full devotion will outlast his breath,
Yea, nine-and-twenty years, till hushed her own !
For her a living love beats at his heart,
But dark foreboding overshadows all,
Nor his, to-day, that signal valorous cheer

So soon to mark his exit from the earth.
 If all the alternations of his life
 Between his rise to power and fall therefrom
 Were noted, — all between the day when first
 He bowed his head in homage to the queen,
 And that wherein he bowed it on the block, —
 What fate in all the “History of the World” —
 Unfinished monument of prisoned years,
 Unfinished product of his splendid mind —
 Could stir the thought to deeper sympathy,
 To quicker sense of this world’s fickleness,
 Or of the great injustice of a king!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



Laguayra.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD FROM LAGUAYRA TO CARACCAS.

AT midnight we (my friends and I),
 Beneath a tranquil tropic sky,
 Bestrode our mules, and onward rode
 Behind the guide, who swiftly strode
 Up the dark mountain-side, while we
 With mingled jest and repartee,
 And jingling spurs, and swords, and bits,
 Made trial of our youthful wits.
 Ah! we were gay, for we were young,
 And care had never on us flung —
 But to my tale: the tranquil sky

Was thick o'erlaid with burning stars,
And oft the breeze that murmured by
Brought dreamy tones of soft guitars,
Until we sank in silence deep.
It was a night for thought, not sleep,
It was a night for song and love ;
The blazing planets shone above,
The Southern Cross was all ablaze, —
'Tis long since it then met my gaze ! —
Above us, whispering in the breeze ;
Were many strange, gigantic trees,
And in their shadow, deep and dark,
Slept many a pile of mouldering bones ;
For tales of murder fell and stark
Are told by monumental stones
Flung by the passer's hand, until
The place grows to a little hill.
Up through the shade we rode, nor spoke,
Till suddenly the morning broke.
Beneath we saw in purple shade
The mighty sea ; above displayed
A thousand gorgeous hues which met
In tints that I remember yet,
But which I may not paint, my skill,
Alas ! would but depict them ill ! —
E'en Claude has never given hints
On canvas of such splendid tints !
The mountains which ere dawn of day
I'd likened unto friars gray,
Gigantic friars clad in gray,
Now stood like kings wrapped in the fold

Of gorgeous clouds around them rolled,
Their lofty heads all crowned with gold.
And many a painted bird went by,
Strange to my unaccustomed eye,
Its plumage mimicking the sky.
O'er many a league and many a mile—
Crag, pinnacle, and lone defile—
All Nature woke, woke with a smile,
As though the morning's golden gleam
Had broken some enchanting dream,
Yet left its soft impression still
On lofty peak and dancing rill.

James Barron Hope.



Pampas, The.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE PAMPAS.

MORNING upon the lone and silent Pampas,
Those dewless plains of long and stirless grass
O'erarched by skies unshadowed by a cloud,
And all unbroken in their sea-like calm,
Except where, here and there, a parching palm
Uprears its barren stem, and marks to sight
Some space between the mingling earth and heaven,
Or musky odors of the arid ground
Thicken the air, amid whose torrid heat
Rise vapory columns like the smoke of fires!
Solemn and still those vast savannas reach

Through level solitudes of countless miles,
Unsought by man, and whose untrodden depths
No taint, perchance, have borne of human death !
And thus they seemed upon this fervid morn,
When the hot sun, like a great flaming eye,
Saw motion mid those withering waves of green,
That onward swelled from the horizon's verge,
And stirred to life a myriad hidden things,
That fluttering swarmed from midst the sheltering
 blades

Before the advancing dust that broke their rest,
As; panting, snorting in their thirsty haste,
A troop of desert horses rushed along,
Trampling the crackling verdure in their race,
Startling the brooding silence of the waste
With insect voices and their own wild tones.
On, on they dash, creating with their speed
And noisy breaths the movement of a wind,
And raining foam on long unwatered soil.
They pause ; they wheel ; they circle in a group, —
Impatient paw the ground, — take counsel short, —
Break, — toss their flowing manes, — and start again,
In compact throng, towards their unreached goal,
Still straining bloodshot eyes in search of streams,
And following one that ever leads the way,
Chief of the horde in speed, in grace, in choice, —
A chestnut mare, with stately, curving neck,
And small, proud head, that on the forehead bore
A snowy star, as though to mark command,
Whose tapering limbs had borne her in the van,
With silky hair and shining coat unflecked.

Sallie Bridges.

Panama (Darien).

THE SHIP CANAL—FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

REND America asunder
And unite the binding sea
That emboldens man and tempers,—
Make the ocean free.

Break the bolt that bars the passage,
That our river richly pours
Western wealth to western nations;
Let that sea be ours,—

Ours by all the hardy whalers,
By the pointing Oregon,
By the west-impelled and working,
Unthralled Saxon son.

Long indeed they have been wooing,
The Pacific and his bride;
Now 'tis time for holy wedding,—
Join them by the tide.

Have the snowy surfs not struggled
Many centuries in vain
That their lips might seal the union?
Lock them main to main.

When the mighty God of nature
Made this favored continent,

He allowed it yet unsevered,
That a race be sent,

Able, mindful of his purpose,
Prone to people, to subdue,
And to bind the land with iron,
Or to force them through.

What the prophet-navigator,
Seeking straits to his Catais,
But began, now consummate it —
Make the strait and pass.

Blessed the eyes that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

There at Suez, Europe's mattock
Cuts the briny road with skill,
And must Darien bid defiance
To the pilot still?

Do we breathe this breath of knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

Up then, at it! earnest people!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,

But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

What we want is naught in envy,
And for all we pioneer;
Let the keels of every nation
Through the isthmus steer.

Must the globe be always girded
Ere we get to Bramah's priest?
Take the tissues of your Lowells
Westward to the East.

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,
Court ye patiently forever
Yon Antarctic ire?

Shall the mariner forever
Double the impending capes,
While his longsome and retracting
Needless course he shapes?

What was daring for our fathers,
To defy those billows fierce,
Is but tame for their descendants;
We are bid to pierce.

Ye that fight with printing armies,
Settle sons on forlorn track,
As the Romans flung their eagles,
But to win them back.

Who, undoubting, worship boldness,
And, if baffled, bolder rise,
Shall we lag when grandeur beckons
 To this good enterprise?

Let the vastness not appall us;
Greatness is thy destiny.
Let the doubters not recall us;
 Venture suits the free.

Like a seer, I see her throning,
Winland strong in freedom's health,
Warding peace on both the waters,
 Widest Commonwealth.

Crowned with wreaths that still grow greener,
Guerdon for untiring pain,
For the wise, the stout, and steadfast:
 Rend the land in twain.

Cleave America asunder,
This is worthy work for thee.
Hark! The seas roll up imploring,
 "Make the ocean free."

Francis Lieber.

BALBOA.

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf
Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar
The Indian's golden ore.
And hid among the freighted casks,
Where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men,
Three hundred years ago!

But when the fading town and land
Had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face,
And not a fear had he!
"What villain thou?" Fernandez cried,
"And wherefore serve us so?"
"To be thy follower," he replied
Three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face,
A courage firm and bold,
His words fell on his comrades' hearts,
Like precious drops of gold.
They saw not his ambitious soul;
He spoke it not — for lo!
He stood among the common ranks
Three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay
At golden Darien,

A murmur, born of discontent,
Grew loud among the men :
And with the word there came the act ;
And with the sudden blow
They raised Balboa from the ranks,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath
The banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul,
As he had grasped the sword.
He saw the mountain's fair blue height
Whence golden waters flow ;
Then with his men he scaled the crags,
Three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled brakes,
The rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned darts
From many an ambush shed.
He gained the turret crag — alone —
And wept ! to see below,
An ocean, boundless and unknown,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height
The banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still,
As still he grasped his sword.
Then down he rushed with all his men,
As headlong rivers flow,

And plunged breast-deep into the sea,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head
The conquering flag of Spain,
He waved his gleaming sword, and smote
The waters of the main :
For Rome ! for Leon ! and Castile !
Thrice gave the cleaving blow ;
And thus Balboa claimed the sea,
Three hundred years ago.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places !
The fear which hath no name hath wrought a
spell !

Strength, courage, wrath, have been, and left no traces !
They came, — and fled ; but whither ? who can tell ?

We know but that they were, — that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,
And perished, where these river-waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night-winds that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 'tis said, their proud unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore;
Yet naught besides the rocks and worn sea-stones
Now answers to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But these, — they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor where they sleep.
Bryan Waller Procter.



Peru.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

WHERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind
that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru.
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her ivory neck and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice, within that shady
nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden
brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish
tongue,

That once upon the sunny plains of old Castile was
sung;

When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout
below,

Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away
the foe.

Awhile that melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks
forth,

And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly towards
the north.

Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest sight
would fail,

To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely
beat,

And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the
heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly
on,

Not as of late, in cheerful tones, but mournfully and
low,—

A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow, upon his early grave.

But see, along that mountain's slope, a fiery horseman
ride ;
Mark his torn plume, his tarnished belt, the sabre at his
side.
His spurs are buried rowel deep, he rides with loosened
rein,
There's blood upon his charger's flank and foam upon
the mane,
He speeds him toward the olive-grove, along that shaded
hill, —
God shield the helpless maiden there, if he should mean
her ill !

And suddenly that song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade, a shriek — but not
of fear.

For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness, when words are all too weak :
“ I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive-grove with thee.”

William Cullen Bryant.



Puerto Bello, New Granada.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

AS near Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;

There where Vernon sat all glorious
 From the Spaniard's late defeat,
 And his crews with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands were seen to muster,
 Rising from their watery grave:
 O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
 Where the Burford reared her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts besides him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh, heed, our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injured ghost,
 You, who now have purchased glory
 At this place where I was lost;
 Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
• Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping,
These were English captains brave :
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight :
Oh, that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain;

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.

To have fallen, my country crying
 He has played an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a grieved and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail ;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe :
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves forever mourning,
 Shall we roam deprived of rest,
 If to Britain's shore returning,
 You neglect my just request ;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England shamed in me.

Richard Glover.

Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

RIO JANEIRO.

ROCKS piled on rocks immense, mountains afar,
Their outline bold, drawn on the lofty sky.
Dom Pedro, thou art safe! Thy bulwarks are
Impregnable, Brazilian liberty!
Faction may ruin thee, but foreign war
Can ne'er assail thy strongholds. Live and die
Free, then, Brazilian! See how bounteous Heaven
For thy defence ramparts of rock hath given!

Ye pyramids of Egypt, what are ye
To Nature's pyramids, unnumbered here?
Some stand like watch-towers distant in the sea,
As 't were to signal give of danger near.
Others on land all riven! Perchance they be
Remnants of giant strife full many a year
Forgot. It may be they were rent asunder
By Titans and by antediluvian thunder.

Rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion rise,
Mountains uprear their snow-clad peaks afar,
And on each headland bold, strong batteries
Bespeak the infant Empire ripe for war.
Then the broad bay that, like some Scotch loch, lies
Encircled by steep hills, but lovelier far;
Its thousand isles clothed with rich verdure seem
All beauteous as the landscape of a dream.

John Dunmore Lang.



WEST INDIES.



INTRODUCTORY.



DISCOVERY OF THE ANTILLES.

THE winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
Far in the west, arrayed in purple light,
Dawned the new world on his enraptured sight :
Not Adam, loosened from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within and light without he found ;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seemed to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.
In that proud moment his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sundered them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

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Where first his drooping sails Columbus furled,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles ;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendor from the sky :
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze ;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales ;
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits and amaranthine flowers ;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom. Nature free
Proclaims that man was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day ;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole :
Man, too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies ;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod ; his root is in the grave :
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair ;
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air !

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possessed ;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskilled,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely tilled,

Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
 Insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
 Sheltered in lowly huts their fragile forms
 From burning suns and desolating storms;
 Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
 In light canoes they skimmed the rippling seas;
 Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
 No parted joys, no future pains, they knew,
 The passing moment all their bliss or care;
 Such as their sires had been the children were,
 From age to age; as waves upon the tide
 Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

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James Montgomery.

FAREWELL TO THE ANTILLES.

ONE long last look! — the sunset clouds yon lonely
 island shade,
 And from the high and rolling mast I watch it slowly
 fade.
 Soon like a dream 't will vanish, — and ah! what dreams
 have fled!
 What feelings born in olden time are numbered with
 the dead!
 What hopes have shed their sunshine that nevermore
 can be!
 Since first that bright and sunny shore rose o'er the
 tropic sea.
 A thousand thoughts are thronging o'er memory's faded
 track,

A thousand voices of the Past still seem to call me
back,
Still dreams are clinging round me that now 't were
vain to tell —
Farewell, ye green savannas! — ye waving palms, fare-
well!

Ye humble hearts and willing hands, that served me
long, adieu!
And fare thee well, my bonny steed, so trusty and so
true.
Farewell the merry moonlight, that once so sweetly
played
On those who roved together 'neath the Faurestina's
shade!
Farewell, each kind familiar face, — each comrade true
and tried!
And thou! — once dearer to my heart than all the world
beside!

Henry Howard Brownell.

CARRIBBEANA.

THESE Indian isles, so green and gay,
In summer seas by Nature placed, —
Art hardly told us where they lay
Till tyranny their charms defaced;
Ambition there her conquests made,
And avarice rifled every shade!

The Genius wept, his sons to see
By foreign arms untimely fall,

And some to distant climates flee
Where later ruin met them all:
He saw his sylvan offspring bleed
That fiercer natures might succeed.

The chief that first o'er barren waves
To these fair islands found his way,
Departing, left a race of slaves,
Cortez, thy mandate to obey;
And these again, if fame says true,
To lord it o'er the savage crew.

No more to Indian coasts confined, —
The Genius thus indulged his grief;
While he to woe his heart resigned,
To see the proud European chief
Pursue the harmless Indian race,
Torn by his dogs in every chase!

Ah, what a change! the ambient deep
No longer hears the lover's sigh;
But wretches meet to wail and weep
The loss of their dear liberty;
Unfeeling hearts possess these isles,
Man frowns, and only Nature smiles.

Proud of these vast extended shores
The haughty Spaniard calls his own,
No other world may share those stores
To other worlds so little known;
His Cuba lies a wilderness,
Where slavery digs what slaves possess.

Jamaica's sweet romantic vales
In vain with golden harvests teem,
Her endless spring, her balmy gales,
Did more to me than magic seem;
Yet what the god profusely gave
Is there denied the toiling slave.

Fantastic joy and fond belief
Through life support the galling chain,
Hope's airy prospects banish grief,
And bring his native climes again;
His native groves his heaven display,
The funeral is the joyous day.

For man reduced to such disgrace
In vain from Jove fair virtue fell:
Distress compels him to be base,
He has no motive to excel;
In death alone his prospects end,
The world's worst foe is his best friend.

How great their praise, let truth declare
Who, smit with honor's sacred flame,
Bade freedom to these coasts repair,
Assumed the slave's neglected claim,
And scorning interest's sordid plan
Proved to mankind the rights of man.

Ascending here, may this warm sun,
With freedom's beams divinely clear,
Throughout the world his circuit run
Till these dark prospects disappear,
And a new race, not bought or sold,
Springs from the ashes of the old.

Philip Freneau.



WEST INDIES.



Cuba, the Island.

CUBA.

FAIR land of Cuba ! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean,
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of Heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts, and reckless of thy birth !
The tyrant's clamor, and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply, —
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.
Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose !
Confront with death these worse than deathlike woes.
Unfailing valor chains the flying fate ;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state.
We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children's children shall not blush to claim ;
To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still unpolluted skies.

Better to bare the breast, and, undismayed,
 Meet the sharp vengeance of the hostile blade,
 Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
 And in one death a thousand deaths to die.
 Fearest thou blood? Oh, better, in the strife,
 From patriot wounds to pour the gushing life,
 Than let it creep inglorious through the veins
 Benumbed by sin and agony and chains!
 What hast thou, Cuban? Life itself resign, —
 Thy very grave is insecurely thine!
 Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
 From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
 If it be truth, that nations still must bear
 The crushing yoke, the wasting fetters wear, —
 If to the people this be Heaven's decree,
 To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
 From truth so base my heart indignant turns,
 With freedom's frenzy all my spirit burns, —
 That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
 And filled thy heart, Columbia's patriot sire!
 Cuba! thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright,
 As thy free air, — as full of living light;
 Free as the waves that foam around thy strands,
 Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!

José Maria Heredia. Tr. W. H. Hurlbut.

SEASON OF THE NORTHERS.

THE weary summer's all-consuming heat
 Is tempered now; for from the frozen pole
 The freed north-winds come fiercely rushing forth,

Wrapt in their mantles, misty, dim, and frore,
While the foul fever flies from Cuba's shore.

Deep roars the ocean, heaving high his breast,
And smites the beach with long resounding blows;
Zephyr his wings in dewy freshness bathes,
And floating vapors veil transparently
The glowing sun and the resplendent sky.

Hail, happy days! whose healing might o'erthrows
The bloody shrine which May, amid her flowers,
Built up to Death, while close beside her stood
Attendant Fever, ghastly pale and fierce,
A gleaming form, clothed on with Nature's curse.

With threatening eyes the kindred spirits saw
The white-browed sons of milder regions move
Beneath the terrors of this tropic sky;
They saw, they touched them with the fatal rod,—
Their frames are dust, their souls are with their God.

But their fell reign is o'er; the northern wind,
Driving the noxious poisons from the air,
Spreads its broad wings above us, moist and cool,
And echoing, sweeps upon its blessed way,
Bringing us rest from August's sultry day.

O'er the far fields of Europe's gloomy land
Rushes in wrath untamed the selfsame blast,
Spoiling the earth of verdure and of life,
Whelming the wreck beneath a snowy tomb,
While man lies shivering in his frozen home.

There all is death and grief; but Cuba now
Smiles with new life and joy: the beaming sun,
His glories softened by translucent clouds,
Lends a new lustre to the grove and plain,
And wakes them all to joyous spring again.

My happy land! thou favored land of God,
Where rest his mildest looks, his kindest smiles,
Oh, nevermore from thy beloved soil
May cruel fortune tear me; but be thine
The latest light that on these eyes shall shine!

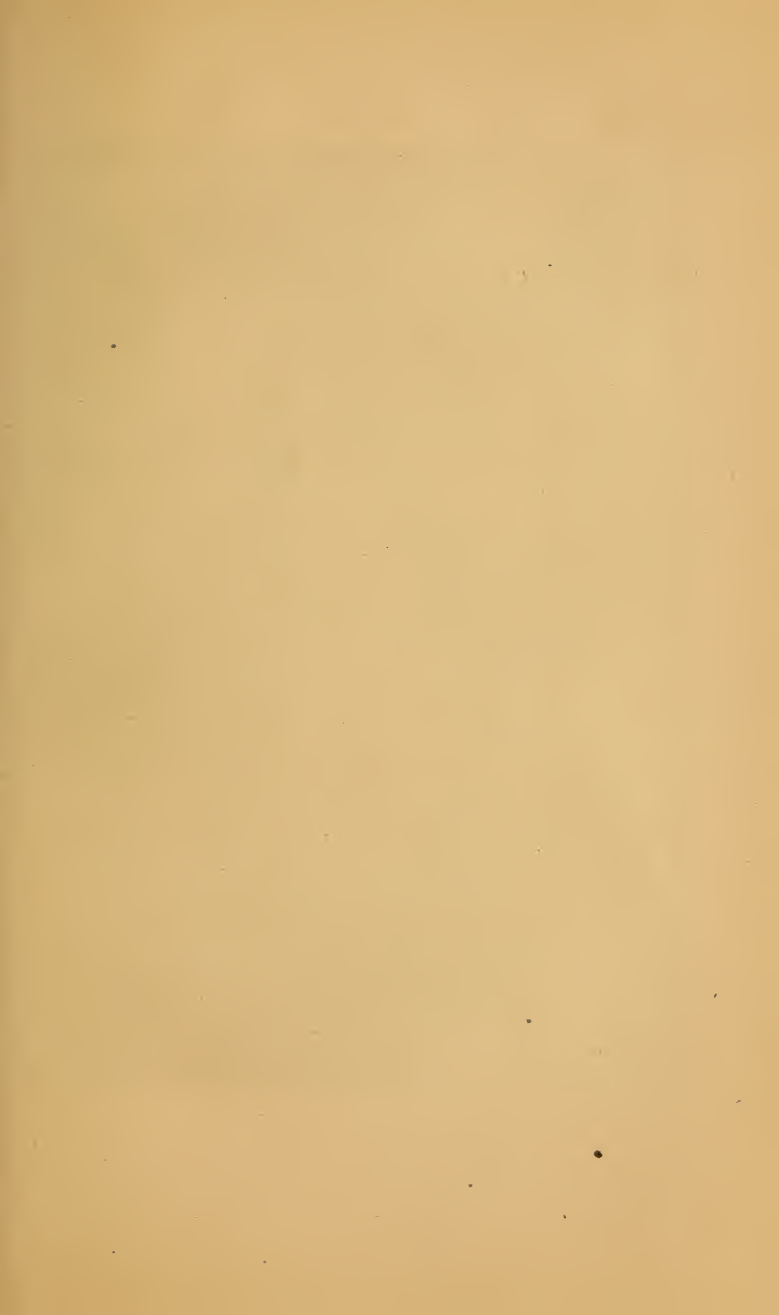
How sweet, dear love, to listen to the rain
That patters softly on our humble home;
To hear the wild winds whistling o'er the plain,
And the deep booming of the ocean's roar,
Where shattering surges lash the distant shore!

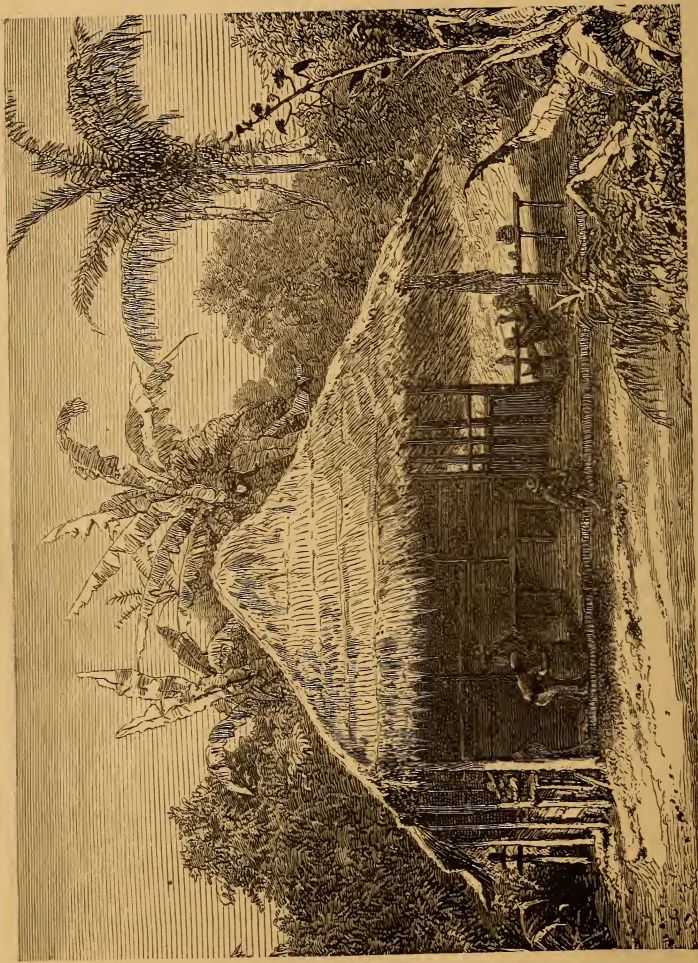
Here, by thy side, on softest couch reclined,
My throbbing lyre shall rest upon thy knees,
And my glad heart shall sing the boundless peace
Of thy fair soul, the light of thy dear face,
My happy lot, and God's surpassing grace.

José Maria Heredia. Tr. W. H. Hurlbut.

GAN-EDEN, THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

KNOWEST thou that isle of flowers,
Where the softest breezes blow,
And the Frost-king never spreadeth
O'er the earth his pall of snow?





IN THE WEST INDIES. See page 237.

Where, like gray old marble vases,
Crowned with feathery turfs of green,
Royal palm-trees rise majestic,
With the cocoas in between?

Where the purple-sheathed banana
Mingles with the sugar-cane,
And the fragrant coffee sheddeth
Scarlet berries on the plain?

Where the guava-apple ripens,
And zapotes, rough and brown,
With the mamey and the mango,
Cast their luscious sweetness down?

Where whole fields of ripening anas
With their fragrance load the breeze,
And the golden orange glistens
Mid the blossoms on the trees;

And the ever green pomegranate
Swings its coral flower-bells,
When its ruby grains are bursting
From their russet-colored shells?

'Tis the Queen of the Antilles,
Seated on her emerald throne,
Crowned with ever-blooming flowers,
And a beauty all her own.

With a grace that's truly regal
Sits she in her lofty seat,

Watching o'er her subject islands
In the ocean at her feet.

While its waters, blue as heaven,
Laughing leap upon her breast,
Where all nature ever seemeth
For a happy bridal drest.

Truly is it called Gan-Eden, —
'T is a garden of delight;
But, alas, the serpent's trailing
O'er its beauty casts a blight.

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Mary Bayard Clarke.

ODE ON REVISITING CUBA.

ISLAND of eternal spring, thou 'rt desolate
To me; thy limpid seas, thy fragrant shores,
Whither I've sighed to come,
And make a tranquil home,
Have lost to me their charm; my heart deplores,
Vainly, of two it loved, the melancholy doom.

Well may I weep you, gentle souls, that while
On earth responded to the love of mine,
Through eyes of heavenly blue,
More deeply, fondly true,
Haply, than He, who lent his breath divine,
May give again on earth to cheer me with their smile.

My George, if thou hadst faults, they only were
That thou wert gifted ill for this poor sphere

Where first he faints who spares
Earth's selfish, sordid cares;
And what might faults to baser eyes appear,
When ta'en where angels dwell, must be bright virtues
there.

Men toil, betray, nay, even kill, for gold;
But had some wretch pressed by misfortune sore
Asked thy last piece of thee
To ease his misery,
When thou couldst only look to Heaven for more,
That last piece had been given, and thine own safety
sold.

Oft when the noisome streams of pestilence
Poisoned the air around thee, hast thou stayed
By friends, while thirsty Death
Lurked near, to quaff their breath;
And soothed and saved while others were afraid,
And hardier hearts and hands than thine rushed wildly
thence.

Oh, could I find thee in some palm-leaf cot,
Still for this earth, with thy sweet brothers too,
Though scarce our worldly hoard
Sufficed a frugal board,
Hope should beguile no more: I'd live for you,
Disclaim all other love—and sing, and bless my lot.

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How could I kneel and kiss the hand of Fate,
Were it but mine to decorate some hall—

Here, where the soil I tread
Colors my feet with red —
Far down these isles, to hear your voices call,
Then haste to hear and tell what happed while separate !
Beautiful isles ! beneath the sunset skies
Tall silver shafted palm-trees rise between
Full orange-trees that shade
The living colonnade ;
Alas ! how sad, how sickening, is the scene
That were ye at my side would be a paradise !
E'en one of those cool caves which, light and dry,
In many a leafy hillside, near this spot,
Seem as by Nature made
For shelter and for shade
To such as bear a homeless wanderer's lot,
Were home enough for me, could those I mourn be
nigh.
Palace or cave (where 'neath the blossom and lime
Winter lies hid with wreaths) alike may be,
If love and taste unite,
A dwelling for delight,
And kings might leave their silken courts to see
O'er such wild, garnished grot the grandiflora climb.
Thus, thus, doth quick-eyed Fancy fondly wait
The pauses of my deep remorse between ;
Before my anxious eyes
'Tis thus her pictures rise ;
They show what is not, yet what might have been ;
Angels, why came I not ? — why have I come too late ?

The cooling beverage — strengthening draught — as
craved

The needs of both, could but these hands have given ;

Could I have watched the glow —

The pulse, too quick, or slow —

My earnest, fond, reiterate prayers to Heaven,
Some angel might have come, besought, returned, and
saved.

To stay was imbecility — nay, more —

'T was crime — how yearned my panting heart to see,

When, by mere words delayed,

'Gainst the strong wish, I stayed

(Trifling with that which inly spoke to me),

And longed, and hoped, and feared, till all I feared was
o'er !

Mild, pitying George, when maple leaves were red

O'er Ladaüanna, in his much-loved north,

Breathed here his last farewell —

And when the tears that fell

From April, called Mohecan's violets forth,

Edgar, as following his, thy friendly spirit fled.

Now, side by side, 'neath cross and tablet white

Is laid, sweet brothers, all of you that's left ;

Yet, all the tropic dew

Can damp would seem not you :

Your finer particles from earth are reft,

Haply (and so I'll hope) for lovelier forms of light.

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Maria Brooks.

FAREWELL TO CUBA.

A DIEU, fair isle ! I love thy bowers,
I love thy dark-eyed daughters there,
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers
Look brighter in their jetty hair.

They praised my forehead's stainless white !
And when I thirsted, gave a draught
From the full clustering cocoa's height,
And smiling, blessed me as I quaffed.

Well pleased, the kind return I gave,
And clasped in their embraces' twine,
Felt the soft breeze, like Lethe's wave,
Becalm this beating heart of mine.

Why will my heart so wildly beat ?
Say, seraphs, is my lot too blest,
That thus a fitful, feverish heat
Must rifle me of health and rest ?

Alas ! I fear my native snows —
A clime too cold, a heart too warm —
Alternate chills, alternate glows —
Too fiercely threat my flower-like form.

The orange-tree has fruit and flowers ;
The grenadilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long,
I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sunburnt peasant's wayward song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame;
Fain would I listen still to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! the waving palm
Is pencilled on thy purest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,
For those I've loved and left so long;
On me their fondest musings dwell,
To them alone my sighs belong.

On, on, my bark! blow, southern breeze,
No longer would I lingering stay;
'T were better far to die with these
Than live in pleasure far away.

Maria Brooks.

DR. KANE IN CUBA.

A NOBLE life is in thy care,
A sacred trust to thee is given;
Bright Island! let thy healing air
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life —
The self-forgetting leader bold;
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own
Look dim with tears across the sea,
Where from the dark and icy zone,
Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee.

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime!
Give back his wasted strength again;
Soothe, with thy endless summer time,
His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,
From out the fragrant, flowery tree, —
The ear that hears thee now has heard
The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,
He saw the Bear in Northern skies;
Now, to the Southern Cross of light
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers from the hearts that watched in fear,
When the dark North no answer gave,
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,
That still His love may help and save.

Elizabeth H. Whittier.

CUBA.

WHAT sounds arouse me from my slumbers light?
 "Land ho! all hands, ahoy!" — I'm on the deck:
 'Tis early dawn: the day-star yet is bright;
 A few white vapory bars the zenith fleck;
 And lo! along the horizon, bold and high,
 The purple hills of Cuba! Hail, all hail!
 Isle of undying verdure, with thy sky
 Of purest azure! Welcome, odorous gale!
 O scene of life and joy! thou art arrayed
 In hues of unimagined loveliness.
 Sing louder, brave old mariner! and aid
 My swelling heart its rapture to express;
 For, from enchanted memory, nevermore
 Shall fade this dawn sublime, this fair, resplendent shore.
Epes Sargent.

CUBA.

CUBA seems

The later western Eden of our planet.
 What wafted incense from the gate of dreams,
 What heavenly zephyrs hover o'er and fan it!
 With groves of orange, mango, and pomegranate,
 And flowering forests through whose wealth of blooms,
 Like living fires, dart birds of gorgeous plumes.

There by still bays the tall flamingo stands;
 The sunrise flame of whose reflected form

Crimsons the glassy wave and glistening sands.
 There, large and luminous, throughout the warm,
 Soft summer eves myriads of fireflies swarm;
 Like the bright spirits of departed flowers
 Nightly revisiting their native bowers.

Its own rich, varying world the isle enfolds;
 Where glowing Nature seems most prodigal
 Of life and beauty; where the eye beholds
 Orchards that blossom while their ripe fruits fall;
 Mountains, refulgent vales; and, curved round all,
 From some palm-crested summit seen afar,
 The gleaming ocean's steel-bright scimitar.

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John Townsend Trowbridge.



Havana, Cuba.

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

AN old cathedral, with its columned aisle,
 And shrines, and pictured saints! The sun yet
 lingered

On Cuzco's mountains, and the fragrant breath
 Of unknown tropic flowers came o'er my path,
 Wafted — how pleasantly! for I had been
 Long on the seas, and their salt waveless glare
 Had made green fields a longing. At the port
 I left our bark, with her tired mariners;
 And wandered on, amid gay-colored dwellings,

Through the great square, and through the narrow
streets,
Till this old fane, inviting, stayed my steps.

While all alone, in the religious silence
And pensive spirit of the place, I stood
By the High Altar, — near it, on the wall,
A tablet of plain marble met my view,
Modestly wrought, — whereon an effigy,
And a few simple words in a strange tongue,
Telling “Here lies Columbus.” And that niche, —
That narrow space held all now left of him
For whom the ancient world was once too little!

But where were they, — the fetters that had bound
Those patient, manly limbs? the gift of Spain
To him who gave a world? (in the king’s name
’T was written thus,) — he kept them to the last,
And charged they should lie with him in the grave.

No loftier tomb? methought he should have lain
Enshrined in some vast pile, some gorgeous dome,
Reared by Castile to him who made her name
Great in the nations. But he needs them not.

And haply, it is meeter thus for him
To rest surrounded by his own high deeds, —
Like the great builder laid beneath the temple
He reared. “If thou wouldst view his monument,
Look round thee.” No severe majestic column, —
No mountain-piled, eternal pyramid, —

Such as a world might raise to its discoverer,
Marks his repose. But the keel-crowded port,
And the green island, and the waving palms,
And the deep murmur of a peopled city,
And the great ocean whitened with new sails,
And the wide continent stretching beyond, —
All, in a voice more eloquent than words, —
Inscription, — told of him that lived and died.

And mine own being — Haply, but for thee
(If, in the tangled chain of crossed events
We shudder now to dwell upon, this soul
Had 'scaped the fatal blank of non-existence),
Even now, I might have slaved in some old sea-port,
Bowed to the oar, — or delved in Hunnish mines,
A serf, — or toiled a reaper in the fields
Of "merry England," — none too merry now!

How quiet and how peaceful seemed his rest
From his long labors! — all was calm repose.
Within, such holy stillness, — but, alas!
Without, (sole stain on that great honored name,)
A dismal sound of fetters! the chain-gang
Passing just then, with its accursed clank.

Long by that simple tomb I lingered, — long
Gazed with an awe more reverent than the pile
Heaped over king or kaiser could inspire.
On those calm, resolute features ye might read,
As in a book, his strange, eventful story.
There was the faith; the long-enduring hope,
More than Ulyssean; the courage high, —

That fought the infidel, — and with stout heart,
Clung to the shattered oar, which bore a greater
Than Cæsar and his fortunes, — and when all
Cried out “We sail to Death!” held firmly on
Through storm and sunshine. In those furrowed lines,
As on some faithful chart, might still be traced
The weary voyaging of many years :
That restless spirit pent in narrow limits,
Yet ever looking with unquiet eye,
Beyond old landmarks, — with unwearied soul,
Still searching, prying into the unknown,
And hoarding richer sea-lore, — till at last,
Possessed and haunted of one grand belief, —
One mighty thought no wretchedness could lay.

The weary interval, — eighteen long years,
Wandering from court to court, — his wondrous tale
Lost in half-heeding, dull, incredulous ears.
The patient toil, — the honorable want,
Endured so nobly, — in his threadbare coat,
Mocked by the rabble, — the half-uttered jeer, —
And the pert finger tapping on the head.
May Heaven accord us patience ! as to him.

And now, a wayworn traveller, where, Rabida !
Thy lonely convent overlooks the sea
(Soon to be furrowed by ten thousand keels),
He waits, preferring no immodest suit, —
A little bread and water for his boy,
O’ertasked with travel ? then the welcome in,
And the good friar, — saints receive his soul !

And now (the audience gained) at Salamanca,
Before them all, a simple mariner,
He stands, unawed by the solemnity
Of gowns and caps, — with courteous, grave demeanor,
And in plain words unfolds his noble purpose.

Embarked, and on the seas, — at last! at last!
The toil of a long life, — a deathless name, —
The undetermined fates of all to come, —
Staked on his prow, — it is no little thing
Will turn aside that soul, long resolute
(Though every heart grow faint, and every tongue
Murmur in mutiny) to hold its course,
Onward, still onward, through the pathless void,
The lone untravelled wilderness of waves, —
Onward! still onward! we shall find it yet!

And next (O sad and shameful sight!) exposed
On the high deck of a returning bark,
(Returning from that land so lately found!)
A spectacle! those aged, honored limbs,
Gyved like a felon's, while the hooting crowd
Sent curses in her wake. But when arrived,
Again exalted, favored of the crown,
And courted by the noblest, — who forgets,
With his gray hairs uncovered, how he knelt
Before his royal mistress (that great heart,
Nor insult, nor disgrace, nor chains could move,
O'ercome with kindness), weeping like a child?

Lastly, his most resigned and Christian end;
When, now aware of the last hour approaching,

He laid the world, so long pursued, aside ;
Forgave his foes, and setting decently
His house in order, with his latest breath
Commended that great soul to Him who gave it,
Who seldom hath received or given a greater.

Thus loitering in the many-peopled past,
And haunted by old thoughts, the twilight shadows
O'ertook me, still beside the sepulchre
Reclined in pleasant gloom, and loath to leave.
Anon a train of dark-stoled priests swept in,
And chanted forth old hymns. Was it profane
To deem their holy strain a requiem
O'er him, whose mighty ashes lay enshrined
So near his Maker ? but for whom, perchance,
The sound of anthem and of chant sublime,
And old Te Deum's solemn majesty,
Had never echoed in the Western World.

Along each vaulted aisle the sacred tones
Floated, and swelled, and sank, and died away.
So all departed,—and among the rest,
That spell upon my soul yet lingering,
I went my way,—and, passing to our ship,
Culled a few flowers, yet springing on the spot,
Where, wearied with long travail o'er the deep,
He landed (so they tell), and said the mass,
Beneath a tall and goodly Ceiba-tree.
But that is gone,—and all will soon be gone.

Henry Howard Brownell.

EL PASEO.

CLOUDLESSLY burning in sapphire aloft,
Eve touches the grove with an orange light,
And a sea-born zephyr, whispering soft
To me as I stroll in the shade to-night,
Balmily wooing me, kissing my cheeks
With a moist and perfumed breath so dear,
Of billow and blossom deliciously speaks,
For with both it hath dallied in journeying here.

And, leisurely sauntering to and fro
In a magical day-dream all my own,
I gaze at the beautiful dames that go
In their open volantes up and down;
Bewitchingly floating, by threes and by twos,
In their gauzy cloudlets of silk and of lace,
That seem to have robbed the sky of its hues,
And seem to have robbed the swan of his grace;

Bright rosy-lipped creatures with opaline smiles,
That slowly in ripples of light expire,
Or wanton with arch and womanish wiles,
Or flit with a faint and delicate fire;
With their tresses more dusk than the raven's plume,
Wavily parting and flowing from cheeks
Aglow with the ripe and luxuriant bloom
In which their tropical nature speaks.

In a gaudy procession they pass and return,
Voluptuous beauties in manner and mould,
With their black Spanish eyes that languish and burn,

Now temptingly tender now tauntingly bold;
Or, borne in an indolent semi-repose,
Beguiled by the sensuous charm of the hour,
Go dreamily on, as the white swan goes
O'er waters that wander by hamlet and bower.

And, lazily loitering here and there,
Under the shadow of murmuring limes,
Puffing a redolent smoke in the air,
Lulled by the peal of the vesper chimes,
By the fountain's trill, by the ocean's roll,
By the languor and calm of the eventide, —
To all its sweet ravishment yielding the soul,
There lounges many a group by my side ;

Till the lingering glory wavers and wanes
From shadowy slope and from glimmering height
And the tall royal palm alone retains
In the sheaf of its leaves a roseate light,
Till the marvellous night steals into the skies,
And white in the moon lie the land and the sea,
And the women are gone with their beautiful eyes,
And the luminous stars are blinking o'er me.

And lonely musing under the limes,
The wandering breeze, like a friend at my ear,
Doth hum an old music that hints of old times,
Old faces, old friends, and old memories dear ;
And my vision is blurred, and my heart is afar
In the land that it loves where the snow still lies,
In the home that it loves with a lady rare,
And blest in the light of her soft northern eyes.

Thomas Durfee.

FAREWELL TO HAVANA.

MY sight is blank, my heart is lorn ;
My tropic trance of joy I mourn, —
That stolen summer of delight,
Dreamed on the breast of wintry night,
When sad, true souls abide the North,
And we, love-truants, issued forth
To find, with steady sail unfurled,
The glowing centre of the world.

The glorious sights went fleeting by ;
I had no hold on earth or sky :
Two little hands, one helpless heart,
Could claim and keep so small a part.
A shadow of the stately palm ;
A burnish of the noontide calm ;
A dream of faces new and strange,
Darkened and lit with sudden change ;
A joy of flowers unearthly fair
In giant Nature's tangled hair ;
A joy of fruits of other hue
And savor than my childhood knew ;
A sorrow, as the vista grew,
Longer and lesser, cherished too ;
A pang of parting, heart-bereft
Of all I had, — is all I've left.

Towards the rude heights where Winter reigns,
What love-nursed thought shall shield my breast
Warmer than cloak or sable vest ?

One hope serene all comfort brings, —
Who made thy bonds did lend thy wings;
Who sends thee from this faery reign
Once brought thee here, and may again.

Julia Ward Howe.

Jamaica, the Island.

PORT ROYAL.

OLD Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, contained more than fifteen hundred buildings, and these for the most part large and elegant. This unfortunate town was for a long time reckoned the most considerable mart of trade in the West Indies. It was destroyed on the 17th of June, 1602, by an earthquake, which in two minutes sunk the far greater part of the buildings; by which disaster nearly three thousand people lost their lives.

HERE, by the margin of the murmuring main,
While her proud remnants I explore in vain,
And lonely stray through these dejected lands
Fanned by the noontide breeze on burning sands,
Where the dull Spaniard once possessed these shades,
And ports defended by his palisades, —
Though lost to us, Port Royal claims a sigh,
Nor shall the Muse the unenvied verse deny.

Of all the towns that graced Jamaica's isle,
This was her glory, and the proudest pile,
Where toils on toils bade wealth's gay structures rise,
And commerce swelled her glory to the skies;
St. Jago, seated on a distant plain,

Ne'er saw the tall ship entering from the main,
Unnoticed streams her Cobra's margin lave,
Where yond' tall plantains shade her glowing wave,
And burning sands or rock-surrounded hill
Confess its founder's fears, or want of skill.

While o'er these wastes with wearied step I go,
Past scenes of death return, in all their woe,
O'er these sad shores in angry pomp he passed,
Moved in the winds, and raged with every blast.
Here opening gulfs confessed the Almighty Hand,
Here the dark ocean rolled across the land,
Here piles on piles an instant tore away,
Here crowds on crowds in mingled ruin lay,
Whom fate scarce gave to end their noonday feast,
Or time to call the sexton or the priest.
Where yond' tall barque, with all her ponderous load,
Commits her anchor to its dark abode,
Eight fathoms down, where unseen waters flow
To quench the sulphur of the caves below,
There midnight sounds torment the sailor's ear,
And drums and fifes play drowsy concerts there,
Sad songs of woe prevent the hours of sleep,
And Fancy aids the fiddlers of the deep;
Dull Superstition hears the ghostly hum,
Smit with the terrors of the world to come.

What now is left of all your boasted pride!
Lost are those glories that were spread so wide.
A spit of sand is thine, by Heaven's decree,
And wasting shores that scarce resist the sea:
Is this Port Royal on Jamaica's coast,
The Spaniard's envy and the Britain's boast!

A shattered roof o'er every hut appears,
And mouldering brick-work prompts the traveller's fears;
A church, with half a priest, I grieve to see,
Grass round its door, and rust upon its key! —
One only inn with tiresome search I found,
Where one sad negro dealt his beverage round.

Philip Freneau.



Matanzas, Cuba.

THE SEA-BREEZE AT MATANZAS.

AFTER a night of languor without rest, —
Striving to sleep, yet wishing morn might come
By the pent, scorching atmosphere oppressed,
Impatient of the vile mosquito's hum, —
With what reviving freshness from the sea,
Its airy plumage glittering with the spray,
Comes the strong day-breeze, rushing joyously
Into the bright arms of the encircling bay!
It tempers the keen ardor of the sun;
The drooping frame with life renewed it fills;
It lashes the green waters as they run;
It sways the graceful palm-tree on the hills;
It breathes of ocean solitudes, and caves,
Luminous, vast, and cool, far down beneath the waves.

Epes Sargent.

Saint Christopher, the Island.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

SUCH, green Saint Christopher, thy happy soil! —
Not Grecian Tempe, where Arcadian Pan,
Knit with the Graces, tuned his sylvan pipe,
While mute Attention hushed each charmed rill;
Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,
Strewed with each fruit of taste, each flower of smell,
Sicilian Proserpine, delighted, sought,
Can vie, blest isle, with thee. Though no soft sound
Of pastoral stop thine echoes e'er awaked;
Nor raptured poet, lost in holy trance,
Thy streams arrested with enchanting song:
Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she
Whom Pluto ravished, and more chaste, are thine:
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free;
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.

James Grainger.

San Salvador, the Island.

SAN SALVADOR.

IT was a land unmarred by art,
To please the eye and cheer the heart:
The natives' simple huts were seen
Peeping their palmy groves between, —
Groves, where each dome of sweepy leaves
In air of morning gently heaves,
And, as the deep vans fall and rise,
Changes its richly verdant dyes;
A land whose simple sons till now
Had scarcely seen a careful brow;
They spent at will each passing day
In lightsome toil or active play.
Some their light canoes were guiding,
Along the shore's sweet margin gliding.
Some in the sunny sea were swimming,
The bright waves o'er their dark forms gleaming;
Some on the beach for shell-fish stooping,
Or on the smooth sand gayly trooping;
Or in linked circles featly dancing
With golden braid and bracelet glancing.
By sheltered door were infants creeping,
Or on the shaded herbage sleeping;
Gay feathered birds the air were winging,
And parrots on their high perch swinging,
While humming-birds, like sparks of light,
Twinkled and vanished from the sight.

Joanna Baillie.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

LONG on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods;
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous Man, —
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
“Glory to God!” unnumbered voices sung,
“Glory to God!” the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed Creation’s primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

Slowly, bare-headed, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there? Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
“Come and behold the Children of the Sun!”
When, hark! a signal-shot! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame!
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still!
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels, with Heaven’s own thunder fraught,

Checked their light footsteps, —statue-like they stood,
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood!

At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!
Still, where it moves, the wise in council wait!
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome?
'Tis here: and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight;
As man to man, another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows!

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Soon from the bay the mingling crowd ascends,
Kindred first met! by sacred instinct friends!
Through citron groves, and fields of yellow maize,
Through plantain-walks where not a sunbeam plays.
Here blue savannas fade into the sky,
There forests frown in midnight majesty;
Ceiba, and Indian fig, and plane sublime,
Nature's first-born, and revered by Time!
There sits the bird that speaks! there, quivering, rise,
Wings that reflect the glow of evening skies!
Half bird, half fly, the fairy king of flowers
Reigns there, and revels through the fragrant hours;
Gem full of life, and joy, and song divine,
Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.

'T was he that sung, if ancient fame speaks truth,
 "Come! follow, follow to the Fount of Youth!
 I quaff the ambrosial mists that round it rise,
 Dissolved and lost in dreams of Paradise!
 For there called forth, to bless a happier hour,
 It met the sun in many a rainbow-shower!
 Murmuring delight, its living waters rolled
 Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold!"

Samuel Rogers.



Santa Cruz.

SANTA CRUZ.

BETWIXT old Cancer and the midway line,
 In happiest climate lies this envied isle:
 Trees bloom throughout the year, soft breezes blow,
 And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile.

Cool, woodland streams from shaded cliffs descend,
 The dripping rock no want of moisture knows,
 Supplied by springs that on the skies depend,
 That fountain feeding as the current flows.

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Sweet verdant isle, through thy dark woods I rove,
 And learn the nature of each native tree,
 The fustic hard, the poisonous manchineel
 Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee,

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,
 But deadliest poison in the taste is found—

Oh, shun the dangerous tree, nor touch, like Eve,
This interdicted fruit, in Eden's ground.

The lowly mangrove, fond of watery soil,
The white-barked gregory, rising high in air,
The mastic in the woods you may descry ;
Tamarind, and lofty bay-trees flourish there.

Sweet orange groves in lonely valleys rise
And drop their fruits, unnoticed and unknown,
The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,
The juicy lemons swell in shades their own.

Soft, spongy plums on trees wide-spreading hang,
Bell-apples here, suspended, shade the ground,
Plump grenadilloes, and guavas gray,
With melons, in each plain and vale abound.

The conic-formed cashew, of juicy kind,
That bears at once an apple and a nut ;
Whose poisonous coat, indignant to the lip,
Doth in its cell a wholesome kernel shut.

The prince of fruits, which some jayama call,
Anana some, the happy flavored pine,
In which unite the tastes and juices all
Of apple, quince, peach, grape, and nectarine,

Grows to perfection here, and spreads his crest,
His diadem towards the parent sun ;
His diadem, in fiery blossoms drest,
Stands armed with swords, from potent Nature won.

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But chief the glory of these Indian isles
 Springs from the sweet, uncloying sugar-cane :
 Hence comes the planter's wealth, hence commerce sends
 Such floating piles, to traverse half the main.

Whoe'er thou art that leav'st thy native shore
 And shalt to fair West India climates come,
 Taste not the enchanting plant, — to taste forbear,
 If ever thou wouldst reach thy much-loved home.

Ne'er through the Isle permit thy feet to rove,
 Or, if thou dost, let prudence lead the way,
 Forbear to taste the virtues of the cane,
 Forbear to taste what will complete thy stay.

Whoever sips of this enchanting juice,
 Delicious nectar, fit for Jove's own hall,
 Returns no more from his loved Santa Cruz,
 But quits his friends, his country, and his all.

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Philip Freneau.

SANTA CRUZ.

SWEET down to the sea, O ye silent hills,
 Forever green and bright,
 With palms on your breasts like heavenly hosts,
 Clothed in your robes of light !

Sweep up to the shore, O malachite waves,
 Rippling, tinted, and deep !

On ocean and hills, O tropical sun,
In glowing splendor sleep!

Ah! so far away is the shining sand
Where low, white breakers curl,
Where lovely and still lies the quiet isle,
Like emerald set in pearl!

Ah! so far away; yet here in my heart,
As on that Southern Sea,
This beautiful isle rests soft and real,—
Canaan of memory!

The waters may roll o'er measureless miles;
The land lie long between
That isle and this self over whom gray skies
Of Northern winter lean;

But the spirit is free and knows not space;
Dreams draw the distant near;
I soar o'er that sea, I roam on those hills,
And see their glory here!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

THE OUTLOOK FROM SANTA CRUZ.

THE ships are anchored in the bay,
The weary ships with haven won;
Encompassed by the purple waves
Beneath the brilliant tropic sun!
At last upon the summer sea,
Untossed, at rest, they quiet lie;

In idle ease, scarce darkened o'er
By fleecy clouds in azure sky!

Far off upon the horizon's verge
A white-sailed sloop speeds far from sight,
Like some glad bird whose outspread wings
Cleave straight into the realms of light!
It leaves behind the fair, green isle,
The waters rosy on the reef,
To seek a shore, o'er ocean gray,
Where Winter withers bud and leaf!

Like those moored vessels, worn with storms,
Now sheltered safe in harbor calm,
We too repose through glowing days
Beneath the shadow of the palm!
But ah! our thoughts are like the bark
That sweeps across the sounding main!
Love wafted from bright, softer clime
To our own land of cold and rain!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

THE HILLS OF SANTA CRUZ.

SOLEMN and still beneath the deep blue sky
The island hills in billowy calm repose,
And all the splendor of the day and night
In quiet floods adown their surface flows.

Morn breaks across them 'twixt the waiting clouds,
As in the Temple, through the cherub wings

The glory of the Lord burst o'er the ark,
To his High Priest revealing sacred things.

Noon languid dreams upon the russet cones,
Spreading o'er verdant slopes her golden veil;
And hears the music of dell-hidden rills,
As through a sleep steal tones of lulling tale.

The sunset canopies with wreaths of flame
And rose-fringed floating fleece each curving height,
As shadows dark into the hollows fall,
While still the summits soar in glowing light.

The sable curtain of the sombre night
With awful blackness screens their stately heads,
Save when prismatic star-rays rend the gloom,
Or tropic moon a silver radiance sheds.

At every season they are grand and fair;
Storms leave no change upon their graceful steeps;
The majesty of silence crowns their brows,
The holiness of peace upon them sleeps.

For Nature's adoration is in hills, —
Her mighty arms forever raised in prayer!
Earth's very soul seems breathing from their lines,
And man is nearer God and Heaven there!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

Trinidad, the Island.

PORT-OF-SPAIN.

WHERE down the purple slope that slants
Across the hills, the sun-rays glance
With hot stare through the cocoa-trees,
And wine-palms tent beside the seas,
To Port-of-Spain, long leagues away,
Just as the mellow mist of day
Was glowing in the east, there came
A wayworn man, whose feeble frame
And weary step and silent tears
Meant more of sorrow than of years.
But when he saw the seaport town,
With houses bamboo-thatched and brown,
And marked each winding lane and street,
Cool-shaded from the tropic heat,
He bent him prone upon the ground
For this, — that he at last had found
What brought a worn heart hope of rest.

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The night was hot, and faint, and still, —
The moon, above the wooded hill,
A line of silver lances pressed
Across the sea-waves to the west.
The bell-bird, with metallic throat,
Sounded a dull and doleful note,
And in the distant depths of wood

The bittern broke the solitude.
But, save the sound of sea and bird,
Scarce anything the silence stirred.

Latham Cornell Strong.



Yumuri, the Valley, Cuba.

THE VALLEY OF THE YUMURI.

I.

WHEN the dull gray mists of the morning
Hung over the land and sea,
We rode to the heights o'erlooking
The Vale of the Yumuri:
Thither we rode, and waited
Till the sun, like an Angel of Light,
Touched with transfiguring glory
The vaporous ghost of night.
While over the sea behind us
The clouds yet darkly lie,
They are silvery on the hillsides,
They are crimsoned up in the sky;
And with noiseless smoke-surf drifting
And breaking on palmy knolls,
With its great drop-curtain lifting,
The tropical scene outrolls!
In the lap of the verdant mountains,
In many a mural chain,
Here ripens the golden orange,

Here sweetens the sugar-cane;
Not fairer the Happy Valley
Of the Abyssinian tale,
And the giant Pan of Matanzas
Is monarch of the vale.
With glistening eyes, as of childhood,
O'er the summer hills I glance,
With eyes that the unfamiliar
Enchants with the hues of romance.
Oh, I stood there, as youth stands ever,
With the morning light on the earth,
Yet near the veiled ocean, shadowing
The mystery of birth.

II.

We rode through the valley at evening:
A golden sunset burned,
And against it the piny summits
Were black, as we returned;
The mountain shadows lengthened,
The sun went down behind,
And in streamers of rosy color
Grew the twilight arch defined.
With luminous interspaces
Of that glory in the west,
The feathering palm-trees tapered
Up from each hillock's crest,
Than columns of human temples
More tall and graceful far;
Their broad leaves faintly silvered
By the rays of the evening star.

It was beautiful as a vision !

But we passed a gap in the hills,

By a river, — and lo ! the ocean

The vast horizon fills !

No more as it was at morning,

Wrapped in a misty cloud,

It stretched to the north in its grandeur,

With the gathering night its shroud ;

And I thought of the valley's legend,

Of the chief in battle slain,

Whose soul went forth as thy winds go,

Thou melancholy main !

Oh, often in pleasant places

Our lines of life may be,

But Joy casts a shadow, — and round us

Forever flows the sea !

William Gibson.

THE END.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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